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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 24, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief

HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Contributing Editor



THE END OF THE MANCHU DYNASTY

The Manchu dynasty has abdicated, after holding the Chinese Imperial throne for nearly three centuries. The decree of abdication will be of historic moment. It reads as follows:

The whole country is tending toward a republican form of government. It is the will of Heaven, and it is certain that we could not reject the people's desire for the sake of one family's honor and glory.

We, the Dowager Empress and the Emperor, hand over the sovereignty to the people. We decide the form of government to be a constitutional republic.

In this time of transition, in order to unite the South and the North, we appoint Yuan Shi-kai to organize a provisional government, consulting the people's army regarding the union of the five peoples, Manchus, Chinese, Mongolians, Mohammedans, and Tibetans. These peoples jointly constitute the great state of Chung Hwa Ming-kus [a republic of China].

We retire to a peaceful life and will enjoy the respectful treatment of the nation.

This was signed by the Empress Dowager for herself and the little Emperor, by Yuan Shi-kai as Prime Minister, and also by the other Ministers. On the day following the publication of the decree, there appeared the first of Yuan Shi-kai's messages as "President Plenipotentiary of the Republic"—the title which he now requests the Powers to recognize. A part of this message is also worth quoting:

Yuan Shi-kai, by virtue of the power vested in him to establish a republican form of government in China, declares that, whereas the Emperor of the Ta Ching ["Great Pure"] dynasty has abdicated, China shall henceforth be known as the Ching Hwa [Chinese] Republic and will adopt a republican form of government.

While a provisional government is being established, all Ministers who are credited to foreign governments shall act for the time being as diplomatic representatives, and shall continue to perform their duties as heretofore.

While Yuan Shi-kai was doubtless sincere in believing a constitutional monarchy to be the best government for China, he must have

become impressed, as has every one, by the unexpectedly widespread demand for a republic. Whether under one or the other governmental form, however, this "strong man of China" would doubtless be the real wielder of power.

RECOGNITION OF THE REPUBLIC

In behalf of the republican government at Nanking, President Sun informed Yuan Shi-kai of the rejoicing at the Emperor's abdication and at the Premier's declaration, but added, "the republic is unable to recognize the appointment of an organizer by the Ching Emperor." Dr. Sun requested Yuan's immediate presence in Nanking, in order that the Republicans be allowed to work out their own salvation. But though Yuan did not go to Nanking, the Republicans elected him President in place of Sun, who had patriotically resigned so as to make way for a man who, it is hoped, can, more than any other, unite all China. It is now expected that, as proposed by President Yuan, a duly elected national convention will be called and a permanent government organized. Until that is done the Powers, it is supposed, will not recognize the republic. Our own Government has naturally welcomed the formation of other republics, but our policy of recognition is grounded on more than a century of precedents. Despite popular demand for immediate action, we did not recognize the recently formed Portuguese republic until the first Parliament, elected under the changed rule, had recorded itself as supporting a new government. Such a record in China would be demonstrated by the election of a National Assembly which would support a republican form of government and declare itself for such a government. Before recognition is granted to any new government, the sovereign power of the State in which that government has been established should be asserted in its favor.

On another page The Outlook prints arguments for and against the probable success of a republic. At present one can be sure of but one thing, and that is that the old order has passed away. Whether the new form of government be ultimately a constitutional monarchy or a republic, all who desire the triumph of civilization will feel sure that henceforth the Chinese will be assured of a far greater measure both of liberty and justice than they have heretofore enjoyed.



THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT

The new session of the British Parliament opened last week calmly and uneventfully, but with ample possibilities for future excitement. The political situation is tense with interest in two directions, domestic legislation and foreign affairs. The legislative programme of the Cabinet was dismissed in the King's speech in three short sentences. But the curtness of the dismissal was no measure of the importance of the programme. The Ministry is committed to bring forward at this session three great topics—Home Rule for Ireland, the disestablishment of the Welsh Church, and manhood suffrage. Any one of these subjects contains enough matter for controversy to occupy the attention of the Cabinet, the Parliament, and the people to the full. Probably no one of them would find an easy course through the House of Lords; but with the enactment of the Parliament Bill last year, the Government has it in its power to pass, without reference to the upper chamber, any measure on which it can keep the House of Commons united for two years. The problem before Prime Minister Asquith is to keep his coalition of Liberals, Laborites, and Irish Nationalists united as he has done so successfully for the past three years. Among the serious obstacles which he may find in the way of his success are the possible lukewarmness of the English people on the question of Home Rule when it actually becomes a question of passing the bill; the demand of the Suffragists that manhood suffrage shall not be granted unless it carries woman suffrage with it; the dissatisfaction which has been loudly expressed with the Government's foreign policy, especially in relation to Persia; and the natural swing of the pendulum and the almost inevitable exhaustion of a party which has carried out successfully three such great measures as the

Lloyd George Budget, the Parliament Bill, and the Insurance Act. In the realm of foreign affairs the two most significant events just preceding the opening of Parliament were the visit of Lord Haldane, the Minister of War, to Berlin, and the honoring of Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Minister, with the Order of the Garter. This is the first time since the days of Horace Walpole that the Garter has been conferred upon a commoner; and the honor to Sir Edward Grey is more marked from the fact that there was no vacancy in the membership of the Order, so that a special place had to be created for him. The conferring of this honor upon the Foreign Minister is variously interpreted as an expression of approval, on the part of the Crown, of his foreign policy, which the British people, with their usual aptitude for making phrases, have come to call the "glad hand" policy, and as a prophecy of his advancement to the Premiership when the rumored retirement of Mr. Asquith takes place. The purpose of Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin was an informal conference with the German Government looking toward a better understanding between the two nations. In the House of Commons on the first day of the session the Premier declared that there was unmistakable evidence of a sincere desire on both sides for the establishment of such a better understanding. A statement by the German Chancellor in the Reichstag the next day contained a similar expression. Both speeches were warmly received in England and in Germany. The successful establishment of more cordial relations between Great Britain and Germany would be a triumph for the Asquith Government, and especially for its Foreign Minister, which ought to do a great deal to strengthen it in the country.



THE PRESIDENT AGGRESSIVE

President Taft has burned his bridges behind him. He has, as definitely as he well could, put himself on record as belonging to that faction in his party which is opposed to the Progressive movement. In a speech on Lincoln's Birthday before the Republican Club of the city of New York he made no criticism of any element in his party that is reactionary, no criticism that could apply to those who have come to be known as "stand-patters"—the Cannons, the Aldriches, the Penroses of the party. On the other hand, he made in

general terms an attack which has been universally interpreted as a denunciation of those men in the Republican party who have been distinctly known as the leaders in its Progressive movement. He declared that "there are those who look upon the present situation as one full of evil and corruption and as a tyranny of concentrated wealth," and who seek to pull down the pillars of the temple of freedom and representative government, and to reconstruct society on new principles without any understanding of the Constitutional results to be attained. Such people he denounces as "political emotionalists or neurotics." He made plain whom he characterized in these terms by referring to certain particular subjects with which the Progressive movement has been, in the popular mind at least, identified. For example, the only change generally advocated with regard to the selection of candidates is a change toward direct nominations; the only changes with regard to the enactment of legislation and the decision of the courts are those ordinarily termed the initiative and referendum. There is, therefore, no question that President Taft meant to denounce the movement for direct nominations, and for the initiative and the referendum, when he spoke of "the effort to make the selection of candidates, the enactment of legislation, and the decision of courts to depend upon the momentary passions of a people necessarily indifferently informed as to the issues presented." And he likened the condition into which such changes would plunge us to the French Revolution or the former anarchy of South American republics. He showed evident impatience with those who seemed to suggest that there was in these days a spirit of unrest, and he described as a demagogue the man who announces that he prefers the man above the dollar. President Taft specifically denounced as a proposition that would "undermine existing governments" the plan Mr. Roosevelt has suggested for letting the people themselves decide, whenever necessary, what the interpretation of their own Constitution should be. In opposition to all this Mr. Taft rehearsed the record of the "old Republican party, the party of Lincoln and Grant, the most progressive party in the history of this country or of any other country, the party of achievement and not of broken promises," etc. The chief difficulty in the courts which the President sees is the tardiness, technicality, and expense involved

in procedure. But he indicates no sympathy with the idea that the view of modern conditions of life held by many judges is not sufficiently progressive, and he asserts that the Republican party will "stand with its face like flint against any Constitutional change in it to take away from the high priests upon whom we depend to administer justice the independence that they must enjoy of influence of powerful individuals or of powerful majorities." For the rest, the President avows his belief in a progressive policy, and recounts in substance the record of his Administration which he presented in his speech before the Tippecanoe Club at Cleveland, Ohio.



MR. BRYAN MAKES ANOTHER MISTAKE

We have always believed, and we still believe, that the prime motive of Mr. Bryan's political career has been a sincere desire on his part to promote the rights and welfare of the whole people as opposed to special interests. Our opposition to him as a political leader, in common with the opposition of the majority of the voters in the country almost constantly manifested since 1896, has been based not upon a distrust of his spirit, but a distrust of his methods and his judgment. The latest instance of a conflict between him and an influential section of his party clearly indicates, we think, the grounds of this distrust. A resolution was recently introduced in Congress by Representative Cullop, of Indiana, which reads as follows: "Hereafter, before the President shall appoint any District, Circuit, or Supreme Judge, he shall make public all endorsements made in behalf of any applicant." This amendment to a judiciary bill before the House was made, it is believed, at the specific suggestion of Mr. Bryan, who has asserted publicly that judicial appointments have been made and are being made at the request of the "special interests." Thirteen Democrats from Georgia, Texas, Tennessee, Minnesota, Virginia, Indiana, New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Kentucky, and Ohio voted against the proposal, whereupon Mr. Bryan denounced these Representatives by name in his newspaper, the "Commoner," and insisted that the question involved should be made an important issue by the Democratic party. In reply to this editorial in the "Commoner," Representative Martin Dies, of Texas, one of the thirteen Democrats denounced by Mr. Bryan, made a speech on the floor of the House,

defending his vote and condemning Mr. Bryan's attitude—a speech which made a marked impression and was received with much applause by both Democrats and Republicans. In the course of it he said :

Under the wise and statesmanlike leadership of the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Underwood] we are moving forward with steady step and unbroken front to complete victory. We have passed bills reducing the tax burdens of the people. We have shown the country that the Democratic party is capable of cohesive effort and constructive statesmanship. The people are ready to give us more power. In this situation, sir, it is a calamity, if not a crime, for Mr. Bryan to sow seeds of discord in the ranks of the party—his party and ours. I am almost persuaded to join Governor Wilson in his desire to find some decent and orderly method of knocking him into a cocked hat. . . . For myself, I prefer to follow the leadership of the gentleman from Alabama. That leadership promises victory and reform. I have followed the Don Quixote of Nebraska until I am weary with a war upon windmills. I demand to be led against the flesh-and-blood enemies of democracy.

Such a severe and open criticism as this, unreplied to on the floor where it was made, indicates something more than a surface difference between Mr. Bryan and the Democratic leaders in Congress.



THE FALLACY OF MR. BRYAN'S CONTENTION

When questions of fundamental principles are at stake, it is sometimes necessary and desirable for a political leader to set himself in opposition to his party, but it is never expedient to do so unless the question is one of principle. In this case Mr. Bryan is in opposition on a question merely of method. No one openly proclaims that American judges should represent special privilege. The problem is how to relieve them from the pressure that special privilege often exerts and make them completely responsive to the rights of the people. Mr. Bryan thinks that one way to do it is to make public all letters regarding the appointment of judges. It is clear, however, that this is only one of many methods, and to create a split in his party over the adoption of merely one of many methods is an ineffectual and unwise way to accomplish a general reform. Moreover, Mr. Bryan, in his unquestioned desire to support the cause of popular rights, proposes a method which will directly obstruct and weaken the cause of popular rights. For the same reason that the individual should be protected in casting his ballot

by the well-guarded secrecy of the polling-booth, his private opinion, if he wishes to preserve its privacy, as to political appointments should be protected by every legitimate means. Many, if not most, citizens would refrain from writing frankly to an executive about candidates for judicial appointments if they knew that facts or opinions which they might have were to be made public. It is true that Mr. Bryan proposes that only indorsements of judicial candidates shall be made public, but it often happens that the strongest indorsement inevitably rests upon a condemnation for cause of a competing candidate. If Mr. Bryan's proposal became a law, the honest executive who is seeking for the best information obtainable regarding his judicial appointments would be cut off from a source of information which is exceedingly valuable in protecting the rights and welfare of the plain people. Mr. Bryan himself has not yet thought it expedient publicly to indorse any one of the half-dozen prominent Democratic candidates for the Presidential nomination. How can he expect or ask the average citizen to express publicly under all circumstances his choice for a judicial candidate? We are glad that the amendment has had the opposition of the thirteen Democrats whom Mr. Bryan has denounced. We think that they, and not he, in this matter are the real protectors of popular rights and of the purity of judicial appointments. The method to pursue in order to get upright and impartial judges is to apply the principle of the short ballot; to make all judicial offices appointive offices; to furnish the executive who makes the appointment with complete information from untrified sources; and to hold the executive who makes bad appointments strictly accountable to the people for any misperformance of his duty.



THE CHARGES AGAINST THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL

Not only those in military circles, but all who have followed the course of military affairs in Washington, were startled last week by the announcement that Major-General Ainsworth, the Adjutant-General of the United States army, had been suspended from duty by the Secretary of War, and was to be tried by court martial under charges of insubordination and improper conduct. It is evident that these charges amount to more than mere technical misconduct on the part of the Adjutant-

General; in their substance they indicate that the purposes and policy of the Secretary of War and of General Wood, the Chief of the Staff, have been thwarted and obstructed by his opposition. Secretary Stimson's letter of suspension refers, for instance, to caustic criticism of his superior officers by the Adjutant-General extending back for more than two years, and in particular to one memorandum in which, as the Secretary charges, General Ainsworth impugns the fairness and intelligence of the Secretary of War, criticises and impugns "the military capacity and experience, the intelligence and fair-mindedness, and, finally, questions the honor and good faith of the officers of the General Staff and the War College." Other offenses against discipline and propriety are set forth by the Secretary, and he asserts that the matters referred to are not "merely exceptional cases of rudeness and ill temper," but have become habitual and are no longer to be borne with. The result is, as the letter of suspension declares, that the Adjutant-General's usefulness in his present office is destroyed, and that military business cannot be carried on properly when "official communications are made the occasion for contemptuous aspersions upon fellow-officers and for insolence to superiors." It is sufficiently evident that the clash between the Adjutant-General and his superiors in military affairs is so serious that it must be terminated in one way or another, and the Secretary of War has chosen that way which is most open and public, and which is in the line of military law and practice. No trial on such charges of an officer of the high rank of an Adjutant-General has occurred in the history of our War Department, and the progress of this very serious action will be followed with close attention the country over.

THE DYNAMITE ARRESTS

Last week over forty men were arrested in many different parts of the country under indictments from a Federal Grand Jury charging them with complicity in an extended dynamite conspiracy. This is an outgrowth of the McNamara charges, and the evidence against the men arrested is largely, although not wholly, derived from the confession of McManigal. It is rumored also that at least one of the men arrested has confessed and furnished evidence against the others. Still other arrests are to be made. All of the men arrested are connected in one way

or another with the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron-Workers. The technical charge against them is that of conspiring to transport dynamite in passenger trains from one State to another; but, serious as this offense is in itself, the real and essential charge is that they were all engaged in a conspiracy to destroy property and endanger life as part of the industrial war which was being carried on by this labor union against employers of labor in the business of bridge and other structural work. The President of the International Association of Iron-Workers heads the list of arrested men, and vice-presidents, secretaries, business agents, treasurers, delegates, and organizers are among the prisoners. Altogether fifty-four men have been indicted. The indictments assert that an enormous amount of dynamite or other explosives was carried on passenger trains at many times. In one case, for instance, it is said that three hundred and sixty pounds of dynamite were carried in several trips from Ohio, and in another single trip it is alleged that twelve quarts of nitroglycerine were carried by one man. The broad allegation is that the officers of the union furnished the money which was used by McNamara and other agents, and that they were fully cognizant of the plots which resulted in the startling series of explosions and outrages which have been described by William J. Burns, the detective, and have been reported generally throughout the press of the country. There were more than one hundred such explosions, and sixty-five of these were on work which was being done by members of the National Erectors' Association, an organization of employers. Nothing in the whole history of industrial war and violence equals the extent and recklessness of this series of criminal acts. It is the belief of the United States Government that a widespread conspiracy inside the union can be established. It need hardly be pointed out that, if the facts are as alleged, those unions which disapprove of violence are the most concerned in urging that whoever shall be proved guilty of the outrages shall be punished to the extreme limit of the law.

THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT

The Boy Scouts of America, an admirable organization for teaching and training boys outside of the recognized educational agencies of the country, has already been

firmly established, but it has received a very strong forward impulse from the visit to this country of General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who may justly be called the founder of the movement. General Baden-Powell, who won great distinction in the British army as the defender of Mafeking during the South African War, is now in the United States for the purpose of inspecting the work done and the progress made by the Boy Scouts of America during the last two years. At a dinner given in his honor the week before last at the Hotel Astor in New York City General Baden-Powell delivered a very interesting address upon the purposes and work of the organization, which was illustrated by lantern slides and by moving pictures. The chief criticism of the Boy Scout movement has been founded in the fear of many good people that it would develop a spirit of militarism in the boy. General Baden-Powell devoted considerable time to pointing out that this criticism is a result of a complete misunderstanding of the spirit and methods of those who are directing the Boy Scouts. The effect of military discipline, he said, has generally been in the past to repress individual character and initiative and to force private soldiers into a uniform mold. The purpose of the Boy Scout organization is to develop individual character and initiative. An examination of the "Handbook for Boy Scouts," which may be obtained at the chief office of the organization, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, confirms beyond question General Baden-Powell's views. When a boy becomes a Scout, he must take the following oath:

On my honor I will do my best (1) to do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout law; (2) to help other people at all times; (3) to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

The laws of the Boy Scouts, which he promises to obey when he joins the organization, provide that a Scout must be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent. Any organization that can develop these twelve qualities in American boys deserves the hearty support of all men and women who believe in good citizenship. General Baden-Powell, in his address at the Boy Scout dinner, told many stories of actual life to show that the organization of Boy Scouts is developing these qualities in its members in a very remarkable degree. We wish the

handbook already referred to could be read by somebody interested in boy life in every village, town, and city of the United States.



FATHER HYACINTHE The recent death, at the age of eighty-four, of Charles Jean Marie Augustin Hyacinthe Loyson, familiarly known to the end of his life as Père or Father Hyacinthe, calls to mind the prominence to which he rose forty years ago as a conspicuous leader of the still growing movement away from Rome. At that time he was in France what Dr. Döllinger was in Germany, the head of the Old Catholic revolt from the dogma of Papal infallibility promulgated by the Vatican Council in 1870—he as its persuasive orator, Döllinger as its authoritative historical scholar. His break with Rome had come two years before Döllinger's. Having entered the monastic life of the disaffected Carmelites in 1862, and quickly rising to fame as a popular preacher, his freedom of speech resulted, after ineffectual admonition, in his excommunication in 1869. Three years later, after a visit to this country, where great audiences were moved by his fervid eloquence, an American lady, Mrs. Merriam, became his wife and was his collaborator for the rest of his life. Finding the Old Catholic movement too narrow and rationalistic to satisfy his broad and warm religious spirit, he soon withdrew from it, instituted at Paris a "Catholic Gallican Church," and continued with it till 1884. Residing subsequently at Geneva, he cherished the ideal of a religious fellowship embracing Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans, which he advocated in his book "Who is Christ?" He and Mme. Loyson, with this ideal in view, held conferences a few years ago with Mohammedans in North Africa and Palestine. His activity as a religious reformer has passed into no permanent distinctive form, but its leavening influence is still at work in the present Modernist revolt from Roman mediævalism and ultramontaniam. Father Hyacinthe died at Neuilly, a suburb of Paris.



PRINCIPAL FAIRBAIRN The recent death of Andrew Martin Fairbairn, at the age of seventy-three, has removed a great theological teacher. For the thirty years of his principalship of theological colleges—seven years at Airedale, Bradford, and twenty-three at Mansfield, Oxford—he had

qualified by seventeen studious years during his ministry in Scottish parishes. While at Airedale he had been for four years a lecturer at the University of Edinburgh.* In 1886, when Mansfield College was founded by Congregationalists at Oxford, in a predominating Anglican environment, he, as peer of the scholarly heads of its colleges, was far the fittest man for its principal. Here all but one of his published works came forth. He soon instituted for the advancement of theological education a summer school, which drew students and lecturers from this country, and was the pioneer of the summer schools of theology that have sprung up here. From Oxford he was called to lectureships at Yale, Aberdeen, New York, and in India. In 1909 he retired under the pressure of advancing age. Among the Scottish scholars who have stirred American hearers Dr. Fairbairn was distinguished by a rare blending of rhetorical force, acute dialectic, and a literary style punctuated with antithesis and spiced with epigram. As a theologian he blended a progressive spirit with a conservative method, whose excess of caution on one or two public occasions seemed like a timidity that was not his. While he accepted the Christology of the ecumenical creeds, some of his pithy, pregnant sayings furnished material that he did not use for new and broader constructions. "The Philosophy of the Christian Religion," his greatest work, is a philosophy personalized in Christ as "the transcendental ideal that has transformed God and religion, man and history." None who have listened to him will ever forget a man so marked by passion for purity of truth, for the communion of saints, for the love and service of God and man.

BARON LISTER

High in the ranks of those comparatively few men whose services have contributed incalculably to the happiness and well-being of mankind will remain for all time the great surgeon, Joseph Lister, first Baron of that name. Before his day even minor surgical operations were attended with great danger, and every child born into the world brought peril of death to the mother. To-day those who undergo grave surgical operations owe to Baron Lister their immunity from some of the greatest dangers that once were common, and to him an innumerable host of mothers owe their lives. The ancient enemy of the surgeon

was the micro-organism, in one or another of its many forms, that found entrance into the body of the patient through the wound of the surgeon's knife. It was Pasteur, the great French bacteriologist, who discovered the cause of the ravages made by these micro-organisms; but it was Joseph Lister who profited by these discoveries and, by his use of antiseptics, prevented infection from the atmosphere and the surgeon's instruments. The scientific part of this contribution to human welfare was Pasteur's, the practical part was Lister's. All the honor that Baron Lister's country bestowed upon him, first in his baronetcy and then in his barony, was deserved and was likewise a reflected honor to his country. His death last week in his eighty-fifth year brings to its close one of the great careers of the Victorian period. Baron Lister's personal character was of the sort that one likes to associate with an illustrious name.

A SLANDERED EMPEROR

Mr. Thomas Spencer Jerome, United States Consular Agent at Capri, receives remuneration for his public services in the form of fees, and probably has an income from this source of about fifteen dollars a year. The position is not, therefore, in demand as a reward for political services, and Mr. Jerome has been left to work in his library and enjoy the lovely view of the Bay of Naples from his windows. His use of his nominal office has not only invested it with dignity, but illustrated a happy disposition of such places by the Government. Mr. Jerome has made a thorough critical study of the later years of the Roman Empire, and especially of the character of Tiberius, whose closing years were spent on the island. The Emperor was nearly seventy when he retired to Capri, and the eleven years he spent there have long been the synonym for cruelty and profligacy. That an elderly man of abstemious habits and laborious life should suddenly change his nature and end his career by lavishly building palaces and filling them with dancing-girls has seemed improbable to many students, and this feeling that Tiberius was by no means as black as some of the Roman historians and gossips painted him is now widely held by scholars. Tacitus was not only a historian, but a partisan. Suetonius was a malicious gossip with a bent toward scandal, and blackening the character of emperors

was for many years a form of amusement popular among the intellectual classes. At the close of a series of lectures embodying the results of his study of this subject, delivered by Mr. Jerome at the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, the authorities of Capri voted him a resolution of thanks and gave him a public reception; and he used the occasion to propose that a tablet should be set up in honor of Tiberius, "the most illustrious guest the island ever had," inscribed with the Emperor's own words: "Of mankind I request that when I am no more they will do justice to my memory; and with kind acknowledgments record my name and the actions of my life." This very reasonable request seems likely to be regarded after all these centuries, and the exquisite view from the top of Mount Tiberio can be enjoyed without the intrusion of the black shadows of historic infamy. Mr. Jerome is a credit to the consular service.

A MISSIONARY CENTENNIAL

The centenary of the ordination of the first American foreign missionaries was observed by effective and appropriate exercises at Salem, Massachusetts, on Tuesday, February 6. The event which was thus celebrated, and to which *The Outlook* made editorial reference in its issue for that week, was one of those which have affected materially the course of history and civilization. It is not too much to say that the modern foreign missionary movement, which has one of its roots in this Salem ordination, has done what the Apostles of old were accused of doing—it has turned the world upside down. The old church in which the ordination of 1812 occurred has been razed, and in its place stands another structure, but it is under the auspices of the same church organization that the celebration was held. Five young men were ordained a hundred years ago, and five young men were ordained on this occasion. The minister of the Salem church, Dr. De Witt S. Clark, who was largely responsible for the carrying out of the centennial observance, welcomed the guests. During the service the old bass viol that was used in the original ordination was played in the leading of the singing. The prayer of ordination was offered by Dr. Fitch, President of the Andover Theological Seminary at Cambridge. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. His sermon was characteristic of the modern

feeling with regard to foreign missions, which is not that of a desperate struggle to rescue individuals from a problematic future disaster, but is the spirit of the messenger who brings light and life to those who are seeking it for both the present and the future. This is why among the legitimate successors of those ministers ordained to service in foreign lands a hundred years ago are men trained as leaders in industry, in social service, and in the arts of medicine and surgery.

STUDIES ON WATER-DRINKING

Biological chemists and many physicians have been watching the progress of experiments by Professor P. B. Hawk, of the University of Illinois. Before the experiments of this investigator and associates the opinion was prevalent that drinking of water at meal-time was harmful, and Professor Carrington and others have published apparently logical reasons to substantiate the popular view. It was argued that taking water with food prevented the normal secretion of saliva and of the gastric juices; that food did not remain sufficiently long in the mouth or in the stomach for complete digestion, and that, when diluted, it passed too rapidly through the system for complete absorption. After preliminary experiments on dogs and the study of similar investigations in Europe, a body of men were taken from the staff of the Department of Chemistry at Illinois University and were subjected to a rigid control of diet and to experimental investigations to demonstrate the effect on digestion and on general health of taking water with meals. The amount of water was varied from what might be considered normal for most people as a minimum to what would be considered an abnormal maximum. The experiments were controlled by duplicating them with a series in which the subjects took no water at meal-time, but a normal quantity between meals. Some of the subjects had habitually drunk water with meals, others had been accustomed to abstain from it. The conclusions are:

Increased dilution is the effective factor. . . . Not only is enzyme action more complete in dilute solutions, but such solutions are also better adapted to absorption. When the solutions to be absorbed are not dilute, the organism must first make them so by pouring out a diluting secretion; if they have been made dilute, the organism is spared this task. . . . The better utilization of food material thus evident was not temporary, but appeared to extend for some time following the use of water. . . .

The beneficial effects noted are probably due to the stimulatory action of water upon the digestive secretions, to the increased dilution which facilitates enzyme action and materially aids in absorption, and to a conservation of the intestinal energy involved in the secretion of a diluting fluid which is necessary when insufficient water is ingested. . . . Copious water-drinking causes a more pronounced lessening of the intestinal putrefactive processes. Many desirable and no undesirable effects were obtained by the use of water with meals, and in general, the more water taken, the more pronounced were the benefits.

Of course, as the investigators point out, it is unsafe to generalize too freely. A habit that benefits well people may be detrimental to some others. Questions of hot-water or ice-water drinking are not discussed, but we may fairly assume that moderate water-drinking with meals is beneficial.



LOOKING AT THE BRIGHT SIDE

Cheerful results do not dissipate a pessimistic atmosphere, and attempts to boost business, when it shows a tendency to sit quiet, rarely succeed. There is no artificial way of restoring the public confidence. It is true, nevertheless, as several wise business men have lately said, that hard times are often states of mind rather than states of trade; and it may be suspected that the present depression of business is due, not only to the political uncertainties, but also to the state of mind of the country. The movement to establish the Optimist League of America may not succeed, and, if it should succeed, may not accomplish its end; but the circular of information which it sends out contains some facts which ought to be kept in plain view—facts which are constantly obscured by isolated tales of scandal and crime in which the newspapers abound. The Optimist League calls attention to the fact that ten thousand bank cashiers have done their work faithfully for periods ranging from ten to twenty-five years—this is a fact to keep in mind whenever a defalcation occurs; that twenty million married people in this country were not divorced last year; that eighty million citizens have not committed suicide; and that every week ten million people make railway trips in safety. Diogenes is now going through the country with a lantern in his hand, not because he is an old cynic, but because the times cry out for light; but it must be remembered that it is the exceptional and not the average man whose rascalities will come into view.

A CHARTER OF DEMOCRACY

With both the substance and the spirit of Mr. Roosevelt's Columbus speech, printed on another page in this issue, we wish here to place on record our hearty accord. The views therein expressed are based upon conceptions of human rights and, particularly, of the nature of democracy in America, upon which for a generation this journal has based its comment and interpretation of current history. Let us state here in our own words and our own way our charter of democracy.

Democracy is not essentially a form of government; it is essentially a principle of human life. Rule by the people exists for the sake of rule for the people. Monarchical England in the twentieth century A.D. is far more democratic than the nominally democratic Athens of the fifth century B.C. Democracy is primarily a state of society in which every man has an equal chance with every other man.

Those forms of government which promote equality of opportunity are democratic forms of government. Those forms of government which interfere with the promotion of equality of opportunity are undemocratic forms of government.

The prime duty of a people is to set their minds on securing equality of opportunity for all; the duty of getting right instruments for promoting that equality of opportunity is a secondary duty. As life is more than meat, as men are more important than property, so the prime duty of democracy is to assure an equal chance to all for life and health. Laws that will secure to the child born in the tenement an equal chance for life and health with the child born in the home of wealth are democratic laws. And a government that neglects or refuses to strive for those measures that will promote an equal distribution of healthful conditions of living among all the people is not a democratic government. It is because this is one of the directions in which we should work for an equal chance for all that laws which defend women and children against excessive hours of toil and against the other unreasoning demands of modern industry are laws of the first importance. Another chance to which all men have a right is the chance to receive the product of their own labor. To that end a democratic government will see that laws are enacted and men are chosen to administer those laws for the purpose of protecting the rights and interests of

the individual, of the wage-worker and the consumer, against the power of uncontrolled wealth.

A democratic charter will secure an equal chance for all to secure the benefits that come from property that belongs to all. To that end tariffs and other forms of taxes should be laid, not for the benefit of special interests, but for the benefit of all the people; grants should be given in the public domain, not for the purpose of extending privilege to some, but for the purpose of distributing that wealth as equitably as possible among all in this generation and in the generations to come; the public railways should be controlled, not by those who wish to exploit them for their own benefit, but by the government that exists to protect the rights of the whole people.

It is, therefore, not paternalistic, but democratic: to provide for workmen's compensation in industrial accidents, so that the wear of industry upon human life and limb should be distributed over all those who benefit from the industry; to provide for limits beyond which wages should not be reduced or hours of labor extended; to establish departments and bureaus of health and to give to them such power as may be necessary to ensure that no part of the people shall secure profit at the expense of the health of the rest of the people; to provide for the leasing by the Government of public lands of whatever nature and to any extent that may seem most expedient, for securing to all the benefits of the natural resources of the country; to control by suitable governmental agencies the railways and waterways of the country; to control and regulate by necessary administrative bodies all trusts and such corporations as it may seem in the public interest to subject to such regulation; to provide that the tariff be revised, schedule by schedule, so that private interests may not combine against the public interest, and to revise it in accordance with information derived from intelligent, impartial experts.

In order to secure such equality of opportunity, a democracy must provide adequate political machinery. To that end the people of the United States have secured to themselves the election of their own officials. It is right that they should see that the people themselves have the chance, if they wish, not only to elect their officials but also to nominate candidates for office. Direct nominations, however, constitute only a means for secur-

ing equality. So are such devices as the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall. All these are methods which should be tried experimentally, as they are being tried, on a comparatively small scale, and they should be tried, as they have not always been tried, with great caution and under careful limitations. The Referendum should submit to the people only such questions as are simple in their nature, for it is only with simple questions that great masses of men, no matter how intelligent, can deal; and such as are of popular interest, because it is only to such questions that great masses of men, with diverse interests, will attend. The referendum vote should be taken only after there has been full, ample, and general discussion. And what is here said with regard to the Referendum applies with double force to the Initiative. The Recall should be applicable only to those offices which are measurably local in scope and which are filled for measurably long terms. The more extended the jurisdiction of the official and the more limited his term of office, the less useful is this device of the Recall. For reasons which we do not here state, but which are grounded in the principles of democracy, popular recall should not be extended to the judiciary. More important than either the Initiative, or the Referendum, or the Recall, is the Short Ballot. The more that popular government may be concentrated in the hands of officials who are directly responsible to the people and can be called to account by the people, the more efficient will that government be in securing equal chances for all. It should, however, be remembered that neither Direct Nominations, nor the Initiative, nor the Referendum, nor the Recall, nor the Short Ballot are ends for which government should exist, but instruments which government may use to secure really important ends. So with the question of the popular election of Senators; that is but an instrument. It is one which, we strongly believe, the people should make for themselves and use. But it would be a calamity if, for the sake of securing this instrument, they should deprive the Federal Government of its authority to supervise the Federal elections.

Internationally, a democratic country should stand primarily for justice and for the principle of equal rights and equal chance for all, which is the foundation of its own existence. For that reason a democratic govern-

ment should do all that it justly can toward substituting the judicial for the military method of attempting to secure justice, and at the same time should maintain such strength in army and navy that it will not be forced by others to submit to injustice. Such a democratic nation, when it becomes responsible for dependent peoples, should undertake its responsibility with a view to securing equality of opportunity among those peoples, and it should not be deterred from doing so because, in the process, it cannot use all the devices and instruments which democracy has forged for itself. To sum up, in its relation to all dependent peoples, in its international relations and in its domestic affairs, a democratic nation such as ours should put in a secondary place the devices and instruments of government, and hold as of primary importance the end for which democratic government exists. And the end for which democratic government exists is the establishment of a state of society in which opportunity for all shall, as nearly as possible, be equal.



THE REAL QUESTION

When in the old days men of conscience and intelligence attacked and condemned and tried to do away with the system of slavery, it was no answer to say that some slave-owners housed their slaves in comfortable quarters and treated them kindly.

When to-day men of conscience and intelligence see workers in great industrial centers subject to conditions of labor over which they have no control, and forced to accept, in return for their labor, wages determined solely by others, and when they protest against such a condition of affairs and assert that the conditions should be changed so that the workers themselves may have something to say as to their wages and their conditions of labor, it is no answer to reply that in a certain city where these conditions prevail the workers live as well as can be expected and receive no lower wages than are paid in other places.

On another page Mr. John N. Cole presents a reply to a special correspondent's account, printed two weeks ago, of conditions in Lawrence, Massachusetts. One has only to read that reply to get abundant evidence of the fact that in the great textile city of Lawrence industry is on a war basis. The laborers and the capitalists are facing one another in two great camps.

According to Mr. Cole's own statement, the capitalists and their representatives have acted on the assumption that the industry was theirs alone and that it was their right and privilege to determine how it should be carried on. This is the fact of fundamental and universal interest in the situation; and, putting other aspects of the situation aside—the aspect of violence, for instance, which we condemn as uncompromisingly as Mr. Cole—this is the aspect with which *The Outlook* deals at this time.

What Mr. Cole describes is a state of industrial oligarchy. He endeavors to show that this oligarchy is not without the spirit of benevolence and discretion, though some of this benevolence and discretion belong, in part, to the category of virtues by necessity. Mr. Cole rather deplores the fact that the Legislature of the State has been weak enough to take into consideration the demands of the workers engaged in the industry as to what their hours and conditions of labor should be. He cites the threats or warnings uttered by the representatives of the capitalists before a committee of the Legislature as sufficient notice of reduction in wages to the workers in the industry. When he emphasizes the fact that wages in Lawrence average nine dollars a week, and admits that some who might be "technically called heads of families" are earning as low as five dollars and sixty cents a week, he seems to regard it as an explanation that elsewhere other people are getting even less. Mr. Cole also intimates that to express dissatisfaction with such conditions and to write articles indicating that such conditions are intolerable is to scatter explosives through the public press.

There is no problem before the Nation approaching in its gravity that which is here outlined in this statement from the point of view of the manufacturers at Lawrence. So long as the owners of capital and their managers fail to see that industrial oligarchy is out of date, and that no amount of benevolence or of good intention can supply the place of real democracy in industry, so long will the present social turmoil, of which this disturbance is merely one illustration, continue. The day is surely coming when men and women in great masses will no longer have to work under conditions and for remuneration determined upon exclusively by those who happen to own the capital invested in the industry, but will have their fair share in determining what their remuneration and what

their hours and conditions of labor shall be. Those employers are enlightened who can foresee the coming of that day and who hasten it. There are such employers. They are not always able alone to secure that degree of industrial liberty and justice which they believe will some day be attained, but by various means they are doing what they can to make industry democratic.



PANAMA CANAL TOLLS

Colonel Goethals, the chief engineer of the Panama Canal, has repeatedly called attention to the great importance of the immediate enactment of legislation providing for the administration and regulation of the Panama Canal. The Canal is rapidly approaching completion, and if arrangements are not at once made for its administration as one of the great public works of the country, serious complications will follow.

One important question to be determined is the question of Canal tolls. What shall be the amount of these tolls and how shall they be imposed? Shall they be high enough not only to pay the cost of operation of the Canal but to pay the interest on the Canal bonds and also an annual sum into a sinking fund for the ultimate redemption of those bonds? Or shall they be just as low as possible, in order to make the Canal a great international waterway for the development of world commerce, and thus incidentally for the benefit of the commerce and shipping of the United States? Shall they be imposed so as to give the merchant marine of the United States special advantages over the commercial shipping of other nations, or shall they be imposed so as to be equal for the ships of all the nations of the world? These questions must be answered by Congress very soon.

The Navy League of the United States has issued a circular intimating that foreign nations will endeavor to use the Canal for their own interests, as opposed to American interests, and that therefore the tolls should be so adjusted as to favor American shipping. Senator Bristow, of Kansas, has introduced a bill into the Senate calling for a toll of one dollar per net registered ton for all ships; fifty cents a ton for all American vessels the owners of which agree to permit their use as auxiliary cruisers in time of war; and twenty-five cents a ton to all coastwise craft (which under our present navigation

laws, of course, means exclusively American vessels, as none but American vessels are permitted to enter our coastwise trade).

The Outlook does not undertake to say what the maximum toll rates shall be; that is a matter which must be decided by Government and commercial experts. But it does undertake to point out the general principles upon which the tolls should be levied.

President Taft expressed in one of his Messages some months ago the sound opinion that this Nation should regard itself as a trustee for the benefit of the entire world, in its operation of the Panama Canal. The American people do not regard the Canal as a merely commercial enterprise, and we do not believe they desire to administer it solely in accordance with self-interest. President Taft recommended that there should be no attempt to pay for the Canal by the creation of a sinking fund out of the income from tolls, and that at least a part of its maintenance cost should be paid out of the funds of general taxation. With this view The Outlook is in hearty sympathy.

Second, the toll rates should be uniform to all nations and all ship-owners, and there should be no discrimination in favor of American ships. It is said that foreign nations may endeavor to obtain special advantages for their shipping by giving rebates of the tolls to other shipping owners. This is perhaps a real danger, but a danger which can be dealt with in the future if the United States now firmly declares and establishes the principle of equal tolls to all. One way of avoiding possible selfish discrimination by foreign nations might be to fix a maximum and a minimum rate of tolls, and to confer upon the President of the United States the power to impose the maximum rate upon the ships of any nation which is discovered in the act of giving its vessels a rebate or subsidy, direct or indirect, that shall relieve the ship-owner from the cost of the canal tolls. In doing this the Government would only be following the principle upon which it acts in giving the President discretionary power to impose a maximum tariff on those nations which discriminate against the United States. If this were done, it logically follows that the United States could not consistently or honorably permit its merchant vessels to pay less toll charges than the rest of the world.

Third, there is no need to protect our coastwise shipping by a special rate, for our present navigation laws completely protect our

coastwise shipping now, and no foreign vessel could carry goods from New York to San Francisco through the Panama Canal, no matter what the toll rates may be. As a matter of fact, vessels engaged in our coastwise trade might pass through the Canal free without violating the principle of non-discrimination against foreign nations.

Fourth, this principle of equalized toll rates need not apply to the navy, because the United States in time of war has a right, now recognized by the world, to use the Canal for its own protection. For this reason it would be perfectly just, and we think foreign nations would recognize the justice of the discrimination, to permit the passage of American naval vessels through the Canal free, while imposing the regular tonnage charge on foreign naval vessels.

We urge upon Congress the view that the Canal is an international waterway; that the United States should see to it that it is open to all the nations of the world on equal terms, and that the President should have the power to enforce the principle of equal terms upon foreign nations by some such provision as that which we have suggested.



THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY

During the past few years the American people have come to realize that if they are wise enough to elect their public officers they are wise enough to nominate them. The direct primary is the expression of this belief. It is already firmly established in many States, and its universal adoption is postponed only because the political machines are in many places firmly entrenched.

The final development of the direct primary—of the principle, that is, that the people shall not only elect their officers, but select the candidates between whom they will choose at the election—is the Presidential primary.

This form of primary has not yet been used at a Presidential election. But it has already been adopted by law in six States, and in at least three others there is a probability that it may be established before the National conventions. In New Jersey, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Nebraska, Oregon, and California the people will express directly this year their choice for the party candidates for President and Vice-President. In Massachusetts, Michigan, and Kansas they will do so if the strong movement to

have the Legislatures in those States adopt this system is successful. The direct expression of popular preference from even so small a proportion of the States as this should have a real effect upon the nominating conventions.

The Presidential primary has two parts, which should not be confused. It is entirely possible to adopt the first part without the second; but it is hardly probable that the second would be adopted without the first. The first part consists in the selection of delegates to the National conventions at direct primaries instead of at State and district conventions. The second part consists in the direct expression at the primary by the people of their choice for the party candidates for President and Vice-President. Both of these methods are established in the six States which have the Presidential primary.

An example will illustrate just how the system will work. In New Jersey a primary election will be held on the fourth Friday in May. The Democratic voter, for instance, who goes to the polls on that day will be handed a Democratic ticket on which he will find that he must vote for two delegates to the National Convention from his Congressional district, and four delegates to the National Convention from the State at large, and on which he may also express his choice for the Democratic candidate for President, choosing perhaps between Wilson and Harmon and Underwood and Bryan. The two district candidates receiving the largest number of Democratic votes will go to the National Convention as the delegates from that district; the four delegates at large receiving the largest vote in the State will go to the Convention as the delegates from that State. All of the delegates elected both in the districts and in the State will be morally bound to vote at the Convention, not according to their own judgment, nor according to the dictates of any convention or caucus or boss, but according to the expressed sentiment of the people who have elected them.

There are several questions as to the working out of this new plan of Presidential nominations which cannot be answered with certainty until it has been tried. Among such questions are these: Should a delegate elected in a district vote at the convention for the candidate who has received the highest vote in his district, or the one who has received the highest vote throughout the State, supposing that these two votes do not fall upon the

same man? How long should a delegate elected to the convention be bound to follow the popular choice in his State or district? Is he bound to vote for the popular choice only on the first ballot, or so long as there is any possibility that that candidate will be nominated, or to the bitter end? In States, like New Jersey, where the candidate for delegate is permitted to put opposite his name on the ballot the name of the Presidential candidate whom he personally favors, is it proper for him to vote for that candidate no matter what the popular choice may be? Since it is probably impossible to compel by law a delegate to follow the popular choice, will the moral obligation to do so be sufficient in the long run to make the method of popular choice effective?

In regard to such practical questions as these the result remains to be seen. But on the main question, whether, if the people are competent to nominate a candidate for the Governorship directly, they are not competent to nominate a Presidential candidate directly, there is no room for argument.

THE POET WHO KNEW AND BELIEVED

When the Library of Pleasant Reading is collected by some enterprising publisher, it must include Mrs. Brookfield's delightful "Cambridge Apostles," issued several years ago, and "Tennyson and His Friends," edited by the present Lord Tennyson.¹

It is impossible to come into the atmosphere of the late Poet Laureate's life without feeling its elevation and dignity and the breadth of interest which it included, and the value of this collection of reminiscences and estimates by the men and women who knew him lies in the reflection of this many-sided man of genius. He guarded his privacy jealously and sometimes irritably, and with good reason; for in the later part of his life he was under constant espionage. So many people love journalistic notoriety and rush into publicity that it is impossible for them to imagine how repugnant this idle and often insolent curiosity is to those who hold life as a private possession the value of which depends on its quality and not on the passing interest of curiosity-hunters. Even to-day the entrance to Farringford is haunted by tourists, and the editor of this delightful volume, walking toward the gate

with guests, bade good-by at a turn in the road, saying as he did so: "I must stop here; if I go any further, I shall be photographed." The nervous dread of these invasions of his privacy justified the occasional impatience with which the poet turned on his persecutors. The garden house, where he often went for privacy, has been securely boarded up, or it would have been destroyed by souvenir-hunters of the same kind as those who carried off the Duke of the Abruzzi's golden toilet set when he hospitably opened his flagship to the public.

This volume is personal in the right way; it shows the man to serious readers as his friends saw him. Every glimpse of Lady Tennyson shows the poet nobly mated. He said, years after his marriage, "The peace of God came into my life on my wedding day." She was a woman of beautiful nature and rare intelligence. These lines, from the dedication of "The Death of Enone," tell the story of a marriage which makes the divorce courts unspeakably pathetic or unutterably vulgar:

"There on the top of the down,
The wild heather round me and over me June's
high blue,
When I looked at the bracken so bright and
the heather so brown,
I thought to myself, I would offer this book to
you,
This and my love together,
To you that are seventy-seven,
With a faith as clear as the heights of the
June-blue heaven,
And a fancy as summer-new
As the green of the bracken amid the gloom
of the heather."

The drawing of Lady Tennyson's face by Watts shows a profile of exquisite delicacy and a face of beautiful seriousness. When Carlyle was thundering his denunciations of the times and the men of the day, Lady Tennyson needed only to say, "Mr. Carlyle, that is not sane," and the brilliant, extravagant talker came to ground at once. It is a great satisfaction to know that the home at Farringford to-day is presided over by another woman of the same fineness of quality and vigor of intelligence.

The rectory at Somersby, where the poet and his brothers and sisters were born, was a place of quiet, of charming surroundings, of the companionship of the best books, and of high standards of living. The children were handsome, high-spirited, and variously gifted; and they played the games of the imagination with immense gusto. The poet loved Lincolnshire, and used to say that the sea

¹ The Macmillan Company, New York.

came in on its coast with a majesty not to be found in any other county. It was in his boyhood that he heard

"... the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts."

He liked the people, with their sturdy independence of judgment and their habit of plain speaking, as Lowell liked the Yankees. The point of view and the dialect are both found in the "Northern Farmer." After a visit to Lincolnshire by Lord Brougham, who, like many other amateurs, liked to talk about farming, a native farmer said of him: "He is strange cliver mon, is Lord Brougham, and he knows a vast, noä doubt, but he knows nowt about plowing;" and another man of the soil, after seeing a barrister in court in wig and gown, met him afterwards in plain clothes and said to him: "Why, you're nobbut a mean-looking little mon after all." The old people of the neighborhood held books in very slight esteem:

"And books, what's books? thou knows thebbe naither 'ere nor there."

They thought fondness for books a sign of mental weakness. "The boys, *poor things*, they would allus hev a book i' their hands as they went along." But the merry children at the rectory were never forgotten by their rustic neighbors, who always spoke of their devotion to their mother and their "book-larning."

It was a day of ardent expression of friendship between men. There are friendships as deep and loyal to-day, but there is greater reticence in their expression. "What passions our friendships were!" wrote Thackeray later; and one gets delightful glimpses of FitzGerald, Carlyle, and others of that brilliant circle whom Tennyson loved and who loved him devotedly without shutting themselves off from occasional criticism of his work. "Old Fitz" was especially free with the Laureate's later work. But he was free with other great writers; he did not care for Euripides or Homer, and Goethe and Victor Hugo were distasteful to him. What shakes our faith in his critical sense was the fact that he "could not read the 'Adam Bedes' and the 'Daisy Chains,'" an incredible juxtaposition of titles. But the whimsical spirit of the man comes out in a letter to "dear old Alfred:" "I abuse Browning myself; and get others to abuse him." "What a fuss the cockneys make about Shelley just now, surely not worth Keats's little finger." "Is Mr. Rossetti a Great Poet like Browning and Morris? So the

'Athenæum' tells me. Dear me, how thick Great Poets *do* grow nowadays!"

But, however uncertain his critical judgments might be, no man of the time had warmer friends than the translator or the adapter of the "Rubáiyát."

Tennyson's knowledge of nature was not only that of a poet, but that of a naturalist and of a scientist; for he kept himself in close touch with scientific investigation and thought to the end of his life. Sir Oliver Lodge writes that he was "an enthusiastic astronomer and that few points in the descriptive part of the subject had escaped him." One night, after seeing the clusters in Hercules and Perseus, Tennyson said: "I cannot think much of the county families after that." "The breadth of the outlook upon nature shown by the references in the poet's work," writes Sir Oliver, "is only equaled by the minute accuracy of observation displayed. Astronomy, geology, meteorology, biology, and, indeed, all branches of science except chemistry, are thus made to bring their tribute."

This ample knowledge of the processes of the natural world poetically conceived and spiritually interpreted made "In Memoriam" not only a poem of deep and enduring beauty, but one of the authoritative records of the human spirit in the last century. Tennyson knew the questioning but not irreverent spirit of his age, and was a much richer and profounder thinker on religious matters than most of the theologians of his time. He knew the larger world, which many of them did not; and he wrote as one who had faced the difficulties of faith and knew how deep the shadows lie over some of the landscape of life. "It is hard," he said, "it is hard to believe in God; but it is harder not to believe. I believe in God, not from what I see in nature, but from what I find in man." It is the study of nature apart from man, who has so great place in nature, that has confused and misled many earnest, sincere souls.

Sir Oliver reports Tennyson as reciting with deep earnestness "the lines which sung of faith in the reality of the Unseen and the Invisible:"

"Doubt no longer, that the Highest is the wisest
and the best,
Let not all that saddens nature blight thy hope
or break thy rest,
Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the ship-
wreck, or the rolling
Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or the
famine or the pest."

A CHARTER OF DEMOCRACY

ADDRESS BEFORE THE OHIO
CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MR. PRESIDENT, and Members of the Ohio Constitutional Convention :

I am profoundly sensible of the honor you have done me in asking me to address you. You are engaged in the fundamental work of self-government; you are engaged in framing a Constitution under and in accordance with which the people are to get and to do justice and, absolutely to rule themselves. No representative body can have a higher task. To carry it through successfully there is need to combine practical common sense of the most hard-headed kind with a spirit of lofty idealism. Without idealism your work will be but a sordid makeshift; and without the hard-headed common sense the idealism will be either wasted or worse than wasted.

I shall not try to speak to you of matters of detail. Each of our commonwealths has its own local needs, local customs, and habits of thought, different from those of other commonwealths; and each must therefore apply in its own fashion the great principles of our political life. But these principles themselves are in their essence applicable everywhere, and of some of them I shall speak to you. I cannot touch upon them all; the subject is too vast and the time too limited; if any one of you cares to know my views of these matters which I do not to-day discuss, I will gladly send him a copy of the speeches I made in 1910, which I think cover most of the ground.

I believe in pure democracy. With Lincoln, I hold that "this country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their Constitutional right of amending it." We Progressives believe that the people have the right, the power, and the duty to protect themselves and their own welfare; that human rights are supreme over all other rights; that wealth should be the servant, not the master, of the people. We believe that unless representative government does absolutely represent the people it is not representative government at all. We test the worth of

all men and all measures by asking how they contribute to the welfare of the men, women, and children of whom this Nation is composed. We are engaged in one of the great battles of the age-long contest waged against privilege on behalf of the common welfare. We hold it a prime duty of the people to free our Government from the control of money in politics. For this purpose we advocate, not as ends in themselves, but as weapons in the hands of the people, all governmental devices which will make the representatives of the people more easily and certainly responsible to the people's will.

This country, as Lincoln said, belongs to the people. So do the natural resources which make it rich. They supply the basis of our prosperity now and hereafter. In preserving them, which is a National duty, we must not forget that monopoly is based on the control of natural resources and natural advantages, and that it will help the people little to conserve our natural wealth unless the benefits which it can yield are secured to the people. Let us remember, also, that Conservation does not stop with the natural resources, but that the principle of making the best use of all we have requires with equal or greater insistence that we shall stop the waste of human life in industry and prevent the waste of human welfare which flows from the unfair use of concentrated power and wealth in the hands of men whose eagerness for profit blinds them to the cost of what they do. We have no higher duty than to promote the efficiency of the individual. There is no surer road to the efficiency of the Nation.

I am emphatically a believer in constitutionalism, and because of this fact I no less emphatically protest against any theory that would make of the Constitution a means of thwarting instead of securing the absolute right of the people to rule themselves and to provide for their own social and industrial well-being. All Constitutions, those of the States no less than that of the Nation, are designed, and must be interpreted and administered, so as to fit human rights. Lin-

coln so interpreted and administered the National Constitution. Buchanan attempted the reverse, attempted to fit human rights to, and limit them by, the Constitution. It was Buchanan who treated the courts as a fetish, who protested against and condemned all criticism of the judges for unjust and unrighteous decisions, and upheld the Constitution as an instrument for the protection of privilege and of vested wrong. It was Lincoln who appealed to the people against the judges when the judges went wrong, who advocated and secured what was practically the recall of the Dred Scott decision, and who treated the Constitution as a living force for righteousness. We stand for applying the Constitution to the issues of to-day as Lincoln applied it to the issues of his day; Lincoln, mind you, and not Buchanan, was the real upholder and preserver of the Constitution, for the true progressive, the progressive of the Lincoln stamp, is the only true constitutionalist, the only real conservative. The object of every American Constitution worth calling such must be what it is set forth to be in the preamble to the National Constitution, "to establish justice," that is, to secure justice as between man and man by means of genuine popular self-government. If the Constitution is successfully invoked to nullify the effort to remedy injustice, it is proof positive either that the Constitution needs immediate amendment or else that it is being wrongfully and improperly construed. I therefore very earnestly ask you clearly to provide in this Constitution means which will enable the people readily to amend it if at any point it works injustice, and also means which will permit the people themselves by popular vote, after due deliberation and discussion, but finally and without appeal, to settle what the proper construction of any Constitutional point is. It is often said that ours is a government of checks and balances. But this should only mean that these checks and balances obtain as among the several different kinds of representatives of the people—judicial, executive, and legislative—to whom the people have delegated certain portions of their power. It does not mean that the people have parted with their power or cannot resume it. The "division of powers" is merely the division among the representatives of the powers delegated to them; the term must not be held to mean that the people have divided their power with their delegates. The power is the people's,

and only the people's. It is right and proper that provision should be made rendering it necessary for the people to take ample time to make up their minds on any point; but there should also be complete provision to have their decision put into immediate and living effect when it has thus been deliberately and definitely reached.

I hold it to be the duty of every public servant, and of every man who in public or in private life holds a position of leadership in thought or action, to endeavor honestly and fearlessly to guide his fellow-countrymen to right decisions; but I emphatically dissent from the view that it is either wise or necessary to try to devise methods which under the Constitution will automatically prevent the people from deciding for themselves what governmental action they deem just and proper. It is impossible to invent Constitutional devices which will prevent the popular will from being effective for wrong without also preventing it from being effective for right. The only safe course to follow in this great American democracy is to provide for making the popular judgment really effective. When this is done, then it is our duty to see that the people, having the full power, realize their heavy responsibility for exercising that power aright. But it is a false constitutionalism, a false statesmanship, to endeavor by the exercise of a perverted ingenuity to seem to give the people full power and at the same time to trick them out of it. Yet this is precisely what is done in every case where the State permits its representatives, whether on the bench or in the Legislature or in executive office, to declare that it has not the power to right grave social wrongs, or that any of the officers created by the people, and rightfully the servants of the people, can set themselves up to be the masters of the people. Constitution-makers should make it clear beyond shadow of doubt that the people in their legislative capacity have the power to enact into law any measure they deem necessary for the betterment of social and industrial conditions. The wisdom of framing any particular law of this kind is a proper subject of debate; but the power of the people to enact the law should not be subject to debate. To hold the contrary view is to be false to the cause of the people, to the cause of American democracy.

Lincoln, with his clear vision, his ingrained sense of justice, and his spirit of kindly

friendliness to all, forecast our present struggle and saw the way out. What he said should be pondered by capitalist and workingman alike. He spoke as follows (I condense):

I hold that while man exists it is his duty to improve not only his condition but to assist in ameliorating mankind. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor should this lead to a war upon property. Property is the fruit of labor. Property is desirable, is a positive good in the world. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.

This last sentence characteristically shows Lincoln's homely, kindly common sense. His is the attitude that we ought to take. He showed the proper sense of proportion in his relative estimates of capital and labor, of human rights and the rights of wealth. Above all, in what he thus said, as on so many other occasions, he taught the indispensable lesson of the need of wise kindness and charity, of sanity and moderation, in the dealings of men one with another.

We should discriminate between two purposes we have in view. The first is the effort to provide what are themselves the ends of good government; the second is the effort to provide proper machinery for the achievement of these ends.

The ends of good government in our democracy are to secure by genuine popular rule a high average of moral and material well-being among our citizens. It has been well said that in the past we have paid attention only to the accumulation of prosperity, and that from henceforth we must pay equal attention to the proper distribution of prosperity. This is true. The only prosperity worth having is that which affects the mass of the people. We are bound to strive for the fair distribution of prosperity. But it behooves us to remember that there is no use in devising methods for the proper distribution of prosperity unless the prosperity is there to distribute. I hold it to be our duty to see that the wage-worker, the small producer, the ordinary consumer, shall get their fair share of the benefit of business prosperity. But it either is or ought to be evident to every one that business has to prosper before anybody can get any benefit from it. Therefore I hold that he is the real

progressive, that he is the genuine champion of the people, who endeavors to shape the policy alike of the Nation and of the several States so as to encourage legitimate and honest business at the same time that he wars against all crookedness and injustice and unfairness and tyranny in the business world (for of course we can only get business put on a basis of permanent prosperity when the element of injustice is taken out of it). This is the reason why I have for so many years insisted, as regards our National Government, that it is both futile and mischievous to endeavor to correct the evils of big business by an attempt to restore business conditions as they were in the middle of the last century, before railways and telegraphs had rendered larger business organizations both inevitable and desirable. The effort to restore such conditions, and to trust for justice solely to such proposed restoration, is as foolish as if we should attempt to arm our troops with the flintlocks of Washington's Continentals instead of with modern weapons of precision. Flintlock legislation, of the kind that seeks to prohibit all combinations, good or bad, is bound to fail, and the effort, in so far as it accomplishes anything at all, merely means that some of the worst combinations are not checked, and that honest business is checked. What is needed is, first, the recognition that modern business conditions have come to stay, in so far at least as these conditions mean that business must be done in larger units, and then the cool-headed and resolute determination to introduce an effective method of regulating big corporations so as to help legitimate business as an incident to thoroughly and completely safeguarding the interests of the people as a whole. We are a business people. The tillers of the soil, the wage-workers, the business men—these are the three big and vitally important divisions of our population. The welfare of each division is vitally necessary to the welfare of the people as a whole. The great mass of business is of course done by men whose business is either small or of moderate size. The middle-sized business men form an element of strength which is of literally incalculable value to the Nation. Taken as a class, they are among our best citizens. They have not been seekers after enormous fortunes; they have been moderately and justly prosperous, by reason of dealing fairly with their customers, competitors, and em-

ployees. They are satisfied with a legitimate profit that will pay their expenses of living and lay by something for those who come after, and the additional amount necessary for the betterment and improvement of their plant. The average business man of this type is, as a rule, a leading citizen of his community, foremost in everything that tells for its betterment, a man whom his neighbors look up to and respect; he is in no sense dangerous to his community, just because he is an integral part of his community, bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. His life fibers are intertwined with the life fibers of his fellow-citizens. Yet nowadays many men of this kind, when they come to make necessary trade agreements with one another, find themselves in danger of becoming unwitting transgressors of the law, and are at a loss to know what the law forbids and what it permits. This is all wrong. There should be a fixed governmental policy, a policy which shall clearly define and punish wrong-doing, and shall give in advance full information to any man as to just what he can and just what he cannot legally and properly do. It is absurd and wicked to treat the deliberate lawbreaker as on an exact par with the man eager to obey the law, whose only desire is to find out from some competent governmental authority what the law is and then live up to it. It is absurd to endeavor to regulate business in the interest of the public by means of long-drawn lawsuits without any accompaniment of administrative control and regulation, and without any attempt to discriminate between the honest man who has succeeded in business because of rendering a service to the public and the dishonest man who has succeeded in business by cheating the public.

So much for the small business man and the middle-sized business man. Now for big business. It is imperative to exercise over big business a control and supervision which is unnecessary as regards small business. All business must be conducted under the law, and all business men, big or little, must act justly. But a wicked big interest is necessarily more dangerous to the community than a wicked little interest. "Big business" in the past has been responsible for much of the special privilege which must be unsparingly cut out of our National life. I do not believe in making mere size of and by itself criminal. The mere fact of size, however, does unquestionably carry the potentiality of such grave wrong-doing that

there should be by law provision made for the strict supervision and regulation of these great industrial concerns doing an inter-State business, much as we now regulate the transportation agencies which are engaged in inter-State business. The anti-trust law does good in so far as it can be invoked against combinations which really are monopolies or which restrict production or which artificially raise prices. But in so far as its workings are uncertain, or as it threatens corporations which have not been guilty of anti-social conduct, it does harm. Moreover, it cannot by itself accomplish more than a trifling part of the Governmental regulation of big business which is needed. The Nation and the States must co-operate in this matter. Among the States that have entered this field Wisconsin has taken a leading place. Following Senator La Follette, a number of practical workers and thinkers in Wisconsin have turned that State into an experimental laboratory of wise governmental action in aid of social and industrial justice. They have initiated the kind of progressive government which means not merely the preservation of true democracy, but the extension of the principle of true democracy into industrialism as well as into politics. One prime reason why the State has been so successful in this policy lies in the fact that it has done justice to corporations precisely as it has exacted justice from them. Its Public Utilities Commission in a recent report answered certain critics as follows :

To be generous to the people of the State at the expense of justice to the carriers would be a species of official brigandage that ought to hold the perpetrators up to the execration of all honest men. Indeed, we have no idea that the people of Wisconsin have the remotest desire to deprive the railroads of the State of aught that, in equality and good conscience, belongs to them, and if any of them have, their wishes cannot be gratified by this Commission.

This is precisely the attitude we should take towards big business. It is the practical application of the principle of the square deal. Not only as a matter of justice, but in our own interest, we should scrupulously respect the rights of honest and decent business and should encourage it where its activities make, as they often do make, for the common good. It is for the advantage of all of us when business prospers. It is for the advantage of all of us to have the United States become the leading nation in international trade, and we should not

deprive this Nation, we should not deprive this people, of the instruments best adapted to secure such international commercial supremacy. In other words, our demand is that big business give the people a square deal and that the people give a square deal to any man engaged in big business who honestly endeavors to do what is right and proper.

On the other hand, any corporation, big or little, which has gained its position by unfair methods and by interference with the rights of others, which has raised prices or limited output in improper fashion and been guilty of demoralizing and corrupt practices, should not only be broken up, but it should be made the business of some competent governmental body by constant supervision to see that it does not come together again, save under such strict control as to insure the community against all danger of a repetition of the bad conduct. The chief trouble with big business has arisen from the fact that big business has so often refused to abide by the principle of the square deal; the opposition which I personally have encountered from big business has in every case arisen not because I did not give a square deal but because I did.

All business into which the element of monopoly in any way or degree enters, and where it proves in practice impossible totally to eliminate this element of monopoly, should be carefully supervised, regulated, and controlled by governmental authority; and such control should be exercised by administrative, rather than by judicial, officers. No effort should be made to destroy a big corporation merely because it is big, merely because it has shown itself a peculiarly efficient business instrument. But we should not fear, if necessary, to bring the regulation of big corporations to the point of controlling conditions so that the wage-worker shall have a wage more than sufficient to cover the bare cost of living, and hours of labor not so excessive as to wreck his strength by the strain of unending toil and leave him unfit to do his duty as a good citizen in the community. Where regulation by competition (which is, of course, preferable) proves insufficient, we should not shrink from bringing governmental regulation to the point of control of monopoly prices if it should ever become necessary to do so, just as in exceptional cases railway rates are now regulated.

In emphasizing the part of the administra-

tive department in regulating combinations and checking absolute monopoly, I do not, of course, overlook the obvious fact that the legislature and the judiciary must do their part. The legislature should make it more clear exactly what methods are illegal, and then the judiciary will be in a better position to punish adequately and relentlessly those who insist on defying the clear legislative decrees. I do not believe any absolute private monopoly is justified, but if our great combinations are properly supervised, so that immoral practices are prevented, absolute monopoly will not come to pass, as the laws of competition and efficiency are against it.

The important thing is this: that, under such government recognition as we may give to that which is beneficent and wholesome in large business organizations, we shall be most vigilant never to allow them to crystallize into a condition which shall make private initiative difficult. It is of the utmost importance that in the future we shall keep the broad path of opportunity just as open and easy for our children as it was for our fathers during the period which has been the glory of America's industrial history—that it shall be not only possible but easy for an ambitious man, whose character has so impressed itself upon his neighbors that they are willing to give him capital and credit, to start in business for himself, and, if his superior efficiency deserves it, to triumph over the biggest organization that may happen to exist in his particular field. Whatever practices upon the part of large combinations may threaten to discourage such a man, or deny to him that which in the judgment of the community is a square deal, should be specifically defined by the statutes as crimes. And in every case the individual corporation officer responsible for such unfair dealing should be punished.

We grudge no man a fortune which represents his own power and sagacity exercised with entire regard to the welfare of his fellows. We have only praise for the business man whose business success comes as an incident to doing good work for his fellows. But we should so shape conditions that a fortune shall be obtained only in honorable fashion, in such fashion that its gaining represents benefit to the community.

In a word, then, our fundamental purpose must be to secure genuine equality of opportunity. No man should receive a dollar unless that dollar has been fairly earned. Every dollar received should represent a dol-

lar's worth of service rendered. No watering of stocks should be permitted; and it can be prevented only by close governmental supervision of all stock issues, so as to prevent over-capitalization.

We stand for the rights of property, but we stand even more for the rights of man. We will protect the rights of the wealthy man, but we maintain that he holds his wealth subject to the general right of the community to regulate its business use as the public welfare requires.

We also maintain that the Nation and the several States have the right to regulate the terms and conditions of labor, which is the chief element of wealth, directly in the interest of the common good. It is our prime duty to shape the industrial and social forces so that they may tell for the material and moral upbuilding of the farmer and the wage-worker, just as they should do in the case of the business man. You, framers of this Constitution, be careful so to frame it that under it the people shall leave themselves free to do whatever is necessary in order to help the farmers of the State to get for themselves and their wives and children not only the benefits of better farming but also those of better business methods and better conditions of life on the farm.

Moreover, shape your Constitutional action so that the people will be able through their legislative bodies, or, failing that, by direct popular vote, to provide workmen's compensation acts, to regulate the hours of labor for children and for women, to provide for their safety while at work, and to prevent overwork or work under unhygienic or unsafe conditions. See to it that no restrictions are placed upon legislative powers that will prevent the enactment of laws under which your people can promote the general welfare, the common good. Thus only will the "general welfare" clause of our Constitution become a vital force for progress, instead of remaining a mere phrase. This also applies to the police powers of the Government. Make it perfectly clear that on every point of this kind it is your intention that the people shall decide for themselves how far the laws to achieve their purposes shall go, and that their decision shall be binding upon every citizen in the State, official or non-official, unless, of course, the Supreme Court of the Nation in any given case decides otherwise.

So much for the ends of government; and I have, of course, merely sketched in

outline what the ends should be. Now for the machinery by which these ends are to be achieved; and here again remember I only sketch in outline and do not for a moment pretend to work out in detail the methods of achieving your purposes. Let me at the outset urge upon you to remember that, while machinery is important, it is easy to overestimate its importance; and, moreover, that each community has the absolute right to determine for itself what that machinery shall be, subject only to the fundamental law of the Nation as expressed in the Constitution of the United States. Massachusetts has the right to have appointive judges who serve during good behavior, subject to removal, not by impeachment, but by simple majority vote of the two houses of the Legislature whenever the representatives of the people feel that the needs of the people require such removal. New York has the right to have a long-term elective judiciary. Ohio has the right to have a short-term elective judiciary without the recall. California, Oregon, and Arizona have each and every one of them the right to have a short-term elective judiciary with the recall. Personally, of the four systems I prefer the Massachusetts one, if addition be made to it as I hereinafter indicate; but that is merely my preference; and neither I nor any one else within or without public life has the right to impose his preference upon any community when the question is as to how that community chooses to arrange for its executive, legislative, or judicial functions. But as you have invited me to address you here, I will give you my views as to the kind of governmental machinery which at this time and under existing social and industrial conditions it seems to me that, as a people, we need.

In the first place, I believe in the short ballot. You cannot get good service from the public servant if you cannot see him, and there is no more effective way of hiding him than by mixing him up with a multitude of others so that they are none of them important enough to catch the eye of the average, workaday citizen. The crook in public life is not ordinarily the man whom the people themselves elect directly to a highly important and responsible position. The type of boss who has made the name of politician odious rarely himself runs for high elective office; and if he does and is elected, the people have only themselves to blame. The professional politician and the professional lobbyist thrive

most rankly under a system which provides a multitude of elective officers, of such divided responsibility and of such obscurity that the public knows, and can know, but little as to their duties and the way they perform them. The people have nothing whatever to fear from giving any public servant power so long as they retain their own power to hold him accountable for his use of the power they have delegated to him. You will get best service where you elect only a few men, and where each man has his definite duties and responsibilities, and is obliged to work in the open, so that the people know who he is and what he is doing, and have the information that will enable them to hold him to account for his stewardship.

I believe in providing for direct nominations by the people, including therein direct preferential primaries for the election of delegates to the National nominating conventions. Not as a matter of theory, but as a matter of plain and proved experience, we find that the convention system, while it often records the popular will, is also often used by adroit politicians as a method of thwarting the popular will. In other words, the existing machinery for nominations is cumbrous, and is not designed to secure the real expression of the popular desire. Now as good citizens we are all of us willing to acquiesce cheerfully in a nomination secured by the expression of a majority of the people, but we do not like to acquiesce in a nomination secured by adroit political management in defeating the wish of the majority of the people.

I believe in the election of United States Senators by direct vote. Just as actual experience convinced our people that Presidents should be elected (as they now are in practice, although not in theory) by direct vote of the people instead of by indirect vote through an untrammelled electoral college, so actual experience has convinced us that Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people instead of indirectly through the various Legislatures.

I believe in the initiative and the referendum, which should be used not to destroy representative government, but to correct it whenever it becomes misrepresentative. Here again I am concerned not with theories but with actual facts. If in any State the people are themselves satisfied with their present representative system, then it is of course their right to keep that system unchanged;

and it is nobody's business but theirs. But in actual practice it has been found in very many States that legislative bodies have not been responsive to the popular will. Therefore I believe that the State should provide for the possibility of direct popular action in order to make good such legislative failure. The power to invoke such direct action, both by initiative and by referendum, should be provided in such fashion as to prevent its being wantonly or too frequently used. I do not believe that it should be made the easy or ordinary way of taking action. In the great majority of cases it is far better that action on legislative matters should be taken by those specially delegated to perform the task; in other words, that the work should be done by the experts chosen to perform it. But where the men thus delegated fail to perform their duty, then it should be in the power of the people themselves to perform the duty. In a recent speech Governor McGovern, of Wisconsin, has described the plan which has been there adopted. Under this plan the effort to obtain the law is first to be made through the Legislature, the bill being pushed as far as it will go; so that the details of the proposed measure may be threshed over in actual legislative debate. This gives opportunity to perfect it in form and invites public scrutiny. Then, if the Legislature fails to enact it, it can be enacted by the people on their own initiative, taken at least four months before election. Moreover, where possible, the question actually to be voted on by the people should be made as simple as possible. In short, I believe that the initiative and referendum should be used, not as substitutes for representative government, but as methods of making such government really representative. Action by the initiative or referendum ought not to be the normal way of legislation; but the power to take it should be provided in the Constitution, so that if the representatives fail truly to represent the people on some matter of sufficient importance to rouse popular interest, then the people shall have in their hands the facilities to make good the failure. And I urge you not to try to put constitutional fetters on the Legislature, as so many constitution-makers have recently done. Such action on your part would invite the courts to render nugatory every legislative act to better social conditions. Give the Legislature an entirely free hand; and then provide by the initiative and referendum that the people shall have

power to reverse or supplement the work of the Legislature should it ever become necessary.

As to the recall, I do not believe that there is any great necessity for it as regards short-term elective officers. On abstract grounds I was originally inclined to be hostile to it. I know of one case where it was actually used with mischievous results. On the other hand, in three cases in municipalities on the Pacific Coast which have come to my knowledge it was used with excellent results. I believe it should be generally provided, but with such restrictions as will make it available only when there is a widespread and genuine public feeling among a majority of the voters.

There remains the question of the recall of judges. One of the ablest jurists in the United States, a veteran in service to the people, recently wrote me as follows on this subject:

"There are two causes of the agitation for the recall as applied to judges. First, the administration of justice has withdrawn from life and become artificial and technical. The recall is not so much a recall of judges from office as it is a recall of the administration of justice back to life, so that it shall become, as it ought to be, the most efficient of all agencies for making this earth a better place to live in. Judges have set their rules above life. Like the Pharisees of old, they have said, 'The people be accused, they know not the law' (that is our 'rule'). Courts have repeatedly defeated the aroused moral sentiment of a whole commonwealth. Take the example of the St. Louis boodlers. Their guilt was plain, and in the main confessed. The whole State was aroused and outraged. By an instinct that goes to the very foundation of all social order they demanded that the guilty be punished. The boodlers were convicted, but the Supreme Court of Missouri, never questioning their guilt, set their conviction aside upon purely technical grounds. The same thing occurred in California. Nero, fiddling over burning Rome, was a patriot and a statesman in comparison with judges who thus trifle with and frustrate the aroused moral sentiment of a great people, for that sentiment is politically the vital breath of both State and Nation. It is to recall the administration of justice back from such practices that the recent agitation has arisen.

"Second, by the abuse of the power to declare laws unconstitutional the courts have

become a lawmaking, instead of a law-enforcing, agency. Here again the settled will of society to correct confessed evils has been set at naught by those who place metaphysics above life. It is the courts, not the Constitutions, that are at fault. It is only by the process which James Russell Lowell, when answering the critics of Lincoln, called 'pettifogging the Constitution,' that Constitutions which were designed to protect society can thus be made to defeat the common good. Here again the recall is a recall of the administration of justice back from academical refinements to social service."

An independent and upright judiciary which fearlessly stands for the right, even against popular clamor, but which also understands and sympathizes with popular needs, is a great asset of popular government. There is no public servant and no private man whom I place above a judge of the best type, and very few whom I rank beside him. I believe in the cumulative value of the law and in its value as an impersonal, disinterested basis of control. I believe in the necessity for the courts' interpretation of the law as law without the power to change the law or to substitute some other thing than law for it. But I agree with every great jurist, from Marshall downwards, when I say that every judge is bound to consider two separate elements in his decision of a case, one the terms of the law, and the other the conditions of actual life to which the law is to be applied. Only by taking both of these elements into account is it possible to apply the law as its spirit and intent demand that it be applied. Both law and life are to be considered in order that the law and the Constitution shall become, in John Marshall's word, "a living instrument and not a dead letter." Justice between man and man, between the State and its citizens, is a living thing, whereas legalistic justice is a dead thing. Moreover, never forget that the judge is just as much the servant of the people as any other official. Of course he must act conscientiously. So must every other official. He must not do anything wrong because there is popular clamor for it, any more than under similar circumstances a governor or a legislator or a public utilities commissioner should do wrong. Each must follow his conscience, even though to do so costs him his place. But in their turn the people must follow their conscience, and

when they have definitely decided on a given policy they must have public servants who will carry out that policy.

Keep clearly in mind the distinction between the end and the means to attain that end. Our aim is to get the type of judge that I have described, to keep him on the bench as long as possible, and to keep off the bench and, if necessary, take off the bench the wrong type of judge. In some communities one method may work well which in other communities does not work well, and each community should adopt and preserve or reject a given method according to its practical working. Therefore the question of applying the recall in any shape is one of expediency merely. Each community has a right to try the experiment for itself in whatever shape it pleases. Under the conditions set forth in the extract from the letter given above, I would personally have favored the recall of the judges both in California and in Missouri; for no damage that could have been done by the recall would have equaled the damage done to the community by judges whose conduct had revolted not only the spirit of justice, but the spirit of common sense. I do not believe in adopting the recall save as a last resort, when it has become clearly evident that no other course will achieve the desired result. But either the recall will have to be adopted or else it will have to be made much easier than it now is to get rid, not merely of a bad judge, but of a judge who, however virtuous, has grown so out of touch with social needs and facts that he is unfit longer to render good service on the bench. It is nonsense to say that impeachment meets the difficulty. In actual practice we have found that impeachment does not work, that unfit judges stay on the bench in spite of it, and indeed because of the fact that impeachment is the only remedy that can be used against them. Where such is the actual fact it is idle to discuss the theory of the case. Impeachment as a remedy for the ills of which the people justly complain is a complete failure. A quicker, a more summary, remedy is needed; some remedy at least as summary and as drastic as that embodied in the Massachusetts Constitution. And whenever it be found in actual practice that such remedy does not give the needed results, I would unhesitatingly adopt the recall.

But there is one kind of recall in which I very earnestly believe, and the immediate adoption of which I urge. There are sound

reasons for being cautious about the recall of a good judge who has rendered an unwise and improper decision. Every public servant, no matter how valuable, and not omitting Washington or Lincoln or Marshall, at times makes mistakes. Therefore we should be cautious about recalling the judge, and we should be cautious about interfering in any way with the judge in decisions which he makes in the ordinary course as between individuals. But when a judge decides a Constitutional question, when he decides what the people as a whole can or cannot do, the people should have the right to recall that decision if they think it wrong. We should hold the judiciary in all respect; but it is both absurd and degrading to make a fetish of a judge or of any one else. Abraham Lincoln said in his first inaugural: "If the policy of the Government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, . . . the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal. Nor is there in this view any assault upon the courts or the judges." Lincoln actually applied in successful fashion the principle of the recall in the Dred Scott case. He denounced the Supreme Court for that iniquitous decision in language much stronger than I have ever used in criticising any court, and appealed to the people to recall the decision—the word "recall" in this connection was not then known, but the phrase exactly describes what he advocated. He was successful, the people took his view, and the decision was practically recalled. It became a dead letter without the need of any Constitutional amendment. In any contest to-day where the people stand for justice and the courts do not, the man who supports the courts against the people is untrue to the memory of Lincoln, and shows that he is the spiritual heir, not of the men who followed and supported Lincoln, but of the Cotton Whigs who supported Chief Justice Taney and denounced Lincoln for attacking the courts and the Constitution.

Under our Federal system the remedy for a wrong such as Abraham Lincoln described is difficult. But the remedy is not difficult in a State. What the Supreme Court of the Nation decides to be law binds both the National and the State courts and all the people within the boundaries of the Nation. But the decision of a State court on a Constitu-

tional question should be subject to revision by the people of the State. Again and again in the past justice has been scandalously obstructed by State courts declaring State laws in conflict with the Federal Constitution, although the Supreme Court of the Nation had never so decided or had even decided in a contrary sense. When the Supreme Court of the State declares a given statute unconstitutional, because in conflict with the State or the National Constitution, its opinion should be subject to revision by the people themselves. Such an opinion ought always to be treated with great respect by the people, and unquestionably in the majority of cases would be accepted and followed by them. But actual experience has shown the vital need of the people reserving to themselves the right to pass upon such opinion. If any considerable number of the people feel that the decision is in defiance of justice, they should be given the right by petition to bring before the voters at some subsequent election, special or otherwise, as might be decided, and after the fullest opportunity for deliberation and debate, the question whether or not the judges' interpretation of the Constitution is to be sustained. If it is sustained, well and good. If not, then the popular verdict is to be accepted as final, the decision is to be treated as reversed, and the construction of the Constitution definitely decided—subject only to action by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Many eminent lawyers who more or less frankly disbelieve in our entire American system of government for, by, and of the people, violently antagonize this proposal. They believe, and sometimes assert, that the American people are not fitted for popular government, and that it is necessary to keep the judiciary "independent of the majority or of all the people;" that there must be no appeal to the people from the decision of a court in any case; and that therefore the judges are to be established as sovereign rulers over the people. I take absolute issue with all those who hold such a position. I regard it as a complete negation of our whole system of government; and if it became the dominant position in this country, it would mean the absolute upsetting of both the rights and the rule of the people. If the American people are not fit for popular government, and if they should of right be the servants and not the masters of the men whom they themselves put in office, then

Lincoln's work was wasted and the whole system of government upon which this great democratic republic rests is a failure. I believe, on the contrary, with all my heart that the American people are fit for complete self-government, and that, in spite of all our failings and shortcomings, we of this republic have more nearly realized than any other people on earth the ideal of justice attained through genuine popular rule. The position which these eminent lawyers take and applaud is of necessity a condemnation of Lincoln's whole life; for his great public career began, and was throughout conditioned by, his insistence, in the Dred Scott case, upon the fact that the American people were the masters and not the servants of even the highest court in the land, and were thereby the final interpreters of the Constitution. If the courts have the final say-so on all legislative acts, and if no appeal can lie from them to the people, then they are the irresponsible masters of the people. The only tenable excuse for such a position is the frank avowal that the people lack sufficient intelligence and morality to be fit to govern themselves. In other words, those who take this position hold that the people have enough intelligence to frame and adopt a Constitution, but not enough intelligence to apply and interpret the Constitution which they have themselves made. Those who take this position hold that the people are competent to choose officials to whom they delegate certain powers, but not competent to hold these officials responsible for the way they exercise these powers. Now the power to interpret is the power to establish; and if the people are not to be allowed finally to interpret the fundamental law, ours is not a popular government. The true view is that legislators and judges alike are the servants of the people, who have been created by the people just as the people have created the Constitution; and they hold only such power as the people have for the time being delegated to them. If these two sets of public servants disagree as to the amounts of power respectively delegated to them by the people under the Constitution, and if the case is of sufficient importance, then, as a matter of course, it should be the right of the people themselves to decide between them.

I do not say that the people are infallible. But I do say that our whole history shows that the American people are more often sound in their decisions than is the case with any of the governmental bodies to whom, for

their convenience, they have delegated portions of their power. If this is not so, then there is no justification for the existence of our Government; and if it is so, then there is no justification for refusing to give the people the real, and not merely the nominal, ultimate decision on questions of constitutional law. Just as the people, and not the Supreme Court under Chief Justice Taney, were wise in their decisions of the vital questions of their day, so I hold that now the American people as a whole have shown themselves wiser than the courts in the way they have approached and dealt with such vital questions of our day as those concerning the proper control of big corporations and of securing their rights to industrial workers.

Here I am not dealing with theories; I am dealing with actual facts. In New York, in Illinois, in Connecticut, lamentable injustice has been perpetuated, often for many years, by decisions of the State courts refusing to permit the people of the States to exercise their right as a free people to do their duty as a conscientious people in removing grave wrong and social injustice. These foolish and iniquitous decisions have almost always been rendered at the expense of the weak; they have almost always been the means of putting a stop to the effort to remove burdens from wage-workers, to secure to men who toil on the farm and on the railway, or in the factory, better and safer conditions of labor and of life. Often the judges who have rendered these decisions have been entirely well-meaning men, who, however, did not know life as they knew law, and who championed some outworn political philosophy which they assumed to impose on the people. Their associations and surroundings were such that they had no conception of the cruelty and wrong their decisions caused and perpetuated. Their prime concern was with the empty ceremonial of perfunctory legalism, and not with the living spirit of justice. A typical case was the decision rendered but a few months ago by the Court of Appeals of my own State, the State of New York, declaring unconstitutional the workmen's compensation act. In their decision the judges admitted the wrong and the suffering caused by the practices against which the law was aimed. They admitted that other civilized nations had abolished these wrongs and practices. But they took the ground that the Constitution of the United States, instead of being an instrument to secure justice, had

been ingeniously devised absolutely to prevent justice. They insisted that the clause in the Constitution which forbade the taking of property without due process of law forbade the effort which had been made in the law to distribute among all the partners in an enterprise the effects of the injuries to life or limb of a wage-worker. In other words, they insisted that the Constitution had permanently cursed our people with impotence to right wrong, and had perpetuated a cruel iniquity; for cruel iniquity is not too harsh a term to use in describing the law which, in the event of such an accident, binds the whole burden of crippling disaster on the shoulders least able to bear it—the shoulders of the crippled man himself, or of the dead man's helpless wife and children. No anarchist orator, raging against the Constitution, ever framed an indictment of it so severe as these worthy and well-meaning judges must be held to have framed if their reasoning be accepted as true. But, as a matter of fact, their reasoning was unsound, and was as repugnant to every sound defender of the Constitution as to every believer in justice and righteousness. In effect, their decision was that we could not remedy these wrongs unless we amended the Constitution (not the Constitution of the State, but the Constitution of the Nation) by saying that property could be taken without due process of law! It seems incredible that any one should be willing to take such a position. It is a position that has been condemned over and over again by the wisest and most far-seeing courts. In its essence it was reversed by the decision of State courts in States like Washington and Iowa, and by the Supreme Court of the Nation in a case but a few weeks old.

I call this decision to the attention of those who shake their heads at the proposal to trust the people to decide for themselves what their own governmental policy shall be in these matters. I know of no popular vote by any State of the Union more flagrant in its defiance of right and justice, more shortsighted in its inability to face the changed needs of our civilization, than this decision by the highest court of the State of New York. Many of the judges of that court I know personally, and for them I have a profound regard. Even for as flagrant a decision as this I would not vote for their recall; for I have no doubt the decision was rendered in accordance with their ideas of duty. But most emphatically I do wish that the people

should have the right to recall the decision itself, and authoritatively to stamp with disapproval what cannot but seem to the ordinary plain citizen a monstrous misconstruction of the Constitution, a monstrous perversion of the Constitution into an instrument for the perpetuation of social and industrial wrong and for the oppression of the weak and helpless. No ordinary amendment to the Constitution would meet this type of case; and intolerable delay and injustice would be caused by the effort to get such amendment—not to mention the fact that the very judges who are at fault would proceed to construe the amendment. In such a case the fault is not with the Constitution; the fault is in the judges' construction of the Constitution; and what is required is power for the people to reverse this false and wrong construction.

I wish I could make you visualize to yourselves what these decisions against which I so vehemently protest really represent of suffering and injustice. I wish I had the power to bring before you the man maimed or dead, the woman and children left to struggle against bitter poverty because the breadwinner has gone. I am not thinking of the terminology of the decision, nor of what seem to me the hair-splitting and meticulous arguments elaborately worked out to justify a great and a terrible miscarriage of justice. Moreover, I am not thinking only of the sufferers in any given case, but of the tens of thousands of others who suffer because of the way this case is decided. In the New York case the railway employee who was injured was a man named, I believe, Ives. The Court admits that by every moral consideration he was entitled to recover as his due the money that the law intended to give him. Yet the Court by its decision forces that man to stagger through life maimed, and keeps the money that should be his in the treasury of the company in whose service, as an incident of his regular employment and in the endurance of ordinary risks, he lost the ability to earn his own livelihood. There are thousands of Iveses in this country; thousands of cases such as this come up every year; and while this is true, while the courts deny essential and elementary justice to these men and give to them and the people in exchange for justice a technical and empty formula, it is idle to ask me not to criticise them. As long as injustice is kept thus intrenched by any court, I will protest as strongly as in me lies against such action. Remember, when I

am asking the people themselves in the last resort to interpret the law which they themselves have made, that after all I am only asking that they step in and authoritatively reconcile the conflicting decisions of the courts. In all these cases the judges and courts have decided every which way, and it is foolish to talk of the sanctity of a judge-made law which half of the judges strongly denounce. If there must be decision by a close majority, then let the people step in and let it be their majority that decides. According to one of the highest judges then and now on the Supreme Court of the Nation, we had lived for a hundred years under a Constitution which permitted a National income tax, until suddenly by one vote the Supreme Court reversed its previous decisions for a century, and said that for a century we had been living under a wrong interpretation of the Constitution (that is, under a wrong Constitution), and therefore in effect established a new Constitution which we are now laboriously trying to amend so as to get it back to be the Constitution that for a hundred years everybody, including the Supreme Court, thought it to be. When I was President, we passed a National Workmen's Compensation Act. Under it a railway man named Howard, I think, was killed in Tennessee, and his widow sued for damages. Congress had done all it could to provide the right, but the Court stepped in and decreed that Congress had failed. Three of the judges took the extreme position that there was no way in which Congress could act to secure the helpless widow and children against suffering, and that the man's blood and the blood of all similar men when spilled should forever cry aloud in vain for justice. This seems a strong statement, but it is far less strong than the actual facts; and I have difficulty in making the statement with any degree of moderation. The nine Justices of the Supreme Court on this question split into five fragments. One man, Justice Moody, in his opinion stated the case in its broadest way and demanded justice for Howard, on grounds that would have meant that in all similar cases thereafter justice and not injustice should be done. Yet the Court, by a majority of one, decided as I do not for one moment believe the Court would now decide, and not only perpetuated a lamentable injustice in the case of the man himself, but set a standard of injustice for all similar cases. Here again I ask you not to

think of the mere legal formalism, but to think of the great immutable principles of justice, the great immutable principles of right and wrong, and to ponder what it means to men dependent for their livelihood, and to the women and children dependent upon these men, when the courts of the land deny them the justice to which they are entitled.

Now, gentlemen, in closing, and in thanking you for your courtesy, let me add one word. Keep clearly in view what are the fundamental ends of government. Remember that methods are merely the machinery by which these ends are to be achieved. I hope that not only you and I but all our people may ever remember that while good laws are necessary, while it is necessary to have the right kind of governmental machinery, yet that the all-important matter is to have the right kind of man behind the law. A State cannot rise with-

out proper laws, but the best laws that the wit of man can devise will amount to nothing if the State does not contain the right kind of man, the right kind of woman. A good Constitution, and good laws under the Constitution, and fearless and upright officials to administer the laws—all these are necessary; but the prime requisite in our National life is, and must always be, the possession by the average citizen of the right kind of character. Our aim must be the moralization of the individual, of the government, of the people as a whole. We desire the moralization not only of political conditions but of industrial conditions, so that every force in the community, individual and collective, may be directed towards securing for the average man, and average woman, a higher and better and fuller life, in the things of the body no less than those of the mind and the soul.



THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

A POLL OF THE PRESS

WHEN the Chinese revolution broke out, the London "Nation" declared that the Western commentator who respected himself would henceforth be content with asking questions! This statement, says the Chicago "Evening Post," "was certainly true then, and remains fairly true still."

But, despite these opinions, it is no longer necessary to ask questions about two events, no matter how uncertain the future. In the first place, China has seen the triumph of the revolution in the establishment of a republic, even if does not last, and, second, China has finally got rid of an alien dynasty, the "purlind Manchus," to quote the "North China Daily News." In an interview with a representative of the Paris "Liberté" a Chinese Republican thus describes the Manchus:

Four million Manchus, indolent and uneducated, have established their domination over four hundred million Chinese. . . . China is patient. She has endured the Manchus, their régime of theft, their government of corruption and treason. . . . The Chinese people, having become conscious of their strength, as of their distinct existence, are rising against the domination of a foreign race, a barbarous race, who have held the throne for three centuries.

The Manchus are also avaricious. Says the New York "Times":

Had they opened their private hoards, put a few millions in the hands of Yuan Shi-kai, and

given him a free hand, there would have been a good fighting chance that he would have organized northern China so firmly and powerfully that the rebellious provinces might, one by one, have been joined to it, and a solid base have been made for a united constitutional monarchy. That plainly has been the dream and the scheme of the veteran reformer. It was a wise one.

As the Chicago "Record-Herald" judges, "a liberalized monarchy would harmonize with the character and experience of the nation."

Instead, to quote the vivacious Los Angeles "Express," China has a republic sooner than the world had reason to anticipate, and the throne "has been brought to the point of abdication." It proceeds to elucidate:

On behalf of the five-year old baby Emperor, who really views his own abdication with the kind of indifference with which he might be expected to contemplate a shift to a new brand of baby food, his mother has signed the abdication papers which relieve him of all future responsibility for the welfare of more than 400,000,000 people, and there is no sufficient reason why the kid should not now be permitted to run and play leapfrog along with the rest of the children.

According to the Indianapolis "News," the new republic "will take the position that the dynasty has ended, and will at once provide suitable pensions for the Court, which will make easier its final exit."

The present purpose of the new Govern-

ment, declares the New York "Sun," is to induce the leaders who have already established a republic, with a capital at Nanking, to surrender the control of China to Yuan until a duly elected national convention has definitely declared a republic and appointed officials. Yuan's position is susceptible of varying interpretations, well illustrated by two Chicago papers. The "Inter Ocean" says that China's reputed 'strong man' proves to be but a lath painted to look like iron." On the other hand, the "Tribune" says:

Yuan is intelligent and progressive, but not a Republican. He is not a stubborn Tory. He does not fit Thomas Jefferson's definition that the "sickly, weakly, timid man fears the people and is a Tory by nature."

China's capacity to change at all is largely due to the cleverness of constitutional monarchists like Yuan Shi-kai on the one hand, and the republican leaders on the other. The Washington "Star" thus comments:

China seems destined to become a republic, even though the experiment carries her into deeper waters than at present. Thus far the revolution has been conducted with a surprising degree of order and fixity of purpose. There is evidence of long preparation and careful planning.

The Philadelphia "Public Ledger" says:

There is no doubt that the republican movement has been directed with consummate skill by the enlightened Chinamen who have enrolled themselves under the banners of revolt. These men, or the majority of them, have absorbed their ideas of political economy in the schools of the New World, and it is to be suspected that they have not reckoned sufficiently upon the tremendous forces of inertia latent in the tradition-governed millions composing the Chinese nation. They may perhaps overcome the difficulties of the present situation, appallingly complex and hopeless as they now appear, but a republic of their making will not be a genuine republic for a long time to come.

What is the problem before the Chinese republic? The New York "World" thus answers:

As the American problem in creating a national power on the basis of a federated republic was to make that power effective within its sphere throughout the nation against the jealousies of local power, so the problem for this Chinese republic will be to give adequate force to the national authority without great disturbance in local autonomy. Will it be equal to the task? Can the republic wrest the needed national power from that settled force of home rule which was great enough to wear away the power of an imperial throne?

"Yes," reply the Chinese republican leaders. "Yet the prevailing cynical opinion," says the New York "Globe," "of course, is

that the Chinese republic will be a farce;" and it continues:

But it is by no means certain that the Chinese republic will fail. The detail of the government of the Empire has been in the hands of the venerable literary aristocracy. The members of this class, assisted by the merchants, have organized the republic. The ideals of democracy control in the recruiting of this class. . . . Representatives of this democratic aristocracy are in every village and furnish a cement that may hold an unwieldy whole together.

A second reason for the success of the republic is found in the capacity of the people for managing their own affairs. A third reason is that the Chinese provinces are now all but autonomous. A fourth reason is that the very differences in race, religion, language, natural conditions, local interests, and economic needs existing between one province and another point to a republican federation rather than to a monarchical centralization. A final reason, say the leaders, for republican success is that it has been proved already because the republic has as scrupulously respected the lives and properties of foreigners as has the empire. Writing in the Cleveland "Leader," Mr. Benjamin Karr refers to the following facts:

There are few large cities in China where the natives are without constant reminders of the superior power and wealth of the aliens who are often careless of the feelings and sometimes of the rights of the Chinese masses.

It would be difficult in any country to carry on extensive military operations and do so little damage to a class as widely scattered and as rich in lands and goods as the alien residents of Chinese cities.

So far, so good. But there are reasons why the republic may not succeed. Writing to the London "Daily Chronicle," Dr. H. A. Giles, Professor of Chinese at the University of Cambridge, and long a resident in China, calls attention to some of these:

For the past forty centuries the Chinese have been under the sway of a . . . ruler who, on ascending the throne, becomes at once transfigured and invested with semi-divine attributes, an intercessor with God in behalf of the people. . . . Remove the Emperor and who will be responsible to Heaven for the right conduct of the Government, power over which the Emperor is popularly supposed to wield for and on behalf of the Almighty? This question will puzzle the simple minds of many.

The very idea of such a form of government is totally unfamiliar to the great bulk of the Chinese people. . . . The mere idea is unthinkable.

The natives of different parts of China by no means love one another. Their manners and customs, except in some essentials, are not the

same, and their mutual behavior is colored rather by jealous dislike than by friendly rivalry. Altogether, the feeling between the various provincials, especially between Northerners and Southerners, does not make for harmony.

Beginning from the extreme South, and proceeding up the coast, we find that the inhabitants of Kuangtung, of which the capital is Canton, are absolutely unintelligible, so far as speech goes, to the inhabitants of Fuchau, the capital of the province of Fukien. Both these peoples are equally unintelligible to the natives of Shanghai, who again cannot make themselves understood in Peking. . . . However, as a set-off against the diversity of the spoken languages, there remains the absolute uniformity of the book language.

Another resident in the Far East, Sir Henry Arthur Blake, late Governor of Hongkong, writing in the "Nineteenth Century," declares that a republic in China is an impossibility.

The idealists picture a settled and law-abiding community, aglow with patriotism and burning with a desire to record their vote. The facts of Chinese life do not, unfortunately, quadrate with the ideals.

Why? As the New York "Journal of Commerce" says:

The word "nation," and all that depends upon its interpretation to the Chinaman, involves a comparatively novel conception.

To these objections one must add another bar to republican success, namely, the illiteracy of the vast majority of the people. As Professor Reinsch has pointed out in the "Atlantic Monthly," they must be taught to read before they can understand the elementary principles of representative government.

Again—as an offset to the argument in favor of republican rule, because the republic has protected foreigners as well as the empire has—there is the unfortunate fact, says the Peking correspondent of the London "Times," that the republic has already given too great liberty to the natives. As an illustration of the new freedom from restraint and of the claims for individual liberty, the correspondent cites the disregard of the Imperial anti-opium decrees, as seen in the resumption of opium-smoking and of poppy cultivation.

In Yunnan and Szechuan provinces the relapse is especially noticeable. In Yunnan the Revolutionary Government has given its official sanction to the replanting of the poppy, and in Szechuan the Commissioner of Customs reports a widespread increase of cultivation.

A final reason why the republic may not succeed lies in the inexperience of the repub-

lican leaders—of the provisional President Sun Yat-sen, who has now withdrawn in favor of Yuan Shi-kai, for instance, as shown by his action in decreeing a change in the calendar. However beneficent such a measure might be ultimately, it is, declares the New York "Times," "plainly quite beyond the legitimate authority of a provisional Executive, and is calculated to alarm the more sober among his followers or would-be followers."

Moreover, if the republic should control China proper, it would hardly be able to control the great outlying dependencies. (As regards the viceroyalty of Manchuria, the well-informed Shanghai "National Review" remarks:

Our warnings have been totally disregarded by the Imperial Government, and also, apparently, by the leaders of the Revolution. Although at the eleventh hour, when China is trembling on the brink of a disruption the immediate motive force of which emanates from this source, we would again appeal to every patriotic man possessing any power in this distracted State to concentrate his attention upon this weakest of all joints in the armor of the Chinese nation, and to realize the vital significance of the loss to China of her three eastern provinces. That this loss is imminent is apparent.

In this connection, another untoward result will also not escape attention, notes the New York "Press":

With the collapse of the Manchu dynasty, the huge but scarcely populated province of Mongolia, the great "back yard" of the fallen Celestial Empire, sets up a Khan . . . and proclaims its political independence. Instantly there comes into play the Russian diplomacy, which allows no trick to escape in the game for control of the Far East. When St. Petersburg calls on the changing government of China to assert its sovereignty over Mongolia, which St. Petersburg knows cannot be done now, even if it could be done later, Russia's purpose is made plain—a Russian protectorate over Mongolia, and eventual Russian annexation.

Another New York paper, the "Tribune," surmises:

Russian "protection" of Mongolia, Sungaria, and eastern Turkestan would be followed or accompanied by similar British action in Tibet and Japanese in Manchuria.

When all is said and done, however, we must conclude, as does the American "Review of Reviews":

Whether under a constitutional monarchy or a republican form of government, the Chinese people are quite capable of taking care of themselves and developing in the arts and methods of civilization and progress. The events of the past half-year have abundantly proven this.

THE ISSUE AT LAWRENCE

THE MANUFACTURERS' POINT OF VIEW: A REPLY

A MAN who does not believe in Socialism, who has very positive convictions against anarchy, cannot easily have common ground with one who writes such an article as that published in *The Outlook* for February 10, under the title of "The Strikers at Lawrence." Not that the present writer of this brief comment upon that article means to charge that the special correspondent referred to is an anarchist, or that he holds all the views promulgated by rabid Socialists; but the entire drift of his article is so strongly in the directions that are believed by many to lead to both Socialism and anarchy, that one cannot be entirely blind to that sort of coloring. Let me first call attention to some very striking misstatements and wrong conclusions in the article of your special correspondent.

The mill-owners did not "reduce wages without warning." Every representative who appeared before the legislative committee opposing this legislation stated that the manufacturers had borne the increased burden placed upon them when the working hours in textile factories for women and minors were changed from sixty to fifty-eight and from fifty-eight to fifty-six, but that, owing to the sharp competition which textile manufacturers in Massachusetts must meet, there would be no other result of the passage of the law reducing the hours to fifty-four than a corresponding reduction in wages. Every authentic record of the committee that heard this legislation in the legislative session of 1911 bears out this statement.

Your correspondent states that it was "immoral, because the work for which these wages paid had already been done." Again he does not state the fact, for announcements were made to the operatives in practically every room in the mill that, beginning with the schedule of hours fixed by law on January 1, 1912, a reduction in wages would be made, and the strike was fomented and its early stages begun a week before the wages were made up on the new basis.

Your correspondent further says that he has rarely seen in any American city so many shivering men without overcoats. I have lived in close relationship with Lawrence in a business way all my life, and I say, from my long experience there, that never in any American city have I seen a better dressed

gathering of operatives, men and women, than will be found in "the cloth-producing town of Lawrence, Massachusetts," at the present moment.

He charges that "soldiers inside the mills were ready to pour out volleys of lead into any interfering party, and that live wires had been prepared to electrocute invaders." No person living in Lawrence, so far as careful investigation shows, verifies either of these two statements.

Aside from these points, may I briefly call attention to the problem facing mill-owners and mill operatives in Massachusetts at the present time? A small percentage of textile workers are low paid because unskilled; but of those who are skilled the highest type of operatives employed in textile manufacturing is found in Massachusetts. The most skilled labor that can be brought to bear upon the production of textile fabrics has grown up in Massachusetts and New England, through long years of training and through all the stages of textile manufacturing development. Because these things are so, the textile operatives have labored diligently and successfully (along with other employees in manufacturing and mercantile establishments) to secure shorter working time, and, indirectly, by such legislation, increased wages. Without protest, and yet with the issue always clearly in mind, the manufacturers have yielded until the passage of the last law. They have seen in this yielding the establishment of dangerous precedents that must, sooner or later, bring about a crisis.

Yielding to the pressure brought to bear by the great mass of workers, who have had sufficient political strength to make their influence felt, easy-going legislators have passed laws that are to-day bringing serious hardships to the manufacturing interests of Massachusetts. Her hours of labor are four less than those in *any* other State in the Union, six less than in *many* other States, and twelve less than in States in the South carrying on the same kind of business. Skill and long training are factors that have made it possible for this difference to exist up to the last reduction, but they are factors not large enough to allow of any further reduction without serious injury to the business of the Commonwealth, and the textile manufacturers have recognized this in making the present protest.

Your correspondent very clearly shows that while he does not approve of the leaders of the present strike, Messrs. Haywood and Ettor, he does approve of the results they are attempting to secure. Your correspondent recognizes, and apparently approves of, the fact that the issue in Lawrence at the present moment is not an issue between employers of labor and employees seeking more wages. He recognizes that the real issue that is being fought out there is the issue involved in the two leaders, who, he says, are "far more radical and revolutionary" than are the rank and file of the strikers. The real issue in Lawrence at the present moment is the establishment, in a New England city peculiarly provided with all the essentials for such an organization, of an anarchistic, Socialistic movement that shall hereafter control the textile business of the State, and ultimately reach out and control other business in the State, and in other States. This is the problem that is being combated at the present moment, not alone by mill-owners, but by all the forces in the city and the State which, unlike your correspondent, recognize the seriousness of such leadership, and the seriousness of such a drift as is marked in the leadership of Haywood and Ettor.

There are no excessive profits coming today to the woolen, worsted, and cotton manufacturers of Massachusetts. On the contrary, for many of these businesses there are no profits at all, and a number of them, some located in the very city of Lawrence, have shown steady losses for the past two years. "Splendid, earnest, peace-loving men and women of the mill, men and women of all nationalities and beliefs, men and women with thwarted hopes and crippled aspirations," are not back of the leaders, as your correspondent would suggest. They don't know anything about the leaders. They have yielded themselves to the passion and prejudice, not only of the leaders, but of the writers who have misrepresented grossly the situation in Lawrence ever since the problem of tariff and the problem of the relation of capital to labor have begun to be so potent in discussing the textile business of the country. These leaders have chosen wisely, from their standpoint, both the time and the place to assert themselves. They have chosen most wisely in the manner in which they are following the Legislature in exploiting the working people of Lawrence for the benefit of a tariff propaganda and

the promotion of the worst forms of Socialism and anarchy that have been seen in our Commonwealth during its history.

In closing, let me say that all over the country papers have been sent charging that the average wages of the operatives in the mills at Lawrence were less than \$5 a week, while the statistics on record in both the State and National bureaus show that the average wages for textile workers in Lawrence *are over \$9 a week*. Statistics further show that the skilled labor in the mills of Lawrence on the average earns more money in a year than skilled labor applied to almost any other branch of industry where so short training is required. Statistics further show that, while there are some men and women who might be technically called heads of families who are earning small wages, even as low as \$5.60 a week, these people are in this position because the labor at which they are employed is the child labor of the mill, from which have been graduating more and more each year the American-born boys and girls, and to which have come gladly seeking the work men of mature years, to be sure, but men who were but children, after all, in their knowledge of industry and their ability to perform efficient labor.

Living conditions in Lawrence are exactly what the different kinds of people in Lawrence wish them to be, just as the living conditions in New York are what the different kinds of people in New York wish them to be. Here every loyal American citizen desires to see living conditions as they apply to the foreign element in all the cities of the United States improved, and brought up to the present standards of American living. The process must, however, necessarily be a long one, and not until the present generation has passed away will the European methods of "herding," which apply to every center where the foreign people come, be changed. The manufacturers at Lawrence are among the foremost industries of the Nation in helping to change these conditions, and justice should have led your correspondent to credit the manufacturers with this desire in considering the serious problem involved.

"We may not allow men, whatever their intentions, to throw matches into explosives." *Neither should we allow men, whatever their social ideas or their political aspirations, to scatter explosives through the public press of the Nation.*

JOHN N. COLE,

Former Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

FREE KANSAS

WHERE THE PEOPLE
RULE THE PEOPLE



BY

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

ONE of the difficult tasks the historian of our times will have is to record what really happened to America during the thirty years or so after the close of our Civil War. For he will have to tell it as a narrative with a beginning, a climax, and an ending. He will have to explain how the people, being busy with earning a more or less honest living, let go of their Government. Then he will have to indicate how the Government changed from a representative democracy into a kind of political oligarchy dominated by finance, or commerce, or wealth, or what not of the material power in a community that looks chiefly to the enrichment of the few and the incidental employment of the many. Now the task of merely writing the story will not be so difficult, for it is an old story in history. But to write it and to keep out all hint or feeling that a purposeful conspiracy is working while the change proceeds—that will put the historian of our times to a severe test. For there was no conspiracy. The whole thing was a growth. It was the inevitable trend that affairs must take when the heart of an intelligent democracy turns from spiritual to material things. The rich beneficiaries of the change in our form of government were not one whit more to blame than the poor dupes whose civic indolence made the change possible.

The story of how Kansas—pioneered by New England fanatics and settled by Civil War veterans—slowly gave over the reins of government to a group of politicians financed by the railways, the packing-houses, the Missouri brewers, and the insurance companies is neither grand, gloomy, nor peculiar. It is a common, sordid story that may be truthfully repeated by the historian of every State and of all the States. At the culmination of the situation—let us say, ten years ago—matters stood something like this: In every ward and precinct in the State, four months or so before an election, a caucus was held in the ward or precinct to name delegates to be voted upon at a primary a few days later; the delegates elected at the primary went to the county seat to attend the convention of the party that elected them. A dozen men out of two or three hundred attended the caucus; seventy-five or one hundred men attended the primary—usually the same seventy-five men year after year; sometimes the seventy-five divided into factions, sometimes they were agreed. But generally the same delegates, or nearly the same delegates, annually went from the precinct to the county convention. There was no vote-buying. Bribery of the raw kind at the primaries or at the polls has never troubled Kansas. But money trickled down into the precincts in a thin stream to pay for teams and workers

and cigars, and sometimes for a keg of beer.

In the county conventions money appeared. But even here it was not bribe money. It was sent from Topeka to a certain local boss whose business it was to swap and trade delegations in the county conventions, so that the uninteresting and unimportant offices—county clerk, register of deeds, county treasurer, surveyor, coroner, and the like—might be used as pawns in the game, the game being the nominations of members of the Legislature and the selection of delegates to the State convention. Money was needed by the local bosses who made these swaps, to pay the expenses of defeated local candidates for the uninteresting offices above enumerated. Generally, factions appeared in the county conventions that had their root in the jealousy of leaders in State politics. And frequently at a county convention two, and occasionally three, local bosses were trading for legislators and State delegations in the same county convention. And while each local boss received money from a different boss in Topeka, yet the Topeka bosses, the satraps of the State, got their money by levying blackmail upon the same interests. And so, when the State convention assembled and put out a State ticket, though there might be a thundering row among the factions, the winning faction always was beholden to the same interests, and the State Central Committee, when it was organized, went to the same sources—the railways, the Missouri brewers, the insurance companies, and the packers—for campaign contributions. And in the Legislature, no matter which party won, the State organization stood as a rock against any legislation adversely affecting the railways, the insurance companies, the packers, and the Missouri brewers. Once in a while public sentiment waked up, put on its boots, and started out to crusade; sometimes it broke through the *trocha* set up by the protected interests. Oftenest it was the Missouri brewers who were hurt, as the temperance question was a moral issue which public sentiment had notions about. But, generally speaking, the political laziness of the voters, and the greed for office of the political oligarchy in the precinct caucuses and primaries, were forces that combined and made public sentiment sluggish and bungling even in its moments of activity.

Yet, because Kansas was settled by honest people, the State was administered with

reasonable honesty. Treasurers did not steal State or county funds. There was such inefficiency in local and State government as comes from the use of fourth-rate men in important places; but there was no considerable gross extravagance, except perhaps in the State printing and in the hiring of employees for the Legislature. The money spent in direct crass bribery was negligible, either in buying Legislatures or administrators or convention delegates. Yet the State was dominated by money. And the chief end of those who used the money most liberally was the election of a United States Senator. The United States Senator was the high pawn in State politics. Candidates for the Senate, when they became of sufficient importance to be considered seriously, went to the offices of the great financial interests in Chicago or New York and made terms; moreover, they received aid, and aid meant money. The money sometimes was distributed through the local henchmen of a railway in the State. Sometimes it was given directly to the Senatorial candidate as a contribution to his campaign fund. The contribution of one railway to one Senatorial candidate in the early years of the last decade was said to be \$30,000, in return for which the Senator urged the appointment of the railway's attorney for a Federal judgeship. It would have been easy for a Federal judge, by one injunction against a rate law, to save a railway ten times the \$30,000 while the case was going to the next higher court. The big interests made their political contributions pay directly at the expense of the lethargy of the voters.

Kansas began to wake up in 1904. The awakening began as a protest against the dominant Republican faction in the State. In the first fund subscribed to throw off the dominant faction one of the railway attorneys put in a subscription, and it is likely that the other railways regarded the movement as merely a quarrel between the factions. That was their year to sleep. So the "boss-busters"—reformers, as they called themselves—arose, and waxed fat. They controlled the Republican State Convention, nominated E. W. Hoch for Governor, and named most of the State ticket. The people elected Hoch, and the "boss-busters" controlled the House of Representatives in the Legislature, and had a working minority in the State Senate. The "boss-busters" in that first Legislature under Governor Hoch took the fees away from the State Printer



WALTER ROSCOE STUBBS
Governor of Kansas

and put him upon a salary ; they abolished the State Board of Charities and put the State institutions under a State Board of Control, placing the employees of the Board upon a merit system, which shielded them from political discharge. These same "boss-busters" also reduced the number of legislative employees by half, and reformed the State Treasurer's office. It was customary for the Treasurer to deposit public funds in favorite banks, without security, and with no public accounting of the interest on the Treasurer's deposits. This interest amounted to thousands of dollars a year, and the State Treasurer's office was an important cog in the machine. But the "boss-busters" broke that cog by regulating the deposit of State money and providing that the interest on the deposits be returned to the State. A number of the leaders in the "boss-buster" movement demanded that the Legislature enact a State-wide direct primary law and an anti-pass law. But the "boss-buster" movement still was more or less factional. Too many men in it were afraid the primary would "hurt the party." So the old bosses and the timid "busters" lined up together. The Legislature adjourned without enacting the State primary and the anti-pass law. And right here Walter Roscoe Stubbs rose in Kansas politics, and became a real force. He had entered politics casually as a member of the Legislature of 1903, and, becoming disgusted at the extravagance of the lower house, of which he was a member, had asked ineffectually to have the number of employees of the Legislature investigated. He had helped to finance the "boss-buster" revolt, and had managed it as Chairman of the factional campaign committee, and later, when the movement captured the Republican State Convention, Stubbs had been made Chairman of the State Central Committee. With rare courage and insight into the political situation, he had publicly announced that no money from any corporation would be accepted by the Committee. He had been Speaker of the lower house in the "boss-buster" Legislature, and had pushed through the State Printer measure, the Board of Control measure, the measure reforming the State Treasury, the Juvenile Court Law, and a number of minor reform laws. But until 1906 he was with the majority. That year, when an anti-pass law and a State-wide primary law were advocated by Governor Stubbs, it became evident to the leaders of the two factions that

they must get together. So they got together. Stubbs, as Chairman of the State Central Committee, came to the Republican State Convention with five platform demands. They were :

A direct State-wide primary for making all party nominations.

An anti-pass law.

A two-cent fare law.

A maximum freight law.

A State Tax Commission law.

Stubbs and his demands received little consideration from the State Convention. He was unable to muster a respectable minority. He was thoroughly discredited. But Stubbs had the people behind him, even though the oligarchy was against him, and he went directly to the people. Then the first real fighting in Kansas politics began.

Stubbs organized the Republican Voters' League, and began to revise the State platform. In every legislative district in Kansas leagues were formed that insisted upon legislative candidates pledging themselves to the five principal demands that Stubbs had taken to the State Convention. An overwhelming majority of the legislative candidates were pledged. The Legislature met, and passed everything the Voters' League demanded except the primary law. Stubbs, who came back to the Legislature, drove them to it. The two Republican factions were organized against Stubbs ; but he had most of the Democratic members with him. The two factions became a machine. The machine gave in inch by inch on the primary law—first offering merely a primary for delegates to the State Convention, then adding the direct nomination of county officers and Congressmen, then State officers, then Governor, and there Stubbs stuck. He demanded that United States Senators be nominated by direct vote. And there the Legislature adjourned, leaving the primary bill to die in conference. Again Stubbs went out over the State agitating the people, making sentiment for the primary law. In 1908, in response to this sentiment, Governor Hoch called an extra session that passed a primary law providing for the direct nomination of all candidates, from road overseer to United States Senator. A few weeks before the primary law was enacted the Republican State Convention met, and Stubbs was in a pitiable minority. The delegates endorsed Senator Long, and hissed and hooted Stubbs. At the primary, five months later, Senator Long was defeated for the

Senatorial nomination and Stubbs was nominated for Governor. The oligarchy expressed itself at the convention, the people at the primary.

The reforms accomplished during the administration of Governor Hoch by the two "boss-buster" Legislatures led by Stubbs were fundamental and institutional—hence they were more largely political than economic. The regulation of the State Printer and the State Treasurer, first of all, looked to taking a big slush fund out of politics. The establishment of a Tax Commission did away with the State Board of Railway Assessors, which formed a bridge between the railways and the politicians. The Two-Cent Fare and the Anti-Pass Laws were enacted to secure the justice that comes from every one paying for what he gets, and to do away with the system that let men going on political errands ride free, while those whom the politicians were riding about to dupe and overtax paid the politicians' fare in excess rates. The Anti-Pass Law was the first body blow the machine received. The State Board of Control Law robbed the politicians of the patronage, and in a measure left them naked to their enemies. So when the fight for the State-wide direct primary came, the politicians had no passes, and no patronage, and no slush funds—except what the special-privilege-seeking corporations contributed—and their Jordan was a hard road to travel.

During the last term of Governor Hoch, under Attorney-General Jackson, the prohibitory law was rigorously enforced. The Governor lent every aid of the State to law enforcement; and when Attorney-General Jackson was continued in office under Governor Stubbs, the campaign for law enforcement continued. The Legislature gave the Attorney-General a law prohibiting the sale of liquor even for medicinal purposes. And that law was enforced. To-day Kansas is a dry State. Save in three or four border counties, where the campaign for law enforcement is continuing with vigor under Attorney-General Dawson, the question of the enforcement of the liquor law is not in politics. It is a finished job. But it is a finished job because the politicians are put out of business in Kansas. For the politicians once had passes upon which to run the brewers' errands. The politicians once had a series of city, county, and State conventions in which to do the brewers' trading. The politicians once had a State slush fund, drawn from the

taxes, with which to reward the brewers' friends with public offices. But the politicians who made a living out of politics were disarmed and their calling disgraced by these fundamental Kansas laws that make it hard for money to get into politics and easy for men to get in. It is difficult for the Missouri brewers to operate in Kansas now, just as it is difficult for any other group of self-seeking men equipped only with money to operate in Kansas politics now. And it is easy for a man with an idea to get a fair hearing for it. That is the sum of the law and the prophets of Kansas politics.

Since the election of Governor Stubbs in 1908 the Legislature has given the people a number of strong laws. Notably an ouster law which permits the Attorney-General to proceed in the Supreme Court against county and city officers who are not enforcing State laws, and the ouster proceedings are given immediate hearing; under this law several resignations have been secured and one ouster. It is the Kansas substitute for the recall, and it works quickly and effectively. Kansas also has a law requiring lobbyists to register, stating their legislative business; another law provides for a legislative reference bureau; another provides for a direct advisory vote upon United States Senator in the November election under what is known as the Oregon plan; still another law is a corrupt practices act that prevents the employment of workers or teams at primary elections, and also limits the amount of money that may be spent by a candidate for office. The law providing for the optional adoption of the commission form of government for Kansas cities was secured in 1907 and greatly improved in 1909. These laws are mere weapons of democracy; they are not economic. But under the Stubbs administration three laws having important economic significance have been secured. They are, first, a voluntary Bank Guarantee Law that has passed the scrutiny of all the courts, State and Federal, and under the operation of which not a dollar has been lost to any Kansas depositor in three years; second, Kansas has a Public Utility Act which puts all public utilities—electric light and power companies, water companies, telephone and telegraph, railway and express companies—under the control of a commission having powers to make physical valuation of the utilities, oversee the issues of their stocks and bonds, and then to adjust rates; third, an Em-

ployers' Liability and Workingmen's Compensatory Law. Subsidiary to the Bank Guarantee Law is a statute known as "the Kansas Blue Sky Law;" this law provides that the State Bank Commissioner shall investigate the books of any concern offering stock for sale in the State; and when the mining stock peddler, or the land company's agent, or the cement stock salesman shows up with blue sky for sale in Kansas, he must leave the State. It is estimated that this law saves Kansas investors \$2,000,000 a year. The State is free from swindling, stock-selling pests. Subsidiary to the Workingmen's Compensatory Law are two laws that may be called shadows cast before. One provides for the pensioning of school-teachers in certain cities—an entering wedge; and the other authorizes the county commissioners in Kansas counties to pension worthy persons rendered helpless from any cause, whom the commissioners feel should not be sent to the poorhouse. This is, in effect, an old age pension, and it is the first one adopted in the United States.

The tendency of these Kansas laws is twofold: first, to make it easy for honest men to control politics against self-seeking politicians; and, second, to administer the State's affairs so that substantial justice between man and man will be achieved.

And one of the phases of the establishment of justice—though by no means the most important—is the encouragement of prosperity by laws that will attract capital seeking investment, promote thrift, and encourage industry. Taking the year 1905 as the beginning of the awakening of Kansas, we find that the total increased valuation for Kansas has grown from \$387,553,548 steadily year by year to \$2,777,073,762; and while a full valuation law, which was secured with the Tax Commission in 1907, has increased this total greatly, the increase of assessed valuation during the years of the full valuation law has been three hundred million—a sum nearly as large as the entire valuation before Kansas woke up. To-day Kansas has an assessed valuation of \$1,642.30 for every man, woman, and child in the State; this is the largest per capita valuation in the United States. The commercial reports show less than a score of millionaires in the State, rated, all told, at less than fifty millions, and it will be seen that the distribution of wealth is probably more equitable in Kansas than it is anywhere else in the civilized world. It may be shown that in seven years the State taxes

have increased one million dollars, but the budget shows that increase to be largely spent upon higher education; and, even though the amount spent has increased, the increase in the higher educational budget has not exceeded the increase of attendance at these institutions of higher learning. Moreover, a comparison of the figures of the cost of higher education in Kansas and in other States is illuminating. The per capita cost to Kansas for normal school education is about \$75, for the Agricultural College the per capita cost is about \$107, and for the State University it is about \$171, making an average per capita cost in the Kansas institutions of higher learning of \$117. Now the average per capita cost for higher education in eleven States having institutions that rank equal to those of Kansas—States like Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Michigan, and Ohio—is \$202, making a saving in Kansas of 42 per cent over the average cost in the country for similar education. This seems to indicate that, with the equitable distribution of a large per capita wealth, thousands of children are sent into the Agricultural College, the normal schools, and the University, but the increased cost of maintaining these institutions in Kansas is much less than it is in any other State.

Another interesting phase of the prosperity barometer is found in the banking figures.

While not a dollar has been lost to any depositor in any bank in Kansas—State or National—since the Bank Guarantee Law was passed three years ago (because the National banks in Kansas have organized a voluntary guarantee society), at the same time the money deposited in Kansas banks—State and National—has increased from \$118,000,000 in 1905 to over \$175,500,000 in 1911. The banking capital and surplus, State and National, in Kansas in these same years has increased from less than \$26,000,000 in 1905 to over \$41,000,000 in 1911. The popularity of the Bank Guarantee Law in terms of dollars is found in the fact that over sixty per cent of the increase in banking capital and surplus in seven years has been invested in State and private banks, while the deposits have increased in a similar ratio in these banks. The State Printer during the six years of State ownership and management has built, equipped, paid for, and maintained at full efficiency a State printing plant costing \$103,000; he has supplied the State with about 14,000 requi-

sitions for printing at a total cost, building, maintenance, equipment, printing, and all, of \$552,716, as against a cost of \$557,171 for the printing alone of about 10,000 requisitions during the six years just previous to the State ownership. Taking out the cost of the building, equipment, and maintenance, it will be seen that under State ownership and management it has cost the State about \$300,000 less to do the work required than it would have cost under the old system. The reform of the State Treasury has brought \$129,000 in interest into the State in six years that went into private hands as a political slush fund before the people began to govern the people in Kansas.

When a State abolishes the convention system, it removes the demand for political jobs; for conventions are the market-places of politics. There the trades are made that force inefficient men into public offices to pay political debts. In Kansas the passing of the convention system has seen the passing of the political errand-boy on the State's payroll. Every year sees some department of the State administration pass into the hands of the institutions of higher learning. The Agricultural College now appoints and controls the State Highway Engineer, the State Dairy Commissioner, the State veterinary expert, and has charge of the work for the prevention of the spread of diseases in live stock. The University College of Medicine is taking over the administration of laws controlling the public health; the Dean of the Medical School is the administrative officer of the State Board of Health; and the administration of the Pure Food and Drugs Law, the water surveys, matters of municipal sewage disposal, and practically all matters pertaining to the public health, are under the control of the University. At the University the State has erected a hospital where all physically defective children must be sent by the county commissioners for treatment, and here all sick or crippled workers in the State, old and young, may receive free treatment, with the bed charges paid by the county commissioners of the counties sending these patients. Not only in matters of public health does the University serve the State, but the Chancellor is official custodian of weights and measures, is the curator of the University museums, is State Fish and Game Warden and administers the game laws, the Engineering Department is assisting the Public Utilities

Commission to appraise the railways and utilities of the State, and the Department of Sociology and Economics has offered its services in rate adjustments. Moreover, the University and the Agricultural College are seeking to take over jointly the administration of the State Architect's office and furnish to school districts, counties, and cities plans for all public buildings, parks, and boulevards, either free or at cost, thus making for a permanent plan of architecture in the State, and at the same time taking the department entirely out of politics, as the Highway Engineer, the Dairy Commissioner, the State veterinary officers, the administration of the laws relating to hygiene, the Game Warden, and expert work in the Public Utilities Commission are out of politics.

Kansas leads the country in the number of cities under the commission form of government, with the initiative and referendum and recall, largely because the law was written in the University and the Secretary of the Kansas Municipal League is at the head of the extension department of the University, and the University Bureau of Municipal Research industriously spreads the propaganda for the commission form of government. The commission form of government is putting ward politicians out of business as rapidly as the primary put State politicians out of business. But with the State under the convention system, a group of institutions of higher learning that were doing so much service work for the State would excite the envy of statesmen out of jobs, and the University and the Agricultural College would not be free, as they are to-day. The activity of these institutions of higher learning in the administrative work of the State is more than a substitute for the inefficiency of cheap politicians. This activity is the answer of a democracy to the charge that a self-governing people cannot do the expert work required of a highly organized society without the interposition of a leisure governing class to direct the activities and to choose the experts needed for the higher branches of social service.

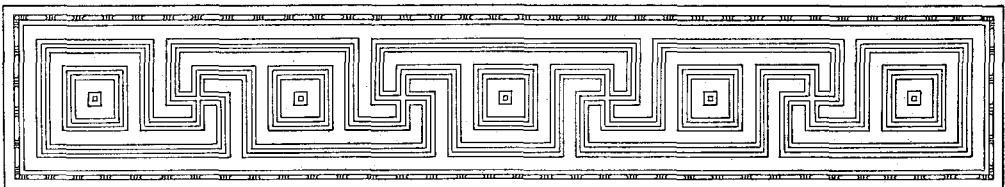
One further instance of the value of popular government in a State is found in the administration of the Kansas Penitentiary. During the three years of administration of the Penitentiary under Governor Stubbs, the crib, the water cure, and other corporal punishments have been abolished. Thirty minutes daily is given to recreation in the prison yard, when the men are allowed to play

baseball, basket-ball, football, and other games in season, and for that period the men are permitted to talk and enjoy themselves practically without restraint. The Bible class has grown from 60 to 325; liberal privileges, including attendance at a night school, have been granted upon good conduct; deaths from tuberculosis have been reduced from nine a year to one a year. Vermin have been washed and scoured from the cells. An old hill farm is furnishing out-of-doors work for the men, building them up morally and physically, and furnishing all of the milk and butter and sorghum and most of the tomatoes, cabbages, and potatoes used in the institution. Next year much of the meat consumed at the Penitentiary will come from the Penitentiary farm. Heretofore the ingratiating contractor has sold these foodstuffs to the Penitentiary, and in the old days there was politics in it; now there is manhood in it, and of the ninety-seven men paroled by Governor Stubbs only seven have broken their parole and only one has committed a crime. Clean cells, fresh, wholesome food, fair rules justly administered, recreation, out-of-door work, and night schools are making over such men in the Kansas Penitentiary as self-respect can hold to honest conduct. And at present the Governor is asking the Legislature to turn the increasing profits of the institution to the support of the families of the convicts. Now all of this good work is impossible if a penitentiary is filled with political guards and office-holders who are there solely for the money there is in it. But when, in conventions operated for the few by the few, every county has its defeated candidate for sheriff who has been promised a job as guard at the penitentiary to keep him still, what can a Governor do? The system made him. He must maintain the system. Only when the people begin governing the people do the evils of the oligarchy disappear.

What Kansas has done toward establishing a free State government any American State may do. Ten years ago the domination of the State government of Kansas by the power of organized wealth buying political

indulgences was as complete as it is in any American State. When the Kansas people awoke, they did not languish for the lack of improved guns of democracy. They had no initiative and referendum and recall. They took hold of the first club they had at hand—an antiquated, out-of-date caucus and convention system. They used it for all it was worth, pledged legislators when the convention system failed, had patience and faith, were willing to worry along as best they could without compromising on the second-rate thing until they had made sentiment for the first-rate thing. They avoided spasms of indignation, with their consequent reactions. There has been nothing of the mob spirit in the Kansas movement. The things accomplished are not hit-or-miss legislation. They have passed the tests of the most conservative courts, State and Federal. Moreover, these Kansas reforms of legislation and administration have proceeded in regular order: first, political reforms, destroying the oligarchy; second, economic reforms, establishing a nearer approach to social justice than was known under the older order.

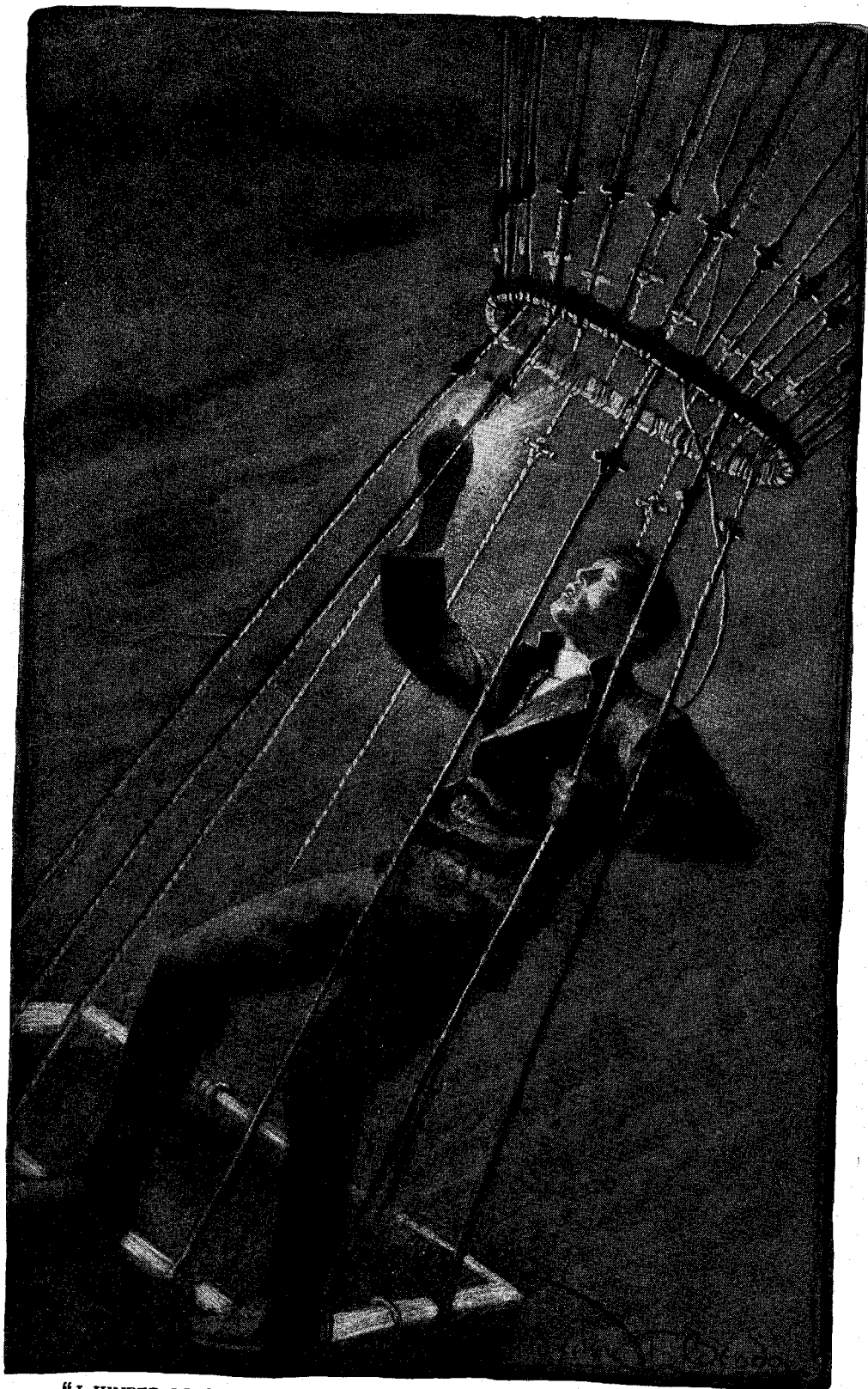
Above everything, the lesson of the Kansas movement is a lesson of faith and hope: faith in the every-day wisdom of the voters when their activities cover a series of years, and hope for any American community that has permitted, through civic indolence and habit, the Government to pass from popular control to machine rule. Always it should be remembered that, no matter how low the standard of political honor has fallen, it may be lifted, and that, too, without waiting for new-fashioned weapons. All that is needed is a strong public will—expressed in sane, unselfish leadership—and diligence in citizenship linked with common sense. For, after all, with men, as with States and nations, growth to any excellence depends upon purpose, diligence, and sanity. In Kansas it is that old spirit of justice brooding over us; for a century and more we have called it the American spirit, and that spirit, like the Watcher of old, “neither slumbers nor sleeps.”





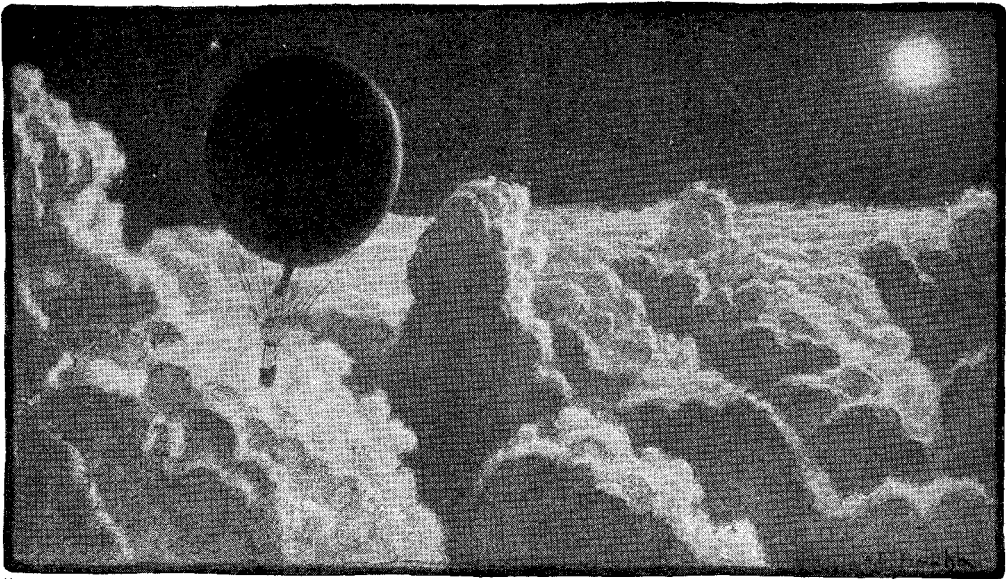
MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE CHILDREN OF THE TENEMENTS

Our readers will remember that some time ago Mr. Roosevelt made a tour of inspection of the tenement-houses of Brooklyn, and printed an account of his experiences in The Outlook. During that visit of inspection a gentleman present made a snap-shot photograph, of which he has sent a copy to The Outlook, and which we here reproduce because of its human interest. In his article (April 22, 1911) Mr. Roosevelt says: "The people who in these tenement-houses were leading lives of this character were generally the children of German, Irish, or other immigrants, or occasionally of native American stock; and it was significant and cheering to see that the tenement-house dwellers as a whole were obviously rising and not falling. Of course there were many exceptions, but, on the whole, it seemed to me evident that not only were the surrounding conditions being made better, but that the people themselves were steadily tending toward a higher level; and I may add that among the people who were rising we saw representatives of practically every race that comes to the United States. In all of these houses we were received in very friendly fashion, and at one of them twenty or thirty of the boys and girls seized the opportunity to have me photographed in their company, all jammed together on the steps of the tenement-house."



"I JUMPED UP ON THE EDGE OF THE BASKET AND FLASHED MY LIGHT UP"

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"LIKE A BEAUTIFUL MOONLIT SEA"

LOST ABOVE THE CLOUDS

BY H. P. SHEARMAN

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

IT struck 2 A.M. as I walked on the aero grounds at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where, dimly outlined in the dark, surrounded by a few shadowy forms, towered the huge balloon, swaying silently back and forth, as if impatiently waiting to slip its bonds and mount up on its ride through the upper air. The clouds, which two hours ago were scurrying low in detached masses across the face of the moon, had thickened into a solid stratum, but were still driving swiftly toward the northeast. As the prevailing winds in Massachusetts are toward the coast, only a little over a hundred miles to the east, I was anxious to make my "getaway" while the wind was in such a favorable quarter, knowing that it might veer toward the coast at any time and shorten my flight. On joining the little group of men under the swaying bag, I was informed that everything was in readiness, so I immediately climbed into the basket and began setting my car in order. I traveled lightly. The only baggage I carried beside my instruments were a clean collar and three days' provisions in case I landed in the Maine woods or the Canadian wilds. Having hung my instruments, seen that the valve rope, ripping cord, anchor, etc., were all in order, I pulled the appendix cord, which is

the last thing to be done before leaving the ground. The appendix, a short cloth tube that hangs from the bottom of the bag, must be kept open during the flight to allow for the expansion of the gas, or the balloon would burst. It is tied with a strip of cloth to which is attached a long cord, that on being jerked should, if it is properly fixed, break the strip and open the appendix. So, having broken open my appendix, as it appeared to me in the semi-darkness, I gave the word to "let go," and the huge balloon shot up into the dark.

I mounted swiftly over the sleeping city and became enveloped in the rapidly moving clouds which soon obscured the earth from view. Putting down the bag of ballast I had been holding in case of a false start, I examined my barograph, which registered an altitude of two thousand feet, while my statoscope indicated a continued ascent. Then, in order to make sure that in the excitement of starting the appendix had been broken open, I jumped up on the edge of the basket and flashed my light up. To my horror, it was tied, and the bottom of the huge bag was bulged out as tight as a drum. Just for a fraction of a second the blood seemed to stand still in my veins. Then I realized that

I must act quickly or I would be hurtling through the air under a burst balloon. Throwing off my coat and placing my knife in my teeth, I climbed up on to the concentrating ring. The balloon, disturbed by my motions, was swinging back and forth like a huge pendulum hung in space. Standing up on the concentrating ring, I balanced myself, not daring to look down at the empty space beneath. Then I swung off on the single rope dangling from the bottom of the bag above me. Up I climbed, hand over hand, expecting the tightly expanded bag would burst before I could reach it. The appendix had swollen up, hiding the cord. Hanging on the rope with my left hand, I slashed at the appendix with my knife, severing both cord and cloth. Instantly the gas rushed out with a roar in my face. I instinctively turned my head, but too late to avoid a deep inhalation of the poisonous vapor, which so suddenly enveloped me in its overpowering embrace that I was rendered powerless to escape. For one awful moment I felt my grip relaxing; I was dimly, distantly, conscious of falling; then I sank into oblivion.

I was brought to by the jerking of the basket as the trail rope dashed three hundred feet below over some trees. I was hanging with my arms and shoulders over the corner of the basket, the rest of my body inside. By some miraculous chance I escaped a three-thousand-foot drop, landing in the small racing basket hanging eighteen feet below me. Realizing in a dazed kind of way that the balloon must have struck a cold current and was descending on to the trees, I seized a bag of sand and emptied some ballast overboard. Then I bent over the basket, peering down in the darkness to see where I was, but the low, heavy clouds obscured the moon, and I could see only blackness beneath me. I knew, however, it was a forest of some kind by the crashing of my trail rope through the tree-tops. It is a curious experience, this dragging over a forest at night. Very much as if one were in a boat, trolling with a huge fish-line. Suddenly there is a tremendous bite as some monster fish in the depths beneath seizes the line, and the car is shaken like a cockle-shell. Luckily the monster lets go, so on you sweep again. Three hundred feet in darkness below, the huge trail rope can be heard crashing through the branches, while sometimes it leaps two hundred feet in the air as the balloon, lightened by the weight of the dragging rope, rises, only

to descend again in a few seconds. Sometimes it gets caught, and then, if you are traveling fast, it is well to hold tight in the car. More often, like an angry snake, it smashes the trees right and left, dealing them fearful blows with its powerful tail.

Having thrown over ballast, I soon began to rise, and the dark, indefinite outlines of the ground beneath me became swallowed up in misty gray; then, as I mounted higher, the dark gray mists became lighter, till finally I found myself among the cloud-tops, ascending into a new world flooded with brilliant moonlight. The very clouds that seemed so dark and damp as I passed through them now appeared beneath me like a beautiful moonlit sea—like many experiences in life, not pleasant to pass through, but beautiful when viewed under the romantic light of reminiscence. Only a few moments ago I was dragging over tree-tops in the darkness, half dazed, and not knowing where I was going. Now I was in the midst of a world of light, right up among the sparkling stars, gliding smoothly, silently through space, with only the vaulted firmament above and the clouds beneath.

It was a wonderful scene, one almost impossible to imagine. It was, indeed, more than a scene; it was an experience. I did not merely see it, I felt it with my whole being, and feel the thrill of it yet. Take merely the objective, the material elements of such a view by themselves—the moon, the stars, clouds, light and shadow—and you would not see what I saw. But float ten thousand feet in midair in the basket of a balloon, gaze up and down and all around you, drink in the wonderful strangeness of the scene, the weird stillness, the immensity, the unusual beauty, and feel the subconscious thrill of altitude as you gaze at the immense gulf beneath, and then, and only then, will you realize the marvelous beauty of such a scene as I was floating through. I seemed to be gliding along in the topmost section of the universe right up among the stars, partitioned off from the rest of the world by an impenetrable layer of clouds stretching like a huge white billowy sea from horizon to horizon. When I rose high in my world, the sea beneath lay as if becalmed, but as I sank down low, it appeared storm-ridden, lashed into huge waves hundreds of feet high, whose tops gleamed white like spray in the moonlight.

Occasionally I passed over black abysses, gazing in the midst of the surrounding

whiteness, and once, in a very black patch, I detected a tiny globule of light creeping across, which I knew to be an engine moving on the earth. Almost straight overhead, sometimes hidden by the swaying of the huge sphere above me, was the moon, flooding my world with its soft, welcome light. The arched vault above me was studded with sparkling stars, far larger than they ever appeared from the earth. Toward the east hung Orion, the mighty hunter, while to the northwest Ursa Major was outlined with seven brilliant stars. But brightest of all to me gleamed the polar star, for by it alone I was able to tell my direction.

All night I floated alone in this fairy world, with the moon and stars above and the clouds beneath, without a sound to break the stillness, and with no moving thing but the shadow of my balloon on the white clouds beneath, which, like a phantom, dogged my trail all night.

Then the stars gradually paled, the moonlight faded away into gray, and "Aurora, rosy-fingered dawn, appeared." The brilliant red glow of sunrise was lined by long, dark, horizontal shafts of light-tinged clouds. The sun, like a huge ball of fire, rose up above the mists, as if just coming from his morning bath. The moon was still visible, but pale and wan, as if yielding her throne in fear to the lord of day. Very soon, however, the sun disappeared in the clouds which were rapidly gathering, and did not appear again during the trip.

It was now 5:20. My fairy kingdom had vanished, and with it, in my immediate vicinity, the clouds. I was traveling northeast by east at about thirty miles an hour, and had an equilibrium—that is, an even course, neither rising nor falling—at an altitude of about five hundred feet. During the night I had not seen the earth, nor been able to use my compass or to chart my course on the map. My direction, northeast by east, I had approximated by the polar star, but I had no means of telling my speed, which I guessed to have been about thirty-five miles an hour, though it might easily have been more. I have traveled over the same ground at one hundred and fifty miles an hour and hardly known I was moving. I guessed roughly that I must be over a hundred miles from Pittsfield, and perhaps forty from the sea, to which I was gradually edging nearer. While I could see the earth there was no danger, for if the ocean should appear beneath me I could make a landing in plenty of time. I determined,

however, to find out where I was, either by locating on my map some town, river, or lake over which I might pass, or by going low and hailing some town or farm. The country over which I was passing was dotted with small lakes and was rather mountainous, which led me to believe it was New Hampshire.

I passed over several farm-houses and made myself hoarse by yelling, "What's the nearest city?" and other similar questions, at which every feathered member of the farmyard would flutter cackling for shelter, while the farmers would rush out of their houses and gaze up at me in astonishment, until I had passed over, when they would ejaculate some name I could not catch. It reminded me of an incident that occurred to Aeronaut Leo Stevens while ballooning out in Michigan. Being in much the same predicament as I, he yelled down to a farmer working in a field, "Where am I?" to which the rustic wit replied, "Up in the air, you darned fool!" I was very much "up in the air," for, puzzle over my maps as I might, I failed to locate my position; the lakes over which I passed were too small to be of any use in charting.

I was hoping I would cross over a big city, but I saw only one town during the whole trip, which I found afterwards was Franklin, New Hampshire. It looked very pretty as I sailed over it, with its white houses dotted over the dark ground, but the inhabitants were still slumbering, blissfully ignorant that an air-ship was sailing over their heads. I did hail one early riser in the outskirts, but only succeeded in getting the words "New Hampshire," which was of little use, as I might be five or one hundred and five miles from the sea and still be in New Hampshire.

I now began to rise rapidly, running into the clouds, which had been gathering from the southwest. I made haste to take my direction by the compass before I should lose sight of the earth, and found that I was running a point more toward the east than before. My barograph soon registered an altitude of eighty-five hundred feet. The clouds continued to gather beneath, shutting me off from the earth. Occasionally through a rift I caught sight of a lake or a forest, and once I distinguished part of a large lake with islands in it, but, only a part of it being visible, I was unable to locate it on my map. While traveling at an altitude of eighty-six hundred feet I struck a cold current of air, and the cold became intense. My speed seemed to have increased, while the clouds beneath

me were fairly racing along. I was evidently running into a storm. At 6 A.M. I struck an equilibrium at an altitude of eighty-six hundred feet. The clouds had formed into a dense stratum beneath, totally obscuring the earth from view. In vain I strained my eyes down to catch some sign of land, but saw nothing but space, bottomed by an interminable mass of swiftly drifting clouds.

On I sped, hoping to hear some sound even that would assure me that I was still over land, but all was as still as death. As I looked down at the dense layer of clouds beneath, inscrutable as the face of the Sphinx, I had no way of telling whether they covered the land or the open sea. I was completely lost, not knowing even to what point of the compass I was being carried.

I decided to descend to the earth and either find out where I was or land. As I leaned over the basket endeavoring to pierce the mass of clouds in which I was about to dive, I noticed that they were seething and writhing in all directions as they swept along underneath at a speed of about fifty miles an hour. Lifting two bags of ballast and placing them in reserve for instant use, I fixed my ropes so that I knew where to lay my hands on them. Then I pulled the valve rope, and, the gas rushing out with a sigh, I sank downward toward the seething mass of clouds beneath me. As I neared them the wind was whistling weirdly over their tops—a ghastly sound that seemed like the shimmering of shrouds. The next second I was swallowed up in the mist of the vapors. Currents of air rushed by me from all points of the compass, whistling through the rigging of my balloon and rocking it in all directions. My trail rope was wriggling like a live serpent till lost in the fog beneath. I could not see where I was going. The blinding fog completely shut me in. I had checked the velocity of my fall, though my statoscope still recorded a descent. I knew I must be driving forward at a fearful speed. It was like leaping in the dark; I strained my eyes to catch sight of the earth, but could discern nothing but a seething, impenetrable wall of fog into which I was blindly sinking. I could hear nothing but the uncanny whirring of the wind. Then suddenly I heard and felt my trail rope dragging over trees. Yet, on looking down over the edge of the basket, I could see nothing but blinding mist. In another second dense masses of trees were

rushing by underneath me with terrific speed. It would be suicide to attempt a landing. I might even be heading for a mountain side. In a flash I threw out ballast, then clung to the life-lines as my basket dashed down on the trees. On I crashed through their tops at breakneck speed, smashing branches right and left, banged and jolted, holding on for dear life as my basket was tilted at every conceivable angle. Then the huge bag in front rose once more and drew me up through the clouds into the silence of the upper air.

It was now 6:25 A.M. My barograph recorded an altitude of forty-five hundred feet. I had not the slightest idea in what direction I was going until about a quarter of an hour later, when I was able to use my compass through a thin patch in the clouds, and found I was going north-northeast by east, but a trifle more east than before. There appeared to be three currents. The one beneath, in which were the clouds, was traveling at about fifty miles an hour toward the northeast. The stratum above the clouds was headed northeast by east, while the upper currents were going almost straight toward the east. I tried a second time to get an equilibrium where I could see the earth, but the storm currents were too erratic, and I was forced to rise and resort to my former course just above the clouds, avoiding the higher permanent westerlies, which would carry me still more directly toward the open sea.

I noticed some strange meteorological phenomena. Huge storm-cups passed under me, about three miles in diameter, with the circulation whirling round their sides clockwise, while in the center at the bottom the vapors were speeding along at about fifty miles per hour toward the northwest, so that they passed obliquely under my line of flight. They were, as I named them, huge cups or basins in the clouds, and as my balloon passed over the edge it was drawn down toward the center and whirled round from left to right so fast that I became giddy; then, as I neared the opposite side, I was carried up over the irregular edge of the huge basin which passed under me out of sight. Several of these storm-cups passed beneath me going at a more rapid rate than the current I was in, and I noticed the same uncanny whistling of the wind as they fled by underneath. I valved in the center of one, but sank into such a mist and pandemonium of currents that I was glad to ascend



"MY TRAIL ROPE WAS WRIGGLING LIKE A LIVE SERPENT"

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out of them. While examining the weather map the previous day with Professor Milham, of the Department of Meteorology at Williams, we had noticed a cyclonic area of low pressure over the northwest evidently on its way eastward, which he warned me was traveling fast and might arrive to-night where I was. The monster had evidently exceeded expectations and had traversed about twelve hundred miles since eight o'clock of the previous day, and had its center, I presumed, over the flood plain of the St. Lawrence, while I was getting the southwest winds that would naturally go to make up its anti-clockwise circulation on its southeastern border and in which these storm-cups were traveling, storms within a storm.

I was being swept along six thousand feet above the earth by an unseen but irresistible power through a vast open space in the bowels of a cyclone; between two impenetrable strata of clouds thousands of feet apart, the lower ones racing by beneath with the speed of an express train, the upper ones brooding over the scene like a pall, obscuring sun and sky. Never will I forget the majestic grandeur of the storm scene as I saw it from the upper air. The rapid progress of the storm clouds, like huge armies advancing to war; the seething and writhing of the vapors directly beneath, like foes struggling in combat; the tremendous sweep of the view, extending as far as the eye could reach; the low, uncanny howling of the winds, sounding like storm demons at play; the exhilarating thrill of sheer height, that seemed to inspire the whole scene with an awful grandeur of its own—all conspired to stamp on my memory an impression that will never be effaced. There is no place where one can behold scenes of such transcending beauty, such tremendous grandeur, and so absolutely different from all other scenery, as when gliding through the upper air in the basket of a balloon.

But I had other things to occupy my mind than the scenery. For the last hour I had not seen a sign of the earth, nor even heard a sound that would indicate I was still over the land. It was 7 A.M. I had not marked my chart once during the whole trip. When I last saw the earth, I did not know my exact location or just how far distant the sea was, though I guessed I was over Maine; and when I took my last observation with the compass I was going northeast by east, a direction which must inevitably, sooner or later, take me to the coast. I had tried twice

to either get an equilibrium where I could see the country ahead or land, but the dense clouds and storm had prevented me.

I was hopelessly lost, and did not have the slightest idea whether I was still over land or drifting out over the open sea. It was a strange experience, this being lost in the upper regions, drifting you know not where. For the first time during the trip I felt a sense of loneliness, while the scene beneath impressed me by its absolute air of desolation. It was a wilderness in midair. I was invading a world not meant for man, trespassing in the one sphere not mastered by human ingenuity, above even the winged creatures whose realm this was, for I could not see even a bird. I was alone in a lonely world. Not a soul on the earth beneath, which seemed very far away just now, even knew where I was; and, if any one did, he would be powerless to aid. Shut off from the rest of my kind, completely lost, drifting, I knew not where, through a desert of empty space, with nothing beneath but wildly drifting storm clouds and nothing above but a dark pall of ominous mist, with no sign of a living thing or even a sight of the earth in all the vast void around, nothing but emptiness and desolation, I realized my own absolute loneliness such as I had never known before either on land or sea.

I had been on the lookout during the last hour for a thin spot in the clouds through which I might slip down, but I had not been able to find any break in the dense mass. But about ten minutes after seven I saw an opening in the clouds almost straight beneath, in the direction I was going, through which could be seen a flat plowed field with part of a lake visible on the far side. Hastily looking at my compass, I found I was now going almost due east. So I decided to land right on that field if I could make it in time to avoid the lake. I was six thousand feet above the ground, with the wind carrying me nearer the lake every second. There was no time to be lost. I seized the valve rope, pulling the valves wide open. Down I swooped in the empty space beneath, clouds and air rushing up by me. But, in spite of the rapidity of my drop, I was being carried dangerously near the lake. I valved again, and the ground beneath seemed to rush right up at me. At the same instant the swift surface wind caught me, sweeping me right toward the lake. I quickly threw out ballast to break my fall. Down I swept over the plowed field with the speed of a racing

aeroplane. In another second the ground was streaking by only ten feet beneath me. I slashed my anchor rope; pulled the rip cord, rending the huge bag from top to bottom; cut loose an extra drag, and braced myself firmly in the basket. Down we came, right in the center of the field. The deflated bag, seized by the powerful breeze, filled out like a huge sail, dragging the basket after it over the ground as if it had been a shell. On we bumped and banged at a lively speed across the field, right along a loose stone wall, with the basket bounding from boulder to boulder, as if made of rubber. I was just congratulating myself on a safe land-

ing as the speed began to diminish with the trail rope and anchor retarding progress behind, when suddenly, I have not the slightest idea how, I received a blow of some kind and was rendered unconscious.

I woke up several hours later, comfortably tucked in bed in a cozy little room at the Lewiston Hospital, Maine. The nurse informed me that I had been picked up at twenty minutes after seven that morning by Mr. Estes, on whose estate I had landed, only a few yards from Lake Auburn. The sea was fifteen miles to the east, and Pittsfield, my starting-point, was two hundred miles southwest.

THE PORTRAIT AND THE ARTIST

BY TUDOR JENKS

"A GRANDEE—1652;"

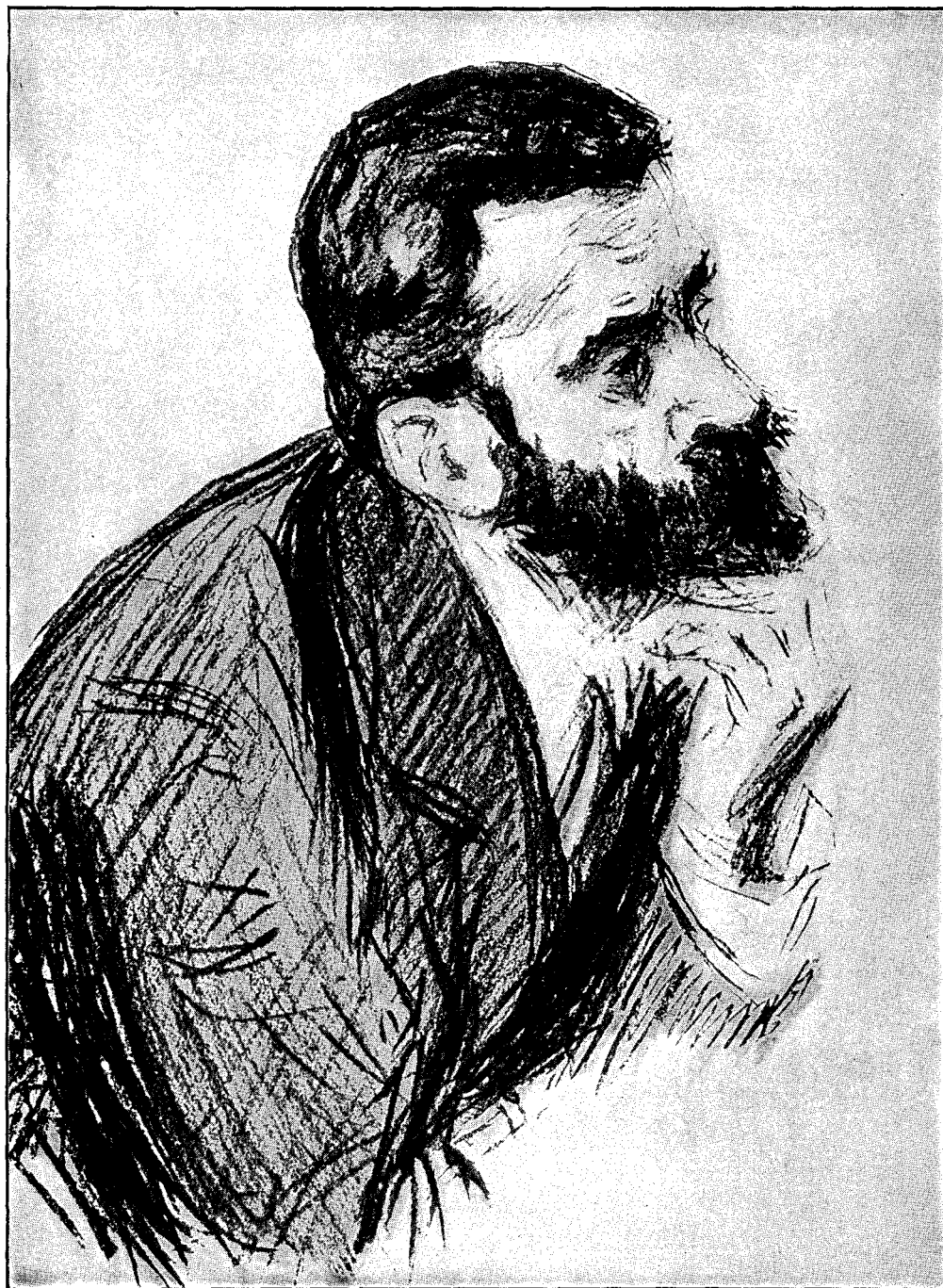
And that is all we know of you,
Save you looked thus in your pride
When the humble painter tried
To lend a gracious, kindly air
To your cold, repellent stare.

But fruitlessly. That hawk-beak grim
Shows the truth in spite of him;
And the keen, predaceous eyes
Burn their greed through pigment lies;
In vain the artist's flattering task—
The soul escapes the painted mask.

Displayed for all the world to see
Are ruthlessness, rapacity—
The lion's claw, the jackal heart,
The bloodhound scent, the fox's art,
The serpent skill to twist and wind,
The creature preying on its kind.

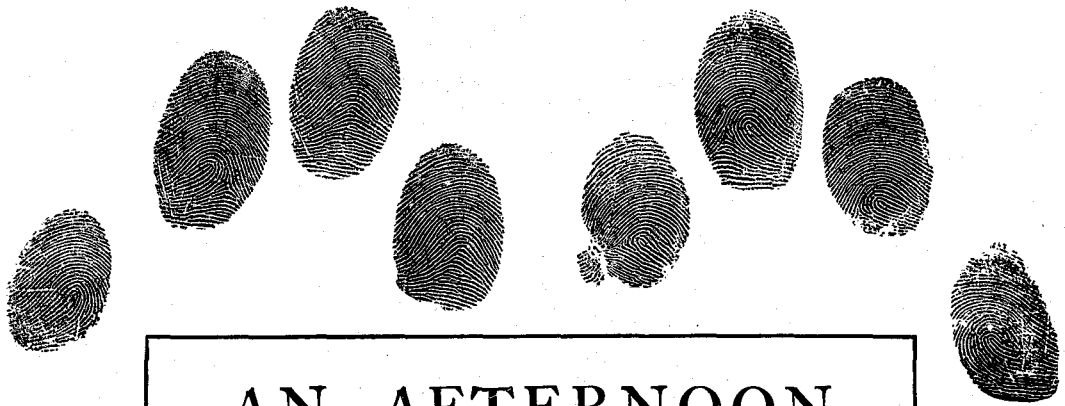
Your world had named you a "Grande;"
Upon the frame the word may be,
But from the treasury of fame,
O Master Thief, you filched the name!
To-day, of your ill-gotten gains
Naught but this empty word remains—
That and the painted canvas yet
Exist to show, though men forget
The wrongs of an unbridled will,
They cherish ever craftsman skill.

The sins men do their sons forgive;
Good work and true shall ever live.
A scullion's portrait or a king's
Alike may be most precious things:
The *artist* counts—a fig for *you*,
O "Grande—1652"!



ALPHONSE BERTILLON

Drawn by Paul Renouard



AN AFTERNOON WITH BERTILLON

BY KATHERINE M. H. BLACKFORD

POLICE Headquarters in Chicago, in New York, and in other American cities are never attractive. There is always a suggestion of the dreary and the terrible. In Paris also they are not attractive, but the winding and dark passageways, the attendants in long black aprons, their breath odorous with alcoholic fumes, the unknown language in a strange country, add to the terror. This was my first impression when, with my guide, petite Madame, I went to the Paris Prefecture of Police and asked permission to see the anthropometrist M. Alphonse Bertillon.

We were passed on from attendant to attendant, from guide to guide, until we were brought up at the entrance to a dark passageway, where a long, animated conversation took place between Madame and two attendants, they trying to direct her to the proper place. One of them finally decided to accompany us. I did not like his looks. I thought he would have been more in place behind the bars looking out than on the outside looking in. He had been drinking heavily, and I did not relish accompanying him into that dreary and dark passageway, which turned out to be a tunnel connecting two buildings. He grumbled that this was not his work, that he was not paid to guide people about, but a franc so mollified him that he turned us over almost in a kindly manner to another black-aproned attendant, who took us directly to the Anthropometrical Department. I was

breathless from excitement and stair-climbing, and was relieved to find that M. Bertillon was momentarily absent. We waited in a small, dingy outer office, where every one who entered could be easily observed. Several men passed through, but I felt sure none of them was M. Bertillon. Finally a tall, angular, bearded, serious-looking man opened the door, and, although I had never seen either his picture or his photograph, I recognized him at once. He led us into his office, and while he was reading the note of introduction from Professor Metchnikoff I noted the surroundings. At the end of his desk on the left is a mirror, which, by reflection, reveals everything that goes on around him. His desk is flat-topped and in perfect order. No piles of unfinished work or useless materials are there. Large cases line the walls, filled with scientific books. The whole room is extremely orderly, and the setting that of the student and scientist.

I asked him if he spoke English, and was much relieved to find that he did. At first he was reserved, almost uncommunicative; but little by little, as I drew him into conversation about his work, he slowly responded. I told him about Gustafsen of Boston, who lectures on the Bertillon System, and this aroused his interest. I asked him if he could detect a criminal by looking at him. His answer showed that he had not fully understood, for he said that by observing a prisoner he could almost always determine what kind

of crime the individual would be likely to commit. "If a strong, well-built man is accused of breaking in and entering, I know that he is physically capable of committing these acts. But if a young boy or a sickly, delicate man is accused of a crime which requires great muscular strength, I decide at once that there is some mistake."

I asked him whether a large percentage of offenders, especially habitual criminals, were physically defective and in poor health. He replied, "Almost always;" but they are not criminals because they have these defects. He refused to admit that they have these defects because they are criminals.

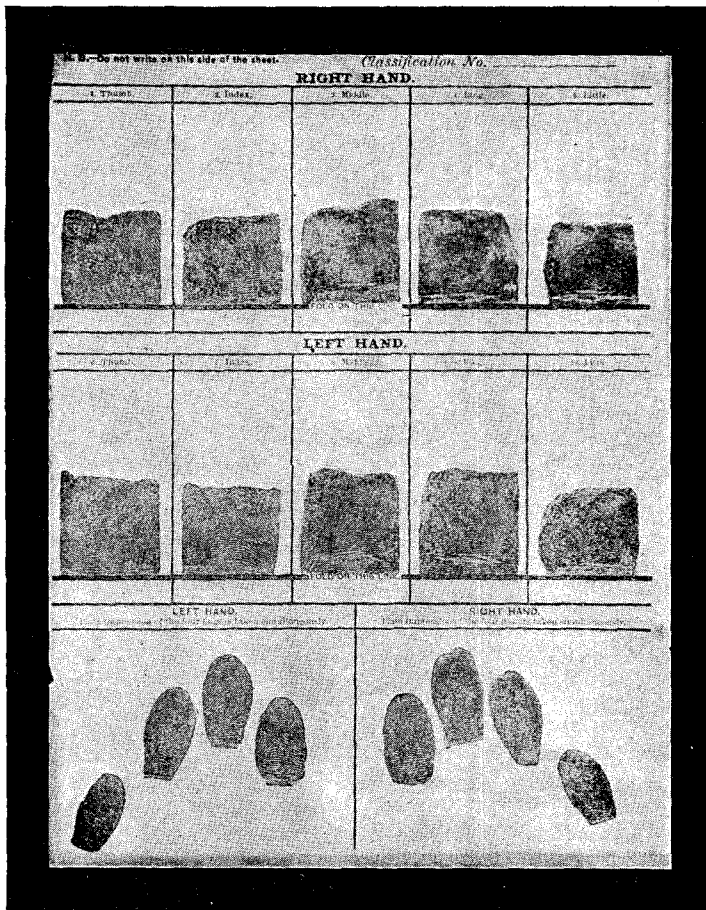
As to the relation between physical appearance and character, he declared that there were very few good-looking offenders. "If a beautiful girl is sent to us, I know there are only two types of crime of which she is likely to be guilty. Either she has been shop-

lifting or has destroyed her child. If a man looks well, talks fluently, and seems very clever, I know he must be an embezzler, a cheat, a swindler, or a forger. There is no correlation between the type of man and the crime he commits." Although M. Bertillon might not have stated it that way, it was evident that he was using character analysis in its highest sense.

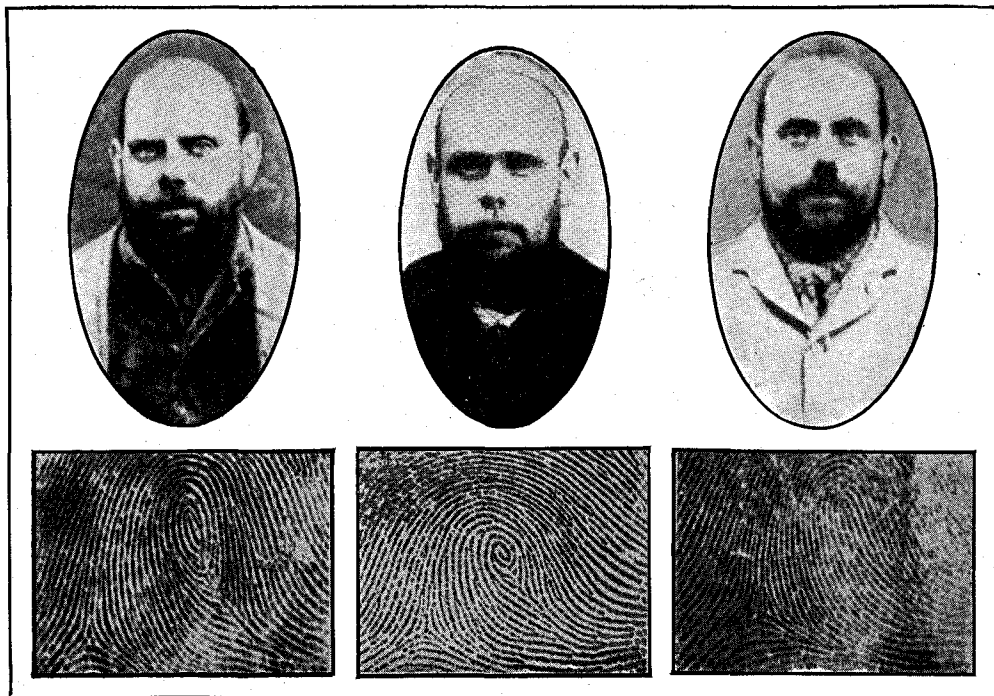
I asked him whether or not there was any particular head type or coloring that characterizes the criminal, but he thought not. He had not investigated color particularly. "The criminals seem to be of all shades, although there are more brunettes than blonds, because in life there are more brunettes than blonds. The graver crimes of murder and violence are more often committed by persons with wide heads. That is because they are from the Latin races. Embezzlers and thieves are more often long-headed, this being the Anglo-Saxon type," said he.

He then took us into the measuring-room, showed us the door through which the prisoners are admitted, and also his recent photographs and records.

The measurements of each individual are entered on a card and filed. First, as to head width and bizygomatic width, then third-finger length, arm length, height, etc. The finger-prints are also taken. Each record is filed according to its maximum measurement of each feature. First comes head width, next bizygomatic width, etc. In searching for a record, two men might have identical head width, but the zygoma would not be likely to be the same. If, however, they are, the next measurement is compared, and so on until every measurement corresponds, so that in ten million records on file, even though



THE IDENTIFICATION CARD IN USE BY
THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT



THE VALUE OF THE FINGER-PRINT RECORD

A striking illustration of the importance of the Bertillon system. These three criminals would be hard to distinguish. Their thumb-prints have no resemblance

a criminal give a false name, by this excellent system his record can be found if he has been measured before. Each day the department is called upon for about one thousand identifications.

We were next taken into the room in which a secret photographic instrument is installed. If the evidence is insufficient to detain a person arrested, but he is nevertheless suspected of being a wrong-doer, he is photographed without his knowledge as he stands answering questions.

In the next department finger-prints, hand-writing, etc., are photographed. As a test of focus they use the leg of a fly. If the focus is correct, the smallest hairs on the leg of the fly are visible. Here we saw photographs of weapons, champagne bottles, and glasses that had figured in murder cases. These had been photographed for the finger-prints upon them. In case of a murder, the victim as he lies and also the premises are photographed by an instrument which enables the expert to determine the exact distance from one object to another.

There were a number of photographic rooms, but the most interesting was the one in which photographs are classified according to the features.

Bertillon first took up the types of noses.

He tried to explain how he classified them. I said to him, "You have three main types—convex, concave, and plain," and instantly his face lighted up and his reserve melted away as he replied, "You are using my terms. No one who does not understand these terms can describe a face;" nor analyze character, I wanted to add, but did not.

The next room contained the ears, both photographed and modeled in wax—hundreds of them.

Then came the room devoted to eyes, and in reply to my inquiry as to whether or not it is difficult to describe the coloring of eyes, he replied, "Oh, no; let me classify yours." He looked two or three times before he said, "Yours are hazel and Madame's are brown," and then he showed us the corresponding colors in glass eyes.

The next room contained the hair collection, both natural and dyed. He said that he was not always able to tell by looking whether hair was natural or chemically colored, but he could invariably tell through the sense of touch. He brought out several trays of hair of both kinds, and in a little while showed me so that I too could discriminate. I noted that all the specimens were either coarse or medium coarse, and I asked



A RECORD OF THE LENGTH OF
THE EAR IS PLACED ON FILE

him how much attention he paid to texture. "If a person is found dead with his hands clutching some strands of hair, it is of the utmost importance to tell whether it belongs to the dead person or some one else. If both were of the same color, we could then try to determine through texture."

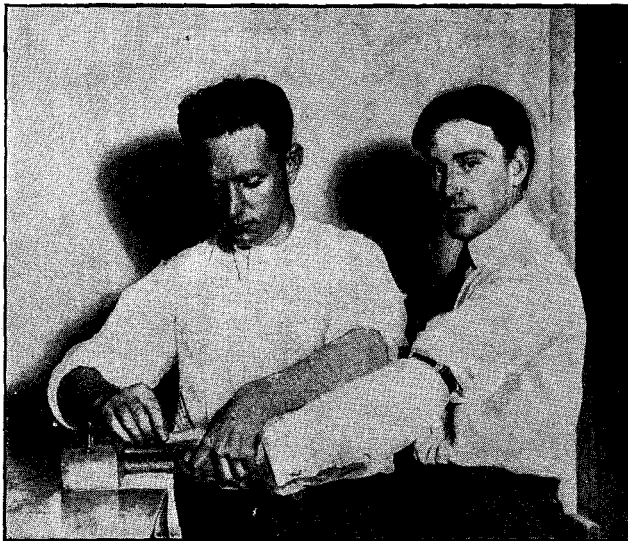
Passing from the photographic rooms, we visited the filing-room, where ten million records are kept. Then we went up to the roof of the Palais de Justice, whence we could see the Panthéon, the towers and spire of Notre Dame, and Sainte-Chapelle. Only a few days before, on account of the theft of "La Gioconde" from the Louvre, he had photographed this view.

M. Alphonse Bertillon is fifty-eight years old. He is tall, angular, and of medium weight. In type, brunette. Hair, brown, streaked with gray; so is his beard, which he wears Vandyke. His eyes are hazel and his complexion is sallow. His head type is

high, wide, medium square and medium long—longer from the ears forward than back. His expression is stern, his demeanor very quiet; he was also so quietly dressed that only with difficulty could I recall that he wore a white waistcoat, but no jewelry or ornamentation of any kind. The dark, steady, calm eyes are very searching and truth-compelling. It would not be easy to look into his eyes and dissemble. Though his gaze is so stern, it is also kindly.

As a specialist in identification Bertillon has shown infinite capacity for taking pains in the perfection of his system in the twenty years that he has been connected with the Paris Prefecture of Police. "Did not the working out of your system entail many years of hard work before you introduced it?" I asked. "It was less difficult to discover it than to get it accepted and used correctly." I could sympathize with his difficulties, but not pity him, for as I watched him handle the records and heard him explain his system I saw the spirit of the man who loves his work and in doing it finds his greatest happiness.

If he could only realize the matchless collection of materials for analysis and study of character, or if I could have the benefit of his wide and long experience in observation! He is wrapped up in the one subject of identification, and cares little about the revelations of character which his measurements and photographs reveal.



THE CRIMINAL'S FINGER IS ROLLED ACROSS AN INK-PAD AND LIGHTLY PRESSED ON THE PAPER RECORD

THE TINKERS' MEG

BY RUTH SAWYER

WITH DRAWINGS BY J. CONACHER

IT was the Green Year in Ireland, one of those years of comparative abundance that foreran the famine of '48; and tinkers were plentiful everywhere.

As a plague they will surpass any that visited Egypt in Moses' time. They are worse than the locusts or the swarm of flies, and more terrifying than the hail and darkness could ever have been. They come in droves, and sweep through the land, spreading fear and desolation. No cabin with the meagerest air of thrift escapes them. They turn their donkeys into the small farmer's pasture; they stretch themselves about his hearth, taking the warmth of his fire, while his family shiver at the back. They eat his bread, and burn his turf, and give birth to their children beneath his roof-tree. They stay until his potatoes are eaten and the meal-chest is empty; returning thanks by mending his half-dozen broken pots.

It was such a drove of tinkers that passed through Killymard in the Green Year. Their coming had been heralded from Frosses, where they had settled for nearly a two-month, bringing famine to many a hearthside there. When word reached Killymard that the tinkers were again upon the road, everybody gathered together their children, their fowls, and their pigs, and hurried within, barring doors and windows fast. And so it happened that when the tinkers came the street was empty. They knocked, they beat on every door, but there was no response. Angry words arose among them; there was some talk of camping in the street and laying siege to the town. It was market-day in Donegal, however, which gave promise of good findings, and in the end they moved on. As they drove their donkeys down the street they shook their fists at the shuttered, vacant-looking cabins.

"Ye wait," they cried; "we'll pay ye back for your grand hospitality!"

It was late on that same day that Teig MacDuirmuid came back from the fair. He was nearing the cross-roads when he caught the cry of a child coming towards him. If he had known aught of children, he could have told that it was the cry of a very young child,

for it was thin and puling. He reached the Lazy Bush, and it was close by him; and then he saw in the hollow of the gray stone a roll of coarse red flannel. The cry came from the flannel; and closer inspection showed a wee face peering out from one end and a pair of fists beating the air helplessly. There was hunger in the cry.

On the stone beneath was scratched in charcoal: "her name be's meg an' ye can have her."

It was the tinkers' payment to Killymard.

Teig read the words with great difficulty, and the meaning was slow in coming to him. "Is that so?" he muttered at last. "Well, I'm thinkin' I won't be takin' her, just the same;" and he started on the hill road home.

But the cry followed him persistently on his way. Teig knew the cry of hungry young; he had heard his own lambs in the pasture, and the calves, when their mothers were taken from them. The feeble helplessness of it turned him back at last; he gathered up the red flannel, tucked it under his arm as though it had been a young shoat, and strode on with it to his cabin.

Cassie, the wife, was in the doorway, working at the sprigging, and, seeing Teig coming with something under his arm, she took it to be a lamb or kid that he had bought at the fair to raise.

"Did ye get a good bargain?" she called to him.

"Did I get what?" Teig was a bit thick-minded, and he could never be guessing another's thoughts.

"I was askin' ye, did ye get a good bargain, an' what is it?"

"Faith, it's a bad bargain, entirely, an' it's a baby. It be's one o' them tinker brats. I found it crying its lungs out undther the Lazy Bush.

"Bad luck to them!" said Cassie. And then, her curiosity getting the better of her indignation, she held out her arms. "Let's have a look at it."

The slow, steady jog of Teig's step had put the baby to sleep; and it did not waken when he dropped it into the wife's lap.



HER NAME BE'S MEG, AN' YE CAN HAVE HER

Cassie pulled the red flannel away from the wee face so that she might see it the better.

"It's pretty, for all it's a tinker's brat. Is it a girl, I wondther?"

"Aye, 'tis a girl; 'her name be's Meg, an' ye can have her,'" quoted Teig, laughing. But the next minute anger had him. "To think they had the imper'ence to write it down so we o' Killymard could call her right. As if we would be bringin' up a tinker's brat, pestherin' fools! A million murdtherin' curses on them that has childher an' throws them by for others to raise! I'll be takin' her to the workhouse in the mornin'."

But Cassie did not hear. She was busy with the baby, running her fingers through the wisps of brown curls, seeing the long sweeping lashes on the hawthorn cheek. She slipped a finger into one of the tight-closed fists; and as she did so, the baby opened great, fathomless gray eyes and smiled.

"See, Teig, she be's more comely than any child hereabouts. Do ye think we could be keepin' her a bit—till the Holy Mother sends us one of our own?"

"The tinker brat! Ye would never be raisin' a tinker's child, would ye?" There was almost horror in Teig's face as he looked at Cassie with the baby across her knees.

"Aye; why not? Much good might come of it; ye can never tell. I have heard it said—by them that knows—that there be's more in the raisin' of a child than in the birthin'." Cassie's voice took on a sudden gentle pleading: "It be's lonesome, the day's long with ye out in the pasture an' about, an' the keepin' of her wouldn't be much: a shillin' o' wool, maybe, an' another o' cotton cloth; with a few pence beside. There's the cradle ye was raised in, out in the byre; an' I have the wee blankets, new wove against the comin' of our own. Who knows—there may never be— At any rate, let her bide a while."

The feeble, hungry cry broke again from the baby.

"'Tis sthrange," said Cassie, taking her up; "she isn't as healthy soundin' as she looks. Go, get a piggin o' fresh goat's milk for her, lad."

So came the Tinkers' Meg to Killymard. Every one in the village made his prophecy concerning her. The most of them said that she would grow up to be little credit to her foster parents and a fair disgrace to the village; but a few there were who held that a child that never cried from day's end to day's end, and who had the face of an angel, might—with careful raising—turn out well.

"She'll marry a great man—wi' that face," said Teig, proudly.

"She'll marry her own man, whoever that may be; and raise fine lads of her own;" and Cassie caught up the baby and held her close.

But old Seumas, the piper, shook his head: "Once a tinker, always a tinker. Ye'd best give her to the workhouse."

Meg was kept. No children of their own came to fill the cradle and the hearts of Teig and Cassie, and bit by bit Meg grew to be all that those unborn children might have been to them—and that was much. She

grew fairer as she grew older. All day she would creep about the floor or sit in Cassie's lap, her eyes dancing with the sunlight in the room, and a silent little laugh coming and going on her lips—always a silent laugh.

When she had passed her second year, and still had spoken no word, Cassie grew fearsome lest something was wrong with the child, and day by day the fear grew. They let another six-month pass; then took her to the doctor in Donegal. It was to old Doctor Danny's father they took her. He questioned them first; afterwards he lifted Meg in his arms, and went alone with her into an inner room. The two of them were gone a long while; Teig and Cassie waiting and waiting, neither of them daring to tell the other how strong the fear had grown. But the doctor saw it—writ plainly in their faces when he brought the child back—and he told them as tenderly as he knew how to tell a hurting thing.

"She will never speak—the poor wee lamb



PASSERS-BY WOULD SEE THE TWO OF THEM IN THE DOORWAY

is deaf and dumb;" and there were tears in the doctor's eyes.

The sorrow of it stayed only with Teig and Cassie; it never touched the child. She blossomed like the loch lilies—fair and white, with the golden sunlight in her heart. Very early she learned to speak with her fingers; it was a language of her own making, crude and pitifully imperfect, but by means of it she was able to tell something of her thoughts and needs. She did the household tasks as well as Cassie, and there was no one in Killymard so handy at the sprigging.

After she was ten Teig took her in the evenings and taught her to read a little and write; but she was slow at learning and strangely unhappy over it; and in the end Teig gave in to Cassie's pleadings to "let her be." In the games with the other children she always led. No one about the cross-roads—from Donegal to Frosses—could dance like her, and when she went into the Faery Ring, her head thrown back, her little white arms tossed about her head, and her bare feet scarcely touching the ground, she looked like a stray blossom in an eddy of dry leaves.

She was always serenely happy. Even in the long famine, when starvation and fever walked together over the land, her joyous smile, aye, and the trust in her eyes, put heart again into many a desperate man. If she ever felt hunger, she never showed it, and often and often her bowl of stirabout found its way into the hands of smaller children who had less than she. Illness, pain, sorrow, fear, they all passed her by, and the years brought only a blessed contentment and greater beauty.

When Meg was seventeen, a firm in Belfast sent a young man along the coast of Donegal to find spriggers who would do the work they were sending to America. He traveled from parish to parish, giving out the linen to the best workers, and Killymard welcomed him. Work was scarce—money scarcer—since the famine, and they were glad of the sprigging and the extra shillings it would be bringing them. The man was handsome, after a kind, and the people liked him. He had a ready tongue, quick to turn a joke or a pretty speech; he went to the cabins to chat with the old folks, and he danced at the cross-roads with the boys and girls. It was at the cross-roads that he first saw Meg. To those watching it seemed as if he could never get his fill of her, her beauty, and the grace of

her dancing. Never once did he take his eyes from hers, and again and again he led her out to dance alone with him the single reel or the Limerick.

From then on Killymard got most of the sprigging; and her workers were the best paid. Every month or so the man would be back again to give out more work and pay off the spriggers; and longer did he stay each time. He would sit for hours on the threshold of Teig's cabin, watching Meg at her work—her needle flying in and out of the shamrock clusters and the sprigs of hawthorn and sweetbrier. He learned something of her finger language. Passers-by would see the two of them in the doorway laughing together as they spelled out some little saying. This set the tongues of Killymard a-wagging; and the women came with their gossip to Cassie.

"Sure, ye'll have me worn out entirely with your fears an' your fancies," she said to them at last. "Can't ye see the girl is safe with her dumbness? No man would be wantin' her," and she turned away sadly.

There was a day when the man from Belfast came to Killymard and stayed only a few hours. He took in the old work and gave out the new in a quick, businesslike manner, with never a joke or a pretty speech slipping from his tongue. At midday he left, taking the road that led away from the sea; and after he was gone Meg was nowhere to be found. They hunted for her on the roads until dark; afterwards men with lanterns searched the hills. All night they beat the bracken, going over every foot of heathered moorland in wide, sweeping circles; and when dawn came, and there was light enough to see, they dragged Loch Beag. Then it was that the carrier brought news of her: he had seen her at the Gap, waiting for the Derry train, and the man was with her.

The whole village felt the shame of Meg's going; but it lay heaviest on the hearts of Teig and Cassie, although, after the first day, her name was never spoken between them. If they had not been such simple, isolated people, they might have searched for her. The country that lay beyond the Gap was a strange land to them, almost as strange as England—or America; moreover, they were fearsome lest word should escape, the villages about hear, and Meg's name be common gossip for every man's tongue. So they kept the silence, and no one outside of Killymard knew that Meg was gone.



LIKE A WILD THING—WANDERING ABOUT THE MOORS AND HILLS

Seumas, the piper, wagged his head and shook his finger, after the manner of a man who knows the strength of his position: "What was I tellin' ye? If ye had hearkened to me, the shame would not now be on Killymard. Aye, once a tinker always a tinker!" But he held his tongue with the others when a stranger was by.

Whether it was months or weeks, or days only, I cannot be telling; this I know: it was late in the year—the birds were gone, the harvests reaped and safe in the byre—when Meg left; and when she came again snow covered Binn Ban. She was on the doorsteps, alone, when Teig unbarred the door and came out to feed the cattle in the early morning; and she wore the same dress

of blue print that she had on the day she went away. Like a shadow she slipped past Teig into the house, where Cassie was kneeling beside the hearth, blowing the fresh turf alight. With the long, tired moan of a wounded thing she dropped down beside Cassie and buried her head on the foster mother's breast. It was the first cry she had made since Teig had brought her there, a baby.

Cassie gathered her close in her arms. "She be's the child no longer," she whispered; and then, "Poor lamb! poor, poor lamb!"

They were days getting from her aught of what had happened. She told what she could with her fingers; afterwards they put a pencil

into her hands, and slowly she wrote single words—that was all. Out of these they pieced her story. She did not know where she had gone, but it was a grand place. Aye, he had married her; a man had come in black—she thought a priest—and then she had written down her name on a paper with other writing. He had given her a ring; but he had taken it from her again. Soon a letter would be coming to her, aye, very soon; and she must be ready to go away with him to a far greater place. All this he told her before she had fallen asleep one night; when she had wakened in the morning, she had missed her ring from her finger, and he was gone. With the instinct of a homing pigeon, she had found her way back to Killymard, to wait for the letter and his coming.

Teig and Cassie believed the story implicitly; the neighbors shook their heads, however, and looked skeptical. The stigma of the vagabond had settled on the Tinkers' Meg, and she knew it; aye, she knew it. Through the days that followed she stayed close by the side of her foster mother or sat crouched on the hearth watching the flames wrap the burning turf. Once in the day she left the house—when the carrier came—and then she ran across the street to ask for her letter. Patrick Cannon kept the store in those times, and when the last of the mail was given out he would shake his head at Meg, and back to the hearth she would go—to watch the flames and wait. Soon after she came home Cassie bought her a dress of brown homespun—the blue print had grown ragged and too thin for winter; but Meg would have none of it. She cried and pushed the new dress away—patting the old one she had on, and pointing to the finger where her ring had been. Cassie understood. She went to Donegal next day and brought a dress of blue print, bright blue, like the old one.

With the spring a new, frightened look came into Meg's eyes; then it was that the vagabond blood mastered her. Like some hunted creature, she started up from the hearth one day, pulled her shawl from the peg behind the door, and ran out of the cabin. Cassie watched her go—watched her until she had turned the bend of Binn Ban—little knowing it would be the last she would see of her for many weeks.

She must have lived like a wild thing through the summer, wandering about the moors and hills all day, sleeping in the

bracken or under the shelter of some rock at night. Few people saw her during those days of her new trouble; and then it was far off—a shadow on some hill-crest—or the flash of her blue dress in the sunlight. She never stayed long in one place. Always she seemed afraid of being followed, and chose the bleakest hills, far distant from the pasture lands, for her hiding places. For a while she haunted the Gap, then went south to the coast, and the fisher-folk of Inver or Killybegs often saw her, wandering along their beaches or sitting on the headlands, a lone figure looking out to sea. Sometimes she came begging food at an isolated cabin; often she milked a cow in the upland pastures; and many of the hill folk came to believe her one of the faery people, and left filled bowls upon their thresholds for her.

It was Peter—Peter, the half-wit—who found her at the last and brought her back. He was a lad then, about the age of Meg. Often he passed through Killymard, tramping and fiddlin', and Cassie saw to it that he never went hungry. On one of these visits Cassie followed him as far as the cross-roads, talking of the herring fishing, and whether it was time to pull the sally twigs for the creels, and many other things; but before she left him, to turn back, she put a hand on his shoulder and raised a pleading, sorrowful face to his.

"Pether, lad, ye go in strange places, out o' the way o' sensible folk; it might be ye would come on our Meg somewheres. There be those that have seen her, but none have come nigh her, as I've heard. Ye are different, though; the wee rabbits an' the birds take the crumbs from your hands, an' I'm thinkin' ye might find her."

Cassie's hand slipped from his shoulder; she felt for Peter's hand and held it fast. "Oh, if ye do find her, bring her home to me! I can't sleep at night for the longin', an' her face is hauntin' me the lee, long time."

"Aye, I'll be mindin' it. Pether will find her—Pether will bring back the Tinkers' Meg."

It was the third day following that Peter came upon the heap of bracken where Meg had slept the night before. He nodded and smiled to himself: "I know—she'll be lyin' this night in the Bed of Duirmuid and Grania;" and he set his steps for the steepest side of Barnesmore.

The Bed of Duirmuid and Grania is a heathered cliff that hangs well over the val-

ley. Tradition has it that Duirmuid and Grania hid here when they were flying from Fionn; it is an old love story of pagan days. The trail to it is hard to find. It runs out of a thicket of gorse, and there is little to mark it as it winds over the shelving rock; without the trail you cannot reach the Bed.

first; and then as he came closer; "no, 'tis she!"

He found her even as he had prophesied—among the heather, lying with her head on her arm. He touched her gently, fearsome lest she should spring from him like any wild creature; and, in truth, she would have been



THE TINKERS' MEG SAT LONG BESIDE THE WEE GRAVE

When Peter started, the sun was already over the western side of the hill, already the chirp of the birds in the thicket sounded drowsy. He climbed quickly, jumping the crevices, pulling himself over the cliffs, like one long accustomed to life in the open. As he neared the top he heard a moaning—faint and very piteous.

"'Tis the wind in the broom," he said at

gone in a trice had it been aught else than Peter. But the thing that links all of God's unfortunates—that bond of kinship—held her; and slowly her arms went out to him with a little cry of joy. She caught his hand and pressed it to her cheek, as if she had hungered long for the touch of something human; there was a helpless terror in her eyes.

Peter looked at her long. But bit by bit the meaning of her terror came to him. "'Tis the birthin' fear," he muttered.

He knew now why she had left the people of Killymard to hide among the hills; it was the same impelling force that drives a wild creature away from its kind to hide in its lair or follow the hunting trail alone. Somehow Peter understood that her time had come, and he was filled with trouble. He feared to leave her, he feared to take her with him; in the end he lifted her in his arms and carried her down the narrow, uncertain trail. A sane man would never have dared it; but the half-wit brought her safely to the stage road leading to Donegal. How the two of them came over the road that night on foot Doctor Danny could never understand. He had been roused early in the morning by a voice outside calling him; and, coming down, he had found Peter leaning, exhausted, against the doorpost, with Meg in his arms.

"Ye had betther take her quick," he said, faintly. "The child—I was afeard we would not get to ye in time."

An hour later Meg's baby was still-born. Peter, sitting on the threshold of the room where she lay, stopped the doctor each time he went in or out, asking eager, childish questions.

"Does she know aught yet? Will she be livin', herself? When will ye be tellin' her about the child? Is it thrue they will not give the wee thing Christian burial?"

At last, when night had come, he begged Doctor Danny to give him the box where they had laid Meg's baby, and let him bury it in "a pretty place."

And that same night Meg opened her eyes and smiled; smiled for the first since she had gone from Killymard, a child. Her eyes sought Doctor Danny's, questioning; her hands felt feebly over the bed for something; then she held them out to Doctor Danny. She was asking for that precious thing which she knew was hers. Aye, it was hers, by the right of that first fear, and the long, cold days of waiting on the hills, and the long hours of pain. Slowly her smile faded; the hands dropped back on the bed again, but even then her fingers stole into the hollow beside her where her arm had lain. It was empty—empty! She looked up and saw the pitying eyes of the doctor; then, somehow, she understood.

The day came at last when Meg was

strong enough to go back to Killymard, and Teig and Cassie came for her. It was a strange meeting between these three: Teig bashfully tender, Cassie crooning little sounds of inarticulate mother-love while her hands stroked the face that had haunted her for so many weary months. But Meg looked past them both, to the door; and her hands spelled, "P-e-t-e-r." They sent for the half-wit; he had never tramped far from Donegal since Meg's illness, and always at night he was back on the threshold of her room, like a faithful dog. When he came, Meg pushed the others from the room. She folded her arms across her breast as if they were holding something; then slowly she rocked back and forth. All the while her eyes held Peter's, asking—asking what she had feared to ask any other soul.

Peter understood. "I'll be takin' ye there," he said; and he led her straightway out of the house, past Donegal, to the cross roads.

Beyond the cross-roads lies the Killymard cemetery—a place of white markers and tall fuchsias that overperches the sea. It was outside, on a green bank, primrose covered in spring, that Peter had buried the baby. Here he brought Meg, and showed her the wee rectangular spot of broken sod and fresh earth. She nodded; but she noted the markers on the graves inside, and pulled Peter's slæve, pointing to them. Peter was puzzled. He looked at the broken bits of stone about and shook his head; the next moment he was over the bank, climbing down to the beach. When he came up, he carried two pieces of driftwood. With a winding of grass he crossed and fastened them; and then, together, they covered it with heartsease and creeping ivy that grew near by. 'The Tinkers' Meg sat long beside the wee grave, patting it soothingly as one does a sleepy child; but when Cassie came for her she went quietly away. And so, for the last time, Meg came home to Killymard—to watch by the hearth for the letter and *his* coming.

Years passed; and one day Peter stood in the diamond at Donegal—playing for the crowd—for it was Fair Day. Suddenly his fiddle dropped from his shoulder and he struck Michael Cannon, who was beside him, sharply across the arm with his bow:

"Look yondther, man, at him furninst the inn door; 'tis Meg's man—the man from Belfast—come!" But at the door he turned

to Michael foolishly. "Ye speak to him; I haven't the tongue, just."

So Michael strode first into the inn bar-room, where the man had gone, and Peter closed in behind him.

"Take a good look at me," said Michael. "Did ye ever see me before?"

"I don't think so," said the man, pleasantly.

"Then I'll help your memory a bit. Did ye ever marry our Meg that ye stole from us long years ago?"

The man jumped, and his face went white: "God, you haven't remembered!"

"Aye," said Michael; "there's little that we of Killymard ever forget. Did ye marry her?"

"No—" the man hesitated; "she thought I did."

"Then ye'll marry her now, ye cursed, black-hearted rascal!"

The man saw there was a reckoning to pay, and he pulled himself together. "I was a fool to come so near the place; but, so long as I came, I'll dance to the music; though the law's on my side. I can't marry the girl, for I've a wife in the other country; but I'm rich, as men go, and I'll give her enough to keep her out of the workhouse."

An ugly oath broke from Michael: "—— I'd like to have the hangin' o' ye! Faith, we can keep her out of the workhouse without the help o' your hell-money," and he turned away contemptuously.

But Peter went up to the man. There was murder in the half-wit's heart, and it showed in his face; the man edged unsteadily towards the door.

"Come back, ye!" said Peter. "I'm not goin to kill ye now; at any rate, not if ye do as ye are told."

"I'll do it," said the man. "What is it?"

"Take that," and Peter pointed to a quill pen that stood in an inkstand at the farther end of the bar. "Now write her the

letter ye promised. I can't be tellin' ye how to write; but ye say ye haven't forgot her, that ye still love her, that ye are sendin' her the ring ye married her with, an' ye are comin' back to her some day. May ye pay for that lie in hell!"

The man wrote as he was bidden. Afterwards Peter went with him to buy a ring like the old one and see that it was sent in the letter.

The next day the carrier brought the letter, and Meg ran with it back to the hearth, where she sat reading it until it grew too dark to see. Then she hid it in the folds of her dress and slipped the ring on to her finger. From that hour joy came back to the Tinkers' Meg; and the silent little laugh that had been a stranger to her lips so long came and went, as it did when she was a child.

Teig and Cassie have passed into the Country Beyond, and Meg lives in whatever house trouble abides. She tends the wee children, nurses the sick, and sews the shrouds for the dead. Her arms are the first to take the new-born of Killymard, and many a baby has she reared whose mother died in childbirth. You may see her yourself about the streets, with a child in her arms and a dozen more clinging at her skirts; or, it may be, by the little grave, where she keeps the cross always twined with fresh flowers. In the spring it is primroses and hawthorn buds; in the summer, heartsease; but when winter comes, she binds it with holly-berries, and through all the frost and snow the little cross flames out—the one spot of color on that barren hillside.

The people of Killymard say that the letter still lies next her heart in the folds of the blue print dress; and I saw the wedding-ring on her finger. And so she waits, serene and trusting, tending the children and shrouding the dead.



THE RISING TIDE OF SOCIALISM



BY HENRY FARRAND GRIFFIN

WHEN the average citizen of these United States came down to breakfast on the morning of November 8 last, he picked up his favorite newspaper and looked over the election returns. The chances are that at some point in turning over the pages of bewildering figures he paused long enough to remark with an air of mild surprise:

"Umph! Big Socialist vote."

In certain cities of the country the average citizen put down his paper aghast or upset his cup of coffee as he read in flaring headlines: "Socialists Sweep the City."

For a brief second, perhaps, this average citizen had a vision of red flags and bursting bombs, or of riotous mobs singing the "Marseillaise" as they swept the police powerless before them. Then his common sense began to reassert itself as he remembered vaguely that some big city—Milwaukee, was it?—had been under Socialist rule for over a year, that other smaller towns had survived the same experience, and that the public prints had not yet told of riot, anarchy, or bombs as a result. So the average citizen went downtown to his business comforted, and talked the surprise over with his neighbor on the street car.

As the complete election returns began to come in, the politicians, who remember these things long after the average citizen has forgotten, were even more surprised, and the more they figured the more startled they grew. The Socialists had carried eighteen cities and towns throughout the country—eight in Ohio, five in Utah, one in Minnesota, one in Pennsylvania, and, most startling of all, the rapidly growing manufacturing town of Schenectady, in New York. Rhode Island and New York, for the first time in the histories of these two States, had elected Socialists to their Legislatures. Pennsylvania and Massachusetts had returned Socialist legislative representatives by increased pluralities. In Buffalo the Socialist vote was nearly doubled; in Columbus, Cleveland, and Dayton, Ohio, and in Reading, Pennsylvania, it nearly equaled the vote of the Republicans and Democrats respectively.

It is difficult to ascertain the exact total of voters who cast their ballots for Socialists in the elections last fall, because the contests were nearly all local, and in a number of States no elections were held; but it seems safe to say that the Socialist voting strength, as represented in the last election, was not far from one million. The official returns in

the Presidential election of 1908 gave Eugene V. Debs, the Socialistic candidate, 420,793 votes out of 14,888,442. A million Socialist ballots in 1911 would mean that one out of every fifteen citizens of the United States had cast his vote for a Socialist candidate, and that the party's voting strength had more than doubled in the short space of three years.

What does it mean?

That was what the political experts, Republican and Democratic alike, began to ask each other as they anxiously scanned the election returns. The answer was not easy. They were loth to believe that one million voters of the United States had become Socialists. Not even the Socialists themselves, excepting a few fanatics, make that claim.

The growth of Socialism as a political organization has been very slow in the United States as compared to European countries—so gradual that the American people had hardly realized before the last election that the movement was worthy of serious consideration in its political aspects. Socialist victories on the Pacific Slope excited some interest and comment; the election of a mayor, other municipal officers, legislators, and a Congressman in Milwaukee and Wisconsin caused a considerable stir. But it was not until the returns of the elections of 1911 were in that there suddenly came a general realization that the Socialist vote was a factor that would have to be seriously reckoned with in the political field.

Many years ago, in discussing with Carl Schurz the future of the United States, Bismarck uttered words which sound now like a prophecy. They throw some light on the reasons for the slow growth of Socialism in this country, and give perhaps a partial explanation of the recent sudden impetus which the movement has undoubtedly received.

"Will not," Bismarck asked Schurz, "the real test of your democratic institutions come when, after the disappearance of the exceptional opportunities springing from your wonderful natural resources, which are in a certain sense common property, your political struggles become, as they surely will become, struggles between the poor and the rich, between the few who have and the many who want?"

Protest and discontent, the revolt of voters of the old parties at existing conditions, political and economic—that is the off-hand answer that most political observers will give as the

reason for the recent gains of the Socialists. But the question goes deeper than that, and here is where the answers begin to differ. All changes in political alignment by voters represent protest and discontent. The really important question is, Does the recent increase in the Socialist vote in any large measure represent a genuine conversion of voters to Socialistic doctrine?

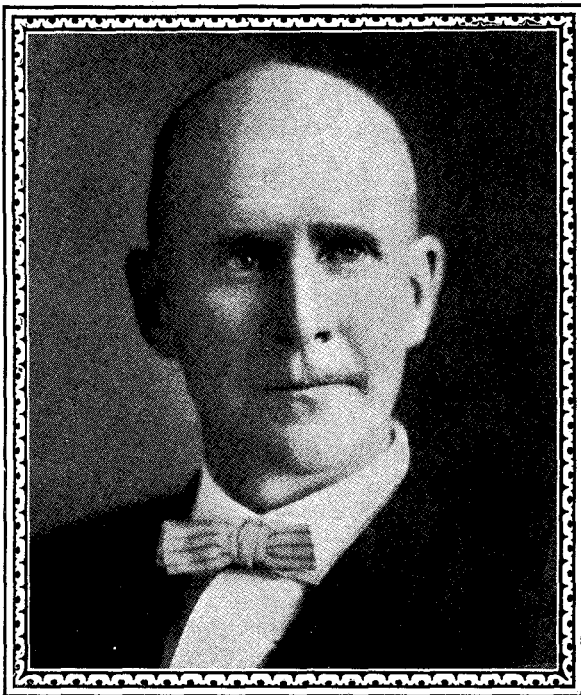
In preparing this article a careful study of local conditions, political and economic, was made in certain districts, chosen as typical, where the Socialists were notably successful in the recent elections.

An effort was made not only to ascertain the local conditions which affected the result of the elections, but also to obtain the views of political leaders—Republican, Democratic, and Socialist—and the opinions of business men, workmen, and other average citizens of all classes. Because Schenectady, New York, seemed the most typical of the cities where the Socialists were notably successful in the last election, it seemed wise to make a particularly close study of conditions there.

Schenectady is a thriving manufacturing center in central New York. Its population has increased by leaps and bounds in the past decade. The population was 31,682 in 1900 and 72,826 in 1910—an increase of 129.9 per cent. Two great manufacturing corporations of the type popularly called trusts are dominant in the business life of the city. Without the General Electric and American Locomotive companies Schenectady would be little more than many another sleepy little town in central New York. The General Electric has employed over 16,000 men and women in its Schenectady works and offices. The American Locomotive Company has at times had approximately 10,000 names on its Schenectady pay-roll. A large number of these employees, of course, make their homes in surrounding suburban communities and come into the city to work.

As one glides into the city on a train at night great electric signs flash out in gigantic letters of fire the words, General Electric Company. It is the signal for travelers bound for Schenectady to reach for their hats and coats. The name of the city on the railway station platform seems almost superfluous. The corporation is popularly known in the city simply by its initials, "The G. E." The American Locomotive Company is scarcely less powerful.

Yet these two great corporations are what



EUGENE V. DEBS
Socialist Presidential candidate of 1908

are known as "good trusts." Their treatment of employees appears to have been, on the whole, fair and intelligent. The average wage is said to be higher in Schenectady than in any other city in the United States. It has a very large population of intelligent, skillful, American-born mechanics, but also a very large number of foreign laborers of various nationalities, who are chiefly employed for the rough manual labor. Considering its size and location inland, Schenectady is a surprisingly cosmopolitan city. There has been little labor trouble there of late. The unions are strong, but have not had much trouble with the employers. There was a strike of street car conductors and motormen during the past summer, but it was settled within a few days and led to no disturbances. There had been for several months past a strike of the boiler-makers of the American Locomotive Company. It was a sympathetic strike, and spread to Schenectady as the result of trouble in the New York Central shops at Albany. There was, however, no violence. Neither the Socialist leaders nor the Republican and Democratic politicians believe that these two strikes had the slightest effect upon the result of the election.

Needless to say, there has been in Sche-

nectady the same pressure from the increased cost of living that has presented a problem of ever-increasing seriousness throughout the United States. This has caused the same condition of restlessness and discontent in Schenectady as elsewhere. The Socialists in their campaign declared that the existing social order is responsible for these conditions, and they drove their argument home by speech, pamphlet, and articles in their newspaper.

We therefore find in Schenectady well reflected in miniature the economic and industrial problems that press upon the whole country for solution. And this is a city in which the Socialists elected a Mayor and almost an entire municipal ticket. It may well be asked what sort of men are these Socialists to whom the people of Schenectady have trusted the administration of their city, and what are the plans of the new municipal officers.

Mayor-elect George R. Lunn was well known in Schenectady before he made the impetuous campaign which swept him into office at the head of the Socialist ticket. He has many admirers among his fellow-citizens, and some good enemies. He is an ordained clergyman, and was for six years pastor of the First Reformed Church. He resigned two years ago because of opposition of church members to his discussion in the pulpit of questions which some of his congregation thought more political than religious. These discussions included the question of poverty and its causes, the wrongs of the present social order, the evils of child labor, and other sociological topics. Large numbers of the working class attended his evening services when he talked on these subjects. Dr. Lunn says he resigned rather than cause further discussion among the members of his church. A part of the congregation followed him, and with others organized the United People's Church, of which he is now pastor.

In his quaint little old-fashioned house next door to this church the other day, the Socialist-clergyman-Mayor discussed with a visitor the Socialist movement and what it has accomplished and hopes to accomplish in Schenectady and elsewhere. Dr. Lunn is, above all else, alert and quick. It shows in his speech, in his mode of thought, and in

every movement. Slightly above middle height, slender, with hollow face, big nose, and deep-set eyes, he speaks eagerly, with many gestures of his hands, which are thin and bony. His eyes have a visionary look, and he impresses one as of the type of dreamer, until one wakes up with a start to realize the meaning of some homely phrase of plain common sense that comes from his lips.

"Strike! Why, of course I'd strike a blow at the existing social order every time I saw a chance," he is declaring with almost passionate vehemence; but then a sudden smile lights his face and his voice falls as he continues, "but I hope I have more common sense than to strike a blow where it would do more harm than good."

Dr. Lunn realizes that the victory of the Socialists in Schenectady was not the result of any wholesale conversion of the voters to Socialism.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that our enormous vote was largely increased by discontent at existing economic conditions, but I also believe that a large proportion of these voters at least sympathize with the remedies which Socialism has to offer. We made our campaign here largely on a question of municipal government. When we have given the people of Schenectady the clean, efficient, honest administration of the city's business that we hope to give, I believe that two years from now we will have a bigger vote than the Republicans and Democrats together.

"We went before the people with this proposition. We showed them that there had been a bi-partisan political ring in Schenectady for years. We charged that the friends of the politicians had profited to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars on contracts at the expense of the people. We charged that in one specific instance on paving contracts \$100,000 had been wasted. They challenged us to come forward with facts and prove our assertions. When the date was set for a big Democratic mass-meeting, I announced in our weekly newspaper that I would appear in person on the platform and give not only facts and figures, but names. They wouldn't let me in the hall that night. I gave the facts and figures and the names, but I had to do it on the street corner.



GEORGE R. LUNN

Socialist Mayor of Schenectady, New York

"We told the people of Schenectady that we believed in municipal ownership of the gas and electric light plants and street railways, and that we would attempt to have the Charter revised and get the necessary authority at the State Legislature at Albany to permit municipal ownership of these public utilities. But we told them that we would not put these changes into effect until the proposition had been submitted to the people and the majority of the citizens agreed. We told them that we believed in the city performing its own public works and that we were against private contracts, that we believed in the city cleaning its own streets, doing its own paving and other works in which there had been so much graft in the past. We promised to extend the parks and playgrounds as far as the funds at the city's disposal would permit. We told the people that if the courts and the Legislature blocked us in these plans we would show them the reason why we could not carry through our programme and that the remedy would then lie with them.

"Enough of the voters of Schenectady believed us to vote practically the entire Socialist ticket into office.

"Now we must make good. We've got

to make good," Dr. Lunn exclaimed, passionately. "We're on trial before the State and the country. And by our achievements we must stand or fall."

Dr. Lunn paced up and down the floor as he declared over and over again: "We have got to make good."

He realizes the difficulties with which he will have to contend. He has had the example of Milwaukee to consider. And he expects that the Socialists will encounter resistance all along the line through the courts and in the Legislature, and from the political activities of the two old parties in Schenectady.

He goes at his work with unbounded enthusiasm, but none the less with a sober realization of the fight before him.

"Efficiency will be our motto," he declared. "We are going to try our best to give an example of clean, efficient, honest municipal government. We shall be more concerned with giving a good administration than with giving a Socialist administration, although we hope to make them one and the same thing. In the matter of our appointments, we shall prefer to have Socialists if we can get good and efficient men in sympathy with our organization, our aims, and our ideals; but, first of all, we want efficiency. If we have an engineering problem to solve, it is more important that we employ a good engineer than a good Socialist. In other offices it is the same.

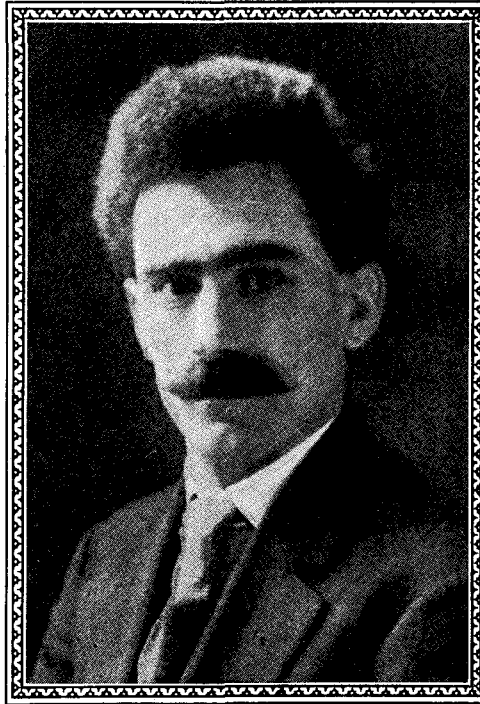
"We shall retain the Corporation Counsel, for instance. He is a Democrat, but we believe him to be an honest, capable official, and his past record is good. Of course there may be legal problems arising which will require a special knowledge of Socialism, and, with this in view, we have retained, as special counsel, Morris Hillquit. We shall try to develop the civil service system as far

as possible. Some day people will come to see that city government is in reality nothing but a great big business. I realize the difficulties into which the red tape of the civil service system too often leads, but that appears to be the fault of the working of the system, and not of the system itself.

"What business organization would change its entire personnel every two years, as is so often the case in the cities of this country?" asked Dr. Lunn.

Few in Schenectady doubt Dr. Lunn's executive ability. He has had no experience in municipal government, but the people

believe that he has the native ability to make good. It is not so with the rest of the Socialist ticket. The Comptroller, for instance, is a union molder who has had absolutely no experience in matters of finance. The new Superintendent of the Poor has done various odd jobs about town, but none of them would appear to have the remotest connection with a training for the work which he will now have to undertake. Dr. Lunn's theory is to put experts in as deputies to assist these various officers. He said "assist," but the idea really seems to be to have



JOHN SPARGO

these men do the work of the elected officers.

The method adopted by the Socialists in deciding upon the appointments to be made by the new administration was novel. A meeting of the party was called. It was composed of members of the party in the strict sense of the word—that is, dues-paying members. Not only that, but care was taken to see that no members were admitted whose dues were not paid up to date. Some of the critics of the Socialists in Schenectady said that there was an unusual rush to pay dues just prior to this meeting. No one seems to know the exact number of those who quali-

fied, but it is set roughly at two hundred to three hundred. A committee was named at this meeting to recommend a slate of appointment. The committee reported back to the meeting, and the names recommended were then debated. It speaks well for the spirit of co-operation among the Socialists that the recommendations of the committee were unanimously accepted except in the case of the Director of Public Safety.

The Socialists in their campaign have not hesitated to criticise the way they declare the police have been put at the disposal of the capitalist class in times of labor trouble.

Dr. Lunn was asked if he did not believe that, with a Socialistic administration in power controlling the Police Department, a serious situation might develop in the event of extended labor trouble in Schenectady.

"The law would be enforced," Dr. Lunn declared; "but it would be enforced against the capitalists as well as against workmen. In an emergency the Mayor has direct and complete control of the police, and, if the law is evenly enforced, there is no need to fear violence by workmen. I'll tell you one thing, and that is that the employers would not be allowed to bring in strike-breakers under arms and to house them in unsanitary buildings."

"How about picketing, Dr. Lunn?"

"Picketing is perfectly legal if conducted in an orderly manner," he declared with emphasis. "I would see that the police did not prevent picketing as long as there was no violence."

"How large is the police force in Schenectady?"

"About seventy-five men," he replied.

"And the General Electric has employed as many as sixteen thousand men?"

"About that number," he agreed.

"Now, Dr. Lunn, perhaps this is a hypothetical question, but it is also a possibility. Suppose that the General Electric had sixteen thousand men out on strike, and the strikers were allowed to picket the works, don't you think that there would be a very grave danger of lawlessness and violence if the company endeavored to operate with strike-breakers? Do you think that a police force of seventy-five could control such a situation?"

"There would be no violence if the law were evenly enforced," insisted Dr. Lunn. Some in Schenectady are not quite so optimistic.

The fact that Dr. Lunn accepts the limita-

tions imposed by the present economic and social order, and by the courts and laws of that order, in the programme of municipal government which he is undertaking in Schenectady, does not mean that he yields one whit of his belief that the present social order must go. He is just as much Socialist as he ever was. But he is not a fanatic. In concluding his discussion of the evils for which he holds capitalism responsible he declared:

"I tell you that Socialism presents the only solution of the ills of modern civilization. Just let the capitalist sit on the

safety-valve long enough and we will have the explosion."

Out in the residence section of the city, quite in contrast to the little house downtown which shelters Dr. Lunn's family, was the big home of G. E. Emmons, General Manager of the General Electric Company's Schenectady works. He appeared to have a very high opinion of Dr. Lunn personally, wished him well in his new work, and seemed not in the slightest alarmed over the possible effect of a Socialist city administration on the business he managed.

"There has long been a feeling in Schenectady that the Republicans and Democrats



MORRIS HILLQUIT

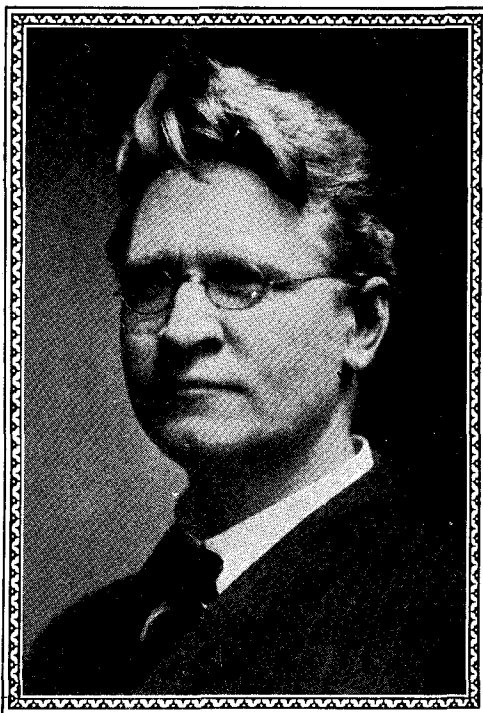
were playing together," said Mr. Emmons. "Certain people charged that there had been a good deal of graft, and many believed these charges. Personally I don't know whether there was or not. But I doubt if there was much grafting. Lunn certainly made a great campaign. It was a personal campaign, and he hammered away at these charges until a good many people believed them. I think he made many very rash statements which he would have difficulty in proving. There was a good deal of real discontent among the voters of both parties in Schenectady, but I think it was mostly with the local conditions.

"Dr. Lunn harped on the high cost of living in his campaign, but I don't think it was much of an issue with the voters. It was largely a personal victory for Lunn, in my estimation, although he was no doubt helped by the dissatisfaction of many voters with existing local conditions. We are not worrying about the prospect of a Socialistic administration, and personally I wish Dr. Lunn well. He will have the backing of the best element in Schenectady if he makes good and gives us the sort of an administration which he promises. I have great confidence in his personal integrity."

"There were no labor troubles in Schenectady which had any effect on the election, were there?" Mr. Emmons was asked.

"No, I don't think so," he replied. "There was, of course, the strike of the boiler-makers, but I don't think that was a material issue in the campaign. We have had little labor trouble here in Schenectady. As a matter of fact, Schenectady is what we call a 'good' labor city, considering the present industrial conditions in the country."

Mr. Emmons was not willing to discuss the possibility of trouble in the event of a big



EMIL SEIDEL
Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee, Wisconsin

strike in Schenectady while the Socialists controlled the Police Department.

"We don't anticipate any strikes, and I don't think there would be any serious trouble even if a strike should come," he said.

People to whom the word Socialism was a bugaboo, Mr. Emmons thought, had an exaggerated notion of the amount of harm that the Socialists could do even if they wished.

"They can't do much harm as long as we have the present Charter and courts," he said.

Some people in Schenectady, just after election, foresaw

trouble in the possibility that the Socialists might try to tax the General Electric and Locomotive Companies out of the city.

"We are not worrying about that," said Mr. Emmons. "Dr. Lunn told me the day after election that the Socialists had no idea of being unreasonable. Both the General Electric and Locomotive Companies have large plants in other cities, and it would be suicidal for the Socialists to drive them away from Schenectady by excessive taxation."

Mr. Emmons spoke with interest of the employees of his company who had been elected to office on the Socialist ticket. Most of them he had never heard of until he learned that they were officers of the city. He said that he had investigated, and that all of them seemed to be efficient workmen with good records. Mr. Emmons added that the political beliefs or activities of employees was a matter of no concern to the company, and that no attempt is ever made to interfere in any political way with the employees.

Former State Senator W. W. Wemple, until recently Chairman of the Republican County Committee, who does not at present take any very active interest in politics, was more inclined than others among the Schenectady Republicans and Democrats to take a

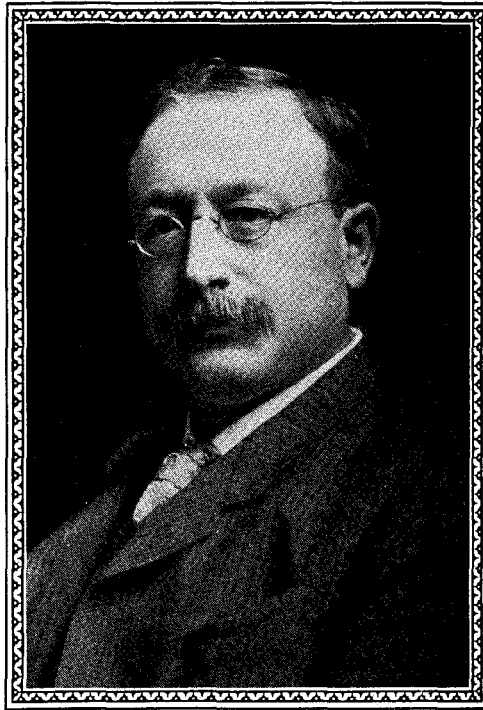
tolerant and unprejudiced view of the Socialist victory.

"Dr. Lunn, I believe," said Mr. Wemple, "is a big man intellectually, who has justly criticised many practices which seem to be inevitable in the government of great cities."

Mr. Wemple appeared to agree with Mr. Emmons that Dr. Lunn had been rash, to say the least, in some of the charges he made, but he admitted that the charges were not altogether without basis. He, too, seemed to think that Dr. Lunn's personality was a very big factor in the Socialist victory. In all that Mr. Wemple said his admiration as a politician for the impetuous campaign made by the Socialist candidate was apparent.

"If you could have seen him bareheaded in the pouring rain haranguing thousands on the street corners!" said Mr. Wemple. "Schenectady never saw a campaign just like that. And people haven't stopped talking about it yet."

Mr. Wemple seemed to think that the refusal of the Democrats to let Dr. Lunn accept their challenge and appear on the platform at their mass-meeting was a very serious political blunder. It looked as if they were afraid of him, he said. Mr. Wemple did not care to go very deeply into his opinion of the truth of Dr. Lunn's charge that a bi-partisan ring had for years dominated Schenectady's municipal administrations to the profit of politicians and city contractors alike. He admitted, however, that there was some basis to some of Dr. Lunn's charges, and he thought the Socialist victory was in the nature of a protest by the voters at these conditions. Mr. Wemple did not believe that there was the slightest chance of the Socialists remaining in power after the next election. Nor did he believe that the enormous increase in the Socialist vote represented



VICTOR BERGER

United States Congressman from Wisconsin

a real conversion of that number of voters to the Socialist doctrine.

Roughly speaking, the Socialists recorded 6,500 votes out of a total of 16,000 in the recent election. Out of this number Mr. Wemple thought that not more than 1,000 were cast by actual Socialists. Possibly 1,500 more votes, he believed, were those of sympathizers with the Socialist movement, and the remaining 4,000 represented the revolt and protest of regular Republican and Democratic voters.

Mr. Wemple was inclined to think that the Socialists had gained more votes

from the Democratic than from the Republican ranks. Edwin Clute, Chairman of the Democratic County Committee, thought it was just the other way around, but both men admitted that their opinions on this matter were largely based on guesswork.

Mr. Clute's description of the Democratic campaign was not very inspiring. Apparently the Socialists provided most of the enthusiasm and sensations. The Democratic theory seems to have been to ignore Dr. Lunn and his charges against the old parties, and not until it was too late did his opponents realize their mistake. Mr. Clute was asked about the refusal of the Democrats to let Dr. Lunn accept their challenge and meet them in debate at the big Democratic rally.

"That was ridiculous," declared the Democratic Chairman. "He wanted us to give him two hours to talk, and he would have packed the hall with Socialists."

Mr. Clute's explanation of the Democrats' refusal to let Dr. Lunn into their meeting was not very convincing. The people of Schenectady are still a good bit amused over the episode, and think that the joke was on the Democrats.

"There is no doubt that a lot of the voters were sore at both parties," the County Chair-

man admitted, "and they wanted to give them both a good scare. So they voted the Socialist ticket. You know, we have voting-machines here, and it's pretty easy to vote a straight ticket. Just pull down the lever, you know. Well, Lunn is a mighty slick speaker, and he is popular. There is no doubt about that. A lot of the voters were willing to see him Mayor, but I don't think they ever realized that they were electing the whole Socialist ticket. There were a lot of surprised people in Schenectady when they woke up the morning after election and found out what they had done. A great many men told me that, if they had realized what was going to happen, they would have voted for Lunn and cut the rest of the ticket.

"Well, they've done it now, and you ought to see some of the men they have elected. Why, some of them can't even read and write English. Lunn is clever enough, but I don't think he knows what he is up against. I guess he began to realize when the job-hunters came down on him in droves."

Around the headquarters of the unions in Schenectady this question of "jobs" was a moot subject of discussion just after election, and a good many of the workmen seemed to think that the Socialists were making too much of a family affair of the distribution of lucrative positions in the new city government.

"Say, you've got to be a regular dyed-in-the-wool Socialist to even have a look in," was the way one union man expressed it.

"And then you've got to be Johnny-on-the-spot with your dues paid right up to date," chimed in another.

"All those voters turned Socialists? Not by a long shot," was the reply to a question in regard to the proportion of real Socialists who voted for Lunn and the rest of his ticket. "It was just about this way. People got mighty sick of voting for Republicans and Democrats when it was a 'heads I win, tails you lose' proposition. They got tired voting dollars into the contractors' pockets, and seeing them run the City Hall. And what Lunn told 'em about the reasons for the cream for the bosses, skim-milk for the workingman, system listened pretty good. There are a lot of people wondering why the margin between the pay envelope and the grocer's and butcher's bills is getting so all-fired slim these days. Dr. Lunn had a way of kind of

harnessing words to ideas that had been running around loose in a lot of folks' minds."

And this is about the substance of what you will hear as explanations of the Socialist victory in Schenectady: disgust at existing political conditions, general economic uneasiness and unrest, and, above all, Dr. Lunn's remarkable campaign and his personal popularity. The hour and opportunity came, and they found the man ready.

Conditions were very similar in other districts where the Socialists were victorious. In Pennsylvania labor troubles, past and present, seem to have been more of a factor than elsewhere. The McNamara case does not appear to have cut much of a figure in the Schenectady campaign, but elsewhere it was forced to the front by the Socialist orators in a fashion which many of them regret keenly enough now that the McNamaras have confessed their guilt.

Reading, Pennsylvania, has witnessed a slow but steady growth of Socialism, more especially since the great coal strike.

"Reading is the home of George F. Baer," said Assemblyman Maurer, who was returned to the Pennsylvania State Legislature by an increased plurality in the recent election. "Isn't that enough explanation for a big Socialist vote?"

Newcastle is not far from the scene of the Westmoreland coal strike, where those Cossacks, the State constabulary, rode down women and children.

"Say, did you ever hear about that strike? How the men were paid so little that they could not keep body and soul together, and they talked and talked about striking? Well, they couldn't decide, and finally they said: 'It is our women folks who suffer the most, and we will let them decide.' So the women held a meeting out on the hillside, and they talked and talked, and finally they decided that they couldn't be any worse off than they were, and that if the men struck at least they would be fighting for something. So the women voted to strike, and the men did strike.

"You call the McNamaras murderers. I will not deny that what they did was criminally wrong, and that they should be punished. And they will be punished. But who will punish the capitalism that murdered women and babies in that strike? The company owned the men's houses, and when they were driven out with their families to live

in tents on the hillside, and the women and children died like flies. Don't talk to me about the McNamaras. I saw that strike."

Mr. Maurer is a homely Pennsylvania Dutchman, of no great education, but with a naturally keen, alert mind, and an inexhaustible fund of quaint humor. He has a record in the Legislature for persuading his fellow-legislators to vote for his measures in the interest of the working classes.

"I have been able to accomplish a good deal," he said, "and where I have failed I have gone back to the voters and have told them just why I failed, and what influences were brought to bear to defeat our Socialist

in the cities where the Socialists were victorious.

"The increase was too widespread and too evenly distributed for that," he said; "but I do not, by any means, believe that the total of the Socialist vote represents that number of real Socialists."

On the other hand, Mr. Brown does not find in the Socialist movement a real menace to our existing economic system and present form of government.

"The Socialist party will go on increasing until it has won a number of elections," he declared; "they may carry States, but I think that when they try to put their theories into practice the end of the movement will come.



THE CAMPAIGN OF DEBS

plans. That is what we must do—try and try; and, when we can't get our measures through, go back and tell the voters why we were beaten. They know the remedy, and pretty soon they will send more of us to the Legislature to help."

Out in Ohio, where the Socialists made startling gains, Walter F. Brown, the Republican State Chairman, has had occasion in the past few months to make a careful study of political conditions throughout the State. Mr. Brown does not take the recent sudden increase in the Socialist vote lightly. He believes that it represents a movement which has not yet reached its height. He does not think that factional difficulties among Republicans and Democrats were important factors

In other words, I think the history of the party will be similar to that of the Prohibition and Populist movements."

In Milwaukee the Socialists have been on trial for some eighteen months in almost complete control of the city administration. During that time violently partisan reports have come regularly from the Wisconsin metropolis, alternately declaring that the city was going to ruin and that it was rapidly approaching the millennium. It is needless to say that neither statement reflects the true condition. As is always the case, the incoming administration found much that was justly to be criticised, and remedies were offered, many of which sounded attractive. But it is sometimes easier to suggest remedies and

outline programmes of reform than it is to put them into effect. Municipal dance-halls and playgrounds were attractive novelties, but they have been rather lost sight of in the confusion and litigation which has followed the Socialists' more serious efforts. Within the past few weeks Mayor Seidel's administration received its most serious blow when the Wisconsin Supreme Court handed down decisions adverse to a number of the Milwaukee Socialists' pet schemes. The Court also declared void the Socialists' appointments of technical experts in various city departments.

The fight has grown bitter in Milwaukee, and the administration of the city's affairs does not appear to have gained by it. In certain instances the Socialists were not above slashing the salaries of city officers politically opposed to them whom they could not oust. The courts later held these salary cuts illegal. The election in Milwaukee next spring promises to be hotly contested, and already the Socialists are charging that a combination of Republicans and Democrats with the liquor interests is under way to defeat the Seidel administration. What the people of Milwaukee think of the Socialist régime will be more certainly known after the coming election.

As the sole Socialist member of the National Legislature, Congressman Berger is perhaps as well qualified to speak of the National movement as any member of the party. A suggestion that local conditions might be responsible for some of the Socialist victories appeared greatly to arouse his ire.

"Local conditions!" exclaimed Congressman Berger. "Local conditions!" He bounded out of his chair. "That's the same old story. I have heard that everywhere until I am tired. Local conditions! Why, sure, you'll have local conditions wherever you have localities. I suppose that you will tell me that there were local conditions in eight cities in Ohio, at Newcastle and Reading in Pennsylvania, in Rhode Island, in Massachusetts, in Schenectady and Kansas, in Utah, in California—local conditions! you make me tired!"

Mr. Berger continued with more vehemence than grace of expression to assert his belief that the increase in the Socialist vote throughout the country was simply the evidence of the rising tide of Socialism which will work a revolution in the United States.

This was just a couple of days after the overwhelming defeat of Job Harriman, the

Socialist candidate, in Los Angeles, and Mr. Berger was asked if he did not believe that the McNamara case would have a very serious effect on the fortunes of the Socialist party. He laughed long and boisterously.

"I suppose that's some more of your local conditions. I'll show you what it was. In 1909 the Socialists had 1,300 votes in Los Angeles. This year we had 32,000. That proves that Socialism is done for in Los Angeles, I suppose! And it's so everywhere. Go read the election returns for the past ten years, and then come to me and talk about local conditions. The rapid increase in Socialism is a condition local in the United States of America."

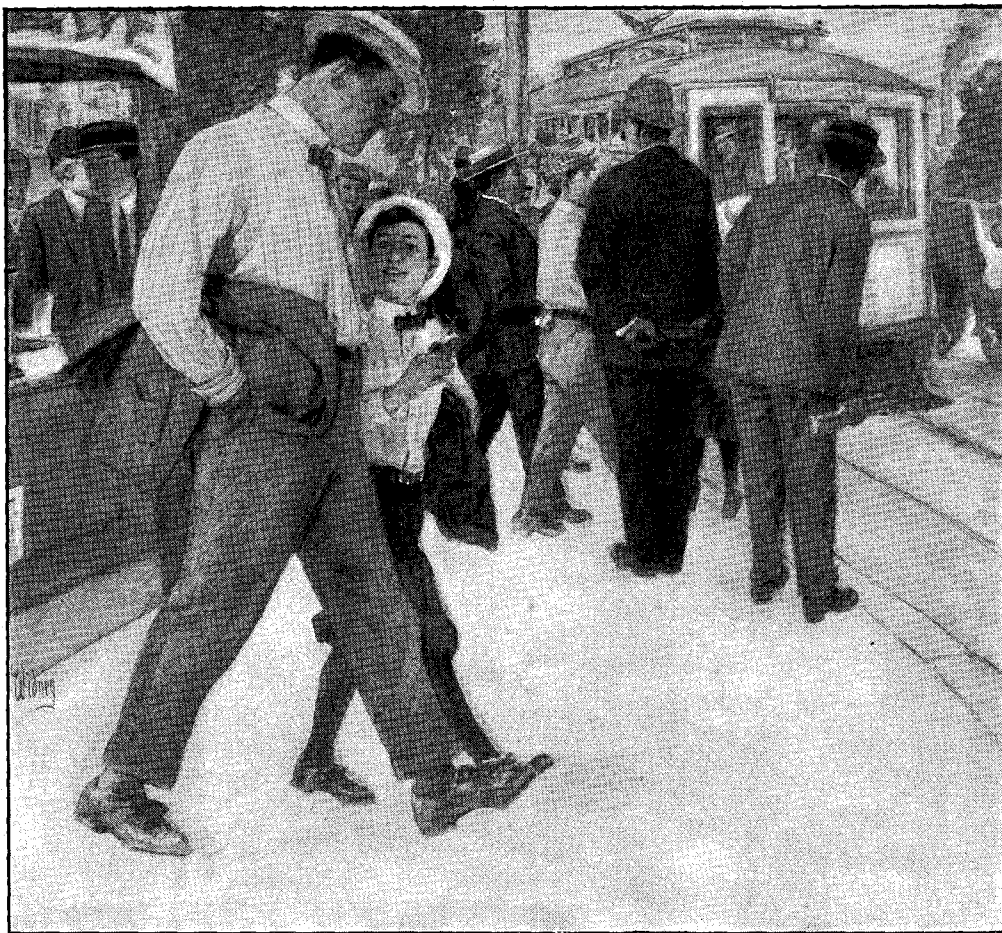
Just the other day Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell University, took occasion to review the serious economic and political problems which confront the people of this country. To one who had just completed an analysis of the phenomenal increase in the Socialist vote his words of warning were full of grave meaning when he declared:

We are living in an age of unrest and discontent. Never before has there been anything like it in this country. In the past there have often been specific grounds of complaint and dissatisfaction. But with their removal the American spirit has regained its buoyancy and optimism. We are to-day like men moving about under a pall which stretches to the horizon and which cannot be broken through. Yet I venture to assert that the oldest man in this audience can recall nothing like it in his experience. The spirit of discontent is far more widely diffused than ever before, and the causes are at once more fundamental and more permanent.

This spirit of restless discontent is not confined to the United States. We find it in foreign countries and in all continents. It is especially active in England, France, and Germany. It has been a controlling influence in Australia. It animates the Nationalist party in Egypt. And in China it has burst forth with a colossal energy which menaces the dynasty of the Manchus, and is certain to revolutionize the immemorial institutions of that venerable Empire.

In its most general form this revolution is one of man, the worker, against the governments, organizations, or powerful individuals who have exploited him. And in countries whose governments are already democratic it takes the form of a contest between workers and owners, or, in more abstract language, between labor and capital.

The workingmen of the world are becoming possessed with the conviction that they do not get a fair share of the wealth of which they are the principal creators. And with ever-increasing emphasis they are calling on the State to correct this injustice and redress their wrongs.



"GEE, I LIKE TO GO TO PLACES WITH YOU, DAD, YOU BUY ME SO MUCH GOOD STUFF!"

WHY PETE LICKED HIS BOY

BY ELMER E. FERRIS

WITH DRAWINGS BY G. C. WIDNEY

THE mere fact that a boy grew unruly and impudent toward his mother and that his father spanked him would seem hardly worth mentioning, but the truth is that the serious problems of life often confront us in just such a commonplace guise.

When Pete Crowther, with grip and sample-case in hand, stepped off the train and started up the street toward home, life seemed good. He had just finished a strenuous and successful seven weeks' trip. It was a June evening. Pete owned the house in which he lived. He knew that his wife and boy were watching for him and that supper would be awaiting him. "Home," said a Roman law

writer, "is the place from which, when a man departs, he becomes a wanderer, and to which, when he returns, he ceases to wander."

When Pete came within sight of his house, he heard a whoop and his boy Billy came rushing down the walk to meet him.

"Hello, boy!" cried Pete, joyously. "You're glad to see daddy, ain't you?"

"Say, dad," shouted Billy, "we're going to have hot biscuits and honey for supper!"

"Good!" laughed Pete. "I guess that we can get away with a dozen, can't we?"

"You bet!" cried Billy, as he sprang into his father's arms and gave him a hug.

Mrs. Crowther smiled fondly at the pair

as they neared the porch. "Well, Jen, how's tricks?" called Pete.

"Oh, we are well, and you are just in time for supper. How's my big boy?" and, giving Pete a kiss, she led the way into the house.

Just why the dead fly must appear when the ointment is most fragrant raises the question of the utility of flies in general, which, of course, is a part of the still larger problem of evil. It would seem as if a joyous home-coming like this should, for one evening at least, be left undisturbed by the perplexities of domestic problems; but before supper was over Pete observed a certain constraint in the mutual attitude of Billy and his mother. He also perceived that his wife's cheerfulness was largely forced. After Billy had gone to bed he broached the subject.

"What's the matter, Jen? Something troubling you?"

"Yes; I am worried about Billy. He has been getting into so many fights lately. Yesterday he had a fight with Benton's boy, and Mrs. Benton came over and told me that Billy was getting to be the worst boy in the neighborhood."

"Billy must have whaled him," commented Pete.

"I don't know about that, but really, Pete, Billy gets into a fight nearly every day. I have talked and talked with him about it, but it doesn't seem to do any good."

"Don't fret about it, Jen. Boys will fight, but I guess I can tone it down some."

"That isn't all, Pete. This morning Billy threw a stone through that big dining-room window of Graves's house. Mr. Graves said that we must pay for it, and I suppose we must. He said that Billy was a terror to the whole street."

"How did Billy come to do it?" asked Pete.

"He said that he was throwing at a cat. I don't know what to do about him. He is getting so strong that I can't manage him any more. He simply must be made to obey. I can't bear it to have people saying such hard things about our boy," and Mrs. Crowther burst into tears.

"Oh, come, Jen. It isn't so bad as all that," soothed Pete. "You must expect a full-blooded boy to get into a scrape now and then. You can't bring him up under a glass case. I will take the matter in hand to-morrow. It will come out all right."

"Do you think that you'll have to whip him?" inquired Mrs. Crowther, anxiously.

"I don't know. When I licked him last, I hoped that I wouldn't have to do it again. When I was a boy, I got licked too much. That was the old-fashioned way. I always intended to find a better way to handle my kids. Maybe I haven't been chumming enough with Billy. I guess I'll take him to the ball game to-morrow, and that'll give me a chance to get next to him and have a talk."

Billy was delighted the following afternoon when his father proposed the ball game. They went early to watch the teams warm up. Pete bought peanuts and pop, and they rooted in unison for the home team. After the game Billy was still hungry. They stopped at a refreshment stand and had some "hot dog" sandwiches. "Gee, I like to go to places with you, dad; you buy me so much good stuff!" said Billy, admiringly.

On the way home the talk grew confidential. Pete told how they played ball when he was a boy, and Billy talked about the ball team up at their school. The conversation then veered around to the matter of wrestling and fighting.

"How did you come to get into a fight with the Benton boy yesterday?" asked Pete.

Billy grinned sheepishly. "We was rasing over in the park and I threw him down and he got mad and hit me, and then we had a fight."

"Who licked?"

"I bloodied his nose, and he bellered and run home."

"Looks like you got his goat," said Pete, complacently.

"Then Mrs. Benton come over to our house and told mother I was the baddest boy in the neighborhood."

"What did your mother say?"

"She stood up for me when she was talking with Mrs. Benton, but when she come in where I was she stood up for Mrs. Benton. Mother says I mustn't fight. Say, dad, did you use to fight when you was a boy?"

"Did I? You bet there wasn't a fellow of my size that could put it on—that is, of course, I used to fight sometimes. Every boy does, you understand."

"But mother says I mustn't fight at all."

"Well, you see, Billy, your mother never had to fight—girls don't have to; but she is right about it this way—it ain't necessary to fight too often. You don't want to get on your muscle too much. Of course you don't want to back down, or the boys will think

you're afraid. Just stand up for yourself and don't crawfish, and don't take too much back talk. You see how it is, Billy?"

"Yes."

"Then don't get into fights over in the park where your mother will see it. It worries her."

"Jimmy Corcoran says he is going to lick me when he catches me down on his street. I told him I could lick him with one hand tied behind me," boasted Billy.

"How big is he?"

"Just about my size. He's licked every boy in school his size except me. I bet he can't lick me."

"Well, don't let him get the jump on you. It's a good thing to land the first punch—that is, if you have to fight him."

Having thus cleared up the ethics of fighting, Pete turned to the episode of the broken window.

"That big tom-cat of Graves's was walking along on top of the fence," explained Billy. "Gee, it was a good mark! You know, dad, when you was home the last time you said you wished some one would crack that cat's cocconut. I don't see how I come to miss him. The stone went right through the window."

"Too bad you didn't hit him; but look out for windows next time. That window cost me eight dollars."

"I'll wait till I catch him on the ground, and I bet I'll hit him in the bean."

They had now come within sight of home.

"I want you to promise me," added Pete, "that you won't do anything to worry your mother."

Billy promised.

After the family had retired that night Pete told his wife about the pleasant and confidential afternoon. "We talked it all over, and he promised me that he wouldn't worry you any more. That's the way to handle a kid, Jen. Let a man be a chum with his boy and he won't have to lick him."

Next afternoon as Pete was coming across the park he noticed a commotion up near his house. A number of boys were watching Billy and his mother while she was trying to get him to come in. Suddenly he rushed up to her and struck her. She seized him by the jacket and drew him, struggling, into the house.

"So, he's beginning to fight his mother, is he?" muttered Pete grimly as he quickened his pace.

Mrs. Crowther met him at the door. "Pete, that boy of yours is—"

"I saw the whole business, Jen," interrupted Pete. "Billy has got something coming, and he's going to get it, good and plenty."

Mrs. Crowther took alarm. "You won't hurt him, will you, Pete, dear? He really didn't strike me very hard."

"Won't hurt him! How are you going to punish a boy if you don't hurt him? He'll know that there's been something doing all right."

"Be sure and don't injure his spine, won't you, Pete?"

"Great Scott! Ain't he my flesh and blood as well as yours? But I'll put it on where it'll do the most good, all the same."

Just then Billy entered the room.

"Billy, what's this I saw—striking your mother, sir?"

"Well, why does mother boss me around in front of the boys? She—"

"Never mind, sir; I'll teach you better than to strike a woman, especially your mother. Go into that bedroom. I'll be in there in a minute."

Billy whimpered and glanced appealingly at his mother as he entered the bedroom. She laid her hand nervously upon Pete's shoulder. "Don't you think, Pete, that you could—"

"No, I don't! This chum business is all off when a boy begins to strike his mother. Nothing goes but a licking."

When he entered the bedroom, his wife hurried into the dining-room and closed the door. Presently she opened it slightly and listened. Pete was laying it on vigorously while Billy was filling the room with his outcries. A few moments later Pete emerged wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Are you sure that you didn't injure his spine?" inquired his wife, anxiously.

"There it goes again about that spine!"

"But you are so big and strong, Pete, and he is only a little fellow."

"That's it, now. Make a man feel like a bully! I believe I'm the worst henpecked man in this town. Everything around here has got to be done just your way or it's all off. I'm going out and take a walk."

Billy had suspended his howls long enough to ascertain that a warm discussion was going on in the next room, whereupon he promptly redoubled them in volume. Mrs. Crowther glanced reproachfully at Pete and hurried into the kitchen to hide her tears.

Before going out Pete stepped to the kitchen door. "Now, Jen, don't you go and honey around Billy and make him think he's been abused. I could discipline that boy all right if only you wouldn't butt in so much."

When he returned to the house, matters had calmed down, but his wife was sorrowful and his boy sulky.

The following morning, when Pete started away on a two weeks' trip, Billy was still unreconciled, and he left for school without kissing his father good-by. When Pete took his seat in the train, he was oppressed by a consciousness of defeat. He had no doubt that Billy had needed punishment, but it seemed as if there was something wrong about it—he did not know just what. He felt a sense of relief when he saw his fellow-townsmen Judge Graham looking for a seat. "Sit here with me, Judge; plenty of room." Pete soon turned the conversation toward the subject in mind. "Say, Judge, you've got some boys in your family, haven't you?"

"Yes, three of them," smiled the Judge, complacently.

"Do you ever have to lick them?"

"I'm sorry to say that I do—occasionally."

"Well, don't you think there ought to be a better way to work it?"

"What way, for instance?"

"Why, keep on good terms with them, and be chummy and reason with them."

"If we had ideal children, then probably the ideal motive would be sufficient; but, as it is, it won't always work. The fact is, Mr. Crowther, that corporal punishment is nature's way of correcting us all for disobedience. Take headache, indigestion, sickness, and pain—that is nature inflicting corporal punishment. We don't heed ideal motives. We disobey, and nature inflicts pain. Even contagious disease is a form of social punishment for some kind of social disobedience. Now, if grown-up men cannot be controlled by ideal motives, how can you expect children to be? No, I fear that we must imitate nature and resort to physical pain when no other motive will avail—at least I never could find a substitute."

"Well, I always feel mean about it afterward, as if I had taken advantage of my size," objected Pete.

"Perhaps that is because you punish in the wrong way," suggested the Judge. "A man should never whip his child when he is angry."

"What? Why, I couldn't whale Billy unless I was hot under the collar. You don't mean that a man ought to lick his kid in cold blood?"

"That depends upon what you mean by cold blood. If by that you mean a cool head, then yes, by all means."

"That let's me out. I never could put it on to Billy after I got cooled off."

"Probably that is why you feel mean about it. If you whip a child when you are angry, the element of vindictiveness enters in. Now that principle of 'an eye for an eye' is all wrong. Punishment should be corrective, not vindictive. We should never punish a child to get even."

"But suppose a boy does a mean thing—like striking his mother, for instance—hasn't he got something coming?"

"Yes, he has some help coming from some one wiser and better than he. Certainly he has no pain coming just to even things up. We are abandoning that principle in the management of our penal institutions, and parents should learn to do it too. Pain may be necessary as a corrective motive, but it should be administered in a spirit of love, not vindictiveness. It is a harder thing to do, but it pays."

"But here, Judge, what does a kid know about that corrective and vindictive business? All he kicks about is getting hurt."

"That is just where we make a mistake. Children appreciate the spirit back of punishment. They have a far keener sense of justice than we imagine, and they feel instinctively that vindictiveness is unjust."

That evening Pete sat in the lobby of the hotel and pondered over his conversation with the Judge. He was impressed, but not entirely convinced. "Judge Graham is a pretty wise old head," he mused, "but, all the same, there ain't one kid in a hundred that would care a whoop about that vindictive stuff if the licking didn't hurt. But then I s'pose a man hadn't ought to fight with his kid, and that's about what it amounts to if he licks him when he's mad. I wish Billy was with me to-night."

The following afternoon he received two letters from home. One was from Mrs. Crowther:

Pete dear: I am sure you will be glad to know that Billy has been such a dear boy. He has been minding like a little soldier. Last night after he went to bed we had a long talk about his dear daddy, who works so hard and takes such good care of us. Billy agreed with me

that he has the best father in the world. He said he would write to you in the morning. I will write a longer letter to-morrow.

JENNIE.

P. S.—Are you really henpecked, Pete?"

Pete shifted uneasily in his chair. "I was a chump to talk that way to Jen," he muttered. "I'll write to her to-night and crawl on that."

The other letter was from Billy.

Dear Daddy: I am sorry I was a bad boy. I ain't going to be bad any more so you wont haf to lick me agin. I love you daddy.

BILLY.

Pete elevated his cigar to an angle of forty-five degrees and read the letters a second time. He took a couple of photographs from his pocket and looked at them, then, stepping over to the hotel desk, he said to the clerk: "Say, Jim, did I ever show you a picture of my kid?"

"Husky-looking boy," commented the clerk.

"Husky! I'd like to see a kid of his size that could put it on to— This is his mother here."

The clerk gazed admiringly at the photograph of Mrs. Crowther. "Pete, you're rich!"

"Rich! I'm a millionaire. I wouldn't take five hundred thousand apiece for that pair."

That afternoon Billy was in the park playing with a neighbor's boy.

"Say, can't you hear your mother calling over there?" asked Billy.

"Yes, I hear her. Let her call."



"SAY, JIM, DID I EVER SHOW YOU A PICTURE OF MY KID?"

"You better go in or your dad will tan your hide when he comes home."

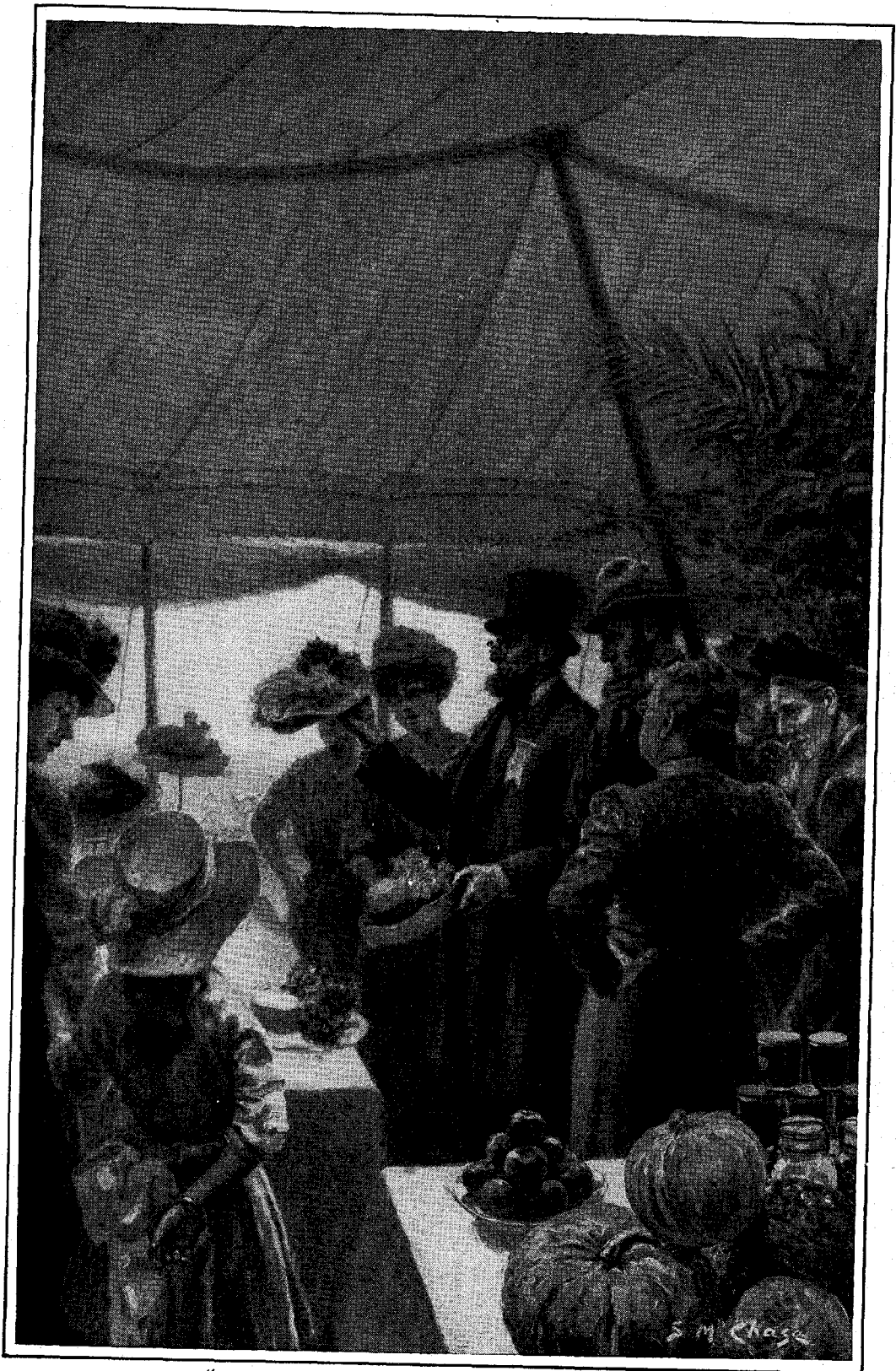
"My pa never licks me," said the other.

"Mine does," mused Billy, reminiscently.

Just then Mrs. Crowther appeared upon the porch and called: "Come in now, Billy, dear; mother wants you to help her."

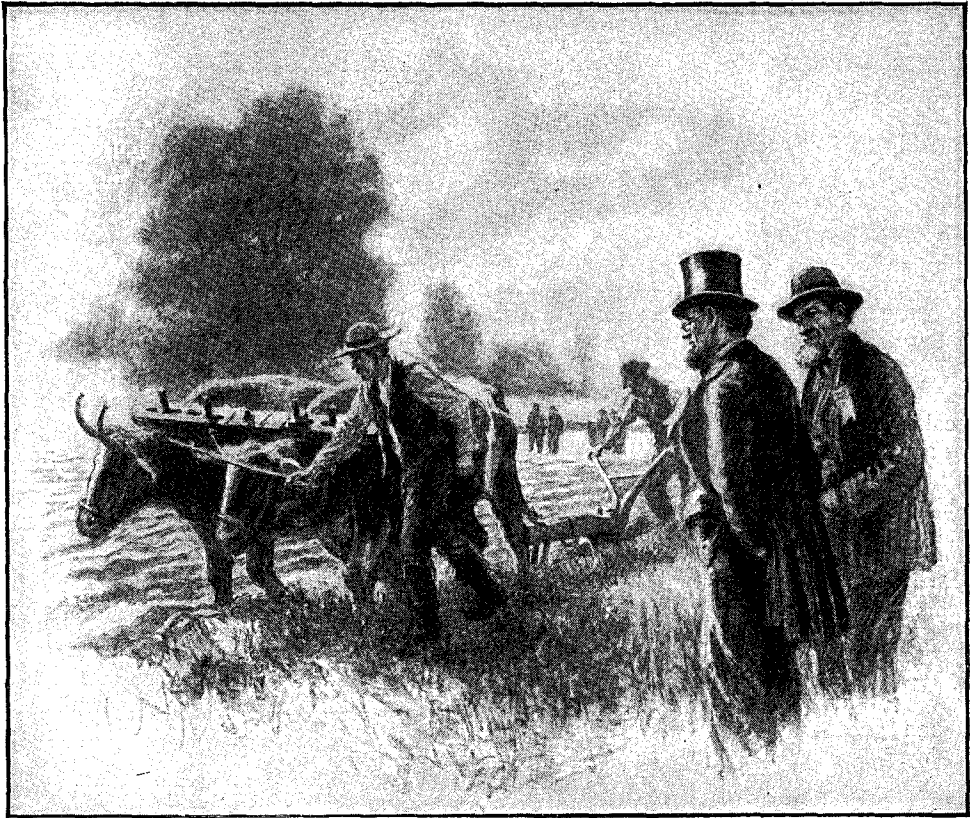
"Oh, stay out here and play," urged his companion; "she won't do nothing to you."

A wave of recollection surged through Billy's mind. "No, I guess I'll go in," said he.



"SEE THEM MEN OVER THERE JEDGIN' BUNNITS!"

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"BEAT'S ALL," HE OBSERVED, "HAWW A BOY HATES PLOWIN'!"

ASAHEL AND LAVINIA AT THE FAIR

BY SIDNEY M. CHASE

WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

THE smell of early morning was in the air. A blue October mist held the distant hills; the leaves hung motionless, and under the trees the dew glistened on the wet grass of a broad New England pasture.

In this peaceful countryside a considerable drama was in progress. In the middle of the field rose the big tent, its damp canvas turning golden in the early sunshine. From all sides came a stirring jumble of sounds—hammering of workmen, squealing of hogs, shouted orders, bellowing of steers, and the staccato crowing of prize roosters. Beyond—on the Midway—sleepy fakers in overalls were hoisting flaunting banners of impossible fat women and doubtful two-headed calves,

while frowsy-headed women fried their breakfasts of ham and eggs. The breeze mingled the fragrance of pines with the smell of live stock and the sweet circus-day odor of freshly trampled grass.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the crowd. From a drove of cattle herded through the gate broke a half-grown brown and white heifer, dragging a cursing farm-hand at the end of her halter rope, and tore amuck down the field. A jeering, laughing crowd joined in the chase. Things happened quickly. The drover's flying foot caught in a tent-rope, and his joy ride ended abruptly. The freed heifer broke for a near-by wood lot, all the world in hot pursuit. Rounded

up at last, she was persuaded by dragging, shoving, and tail-twisting, helped by picturesque maledictions, to return to her pen. Then the crowd drifted away, leaving the winded cattleman still explaining to such as would listen just how it happened.

It was the spirit of the occasion. The runaway heifer added her thrill to the excitement of the countryside. The season of "mists and mellow fruitfulness" had brought the reward of many days of farm labor and the weary round of housework—the annual Cattle Show.

And now from all over the county came creaking democrat wagons loaded with farmers and their "women folks," with great boxes of mammoth pumpkins, shining apples, and braided "traces" of yellow corn under the seats.

"Whar's the Grange exhibit?" called a brawny farmer into the tent entrance, as his ruddy-faced wife and daughters clambered out of the back seat of his wagon.

"Come right in, As'hel!" declared a fat, bustling woman in spectacles. "Bring them canned gooseb'ries o' your'n right along, Laviny. I've saved a place fer 'em next to Sophrony's cider-apple sass. Land o' livin'! I never see sech punkins! Fetch 'em right in, Amos, thet's a good boy. I can't stop a minit; we're spellin' aout the hull name o' the Grange in termatters 'n' crab-apples 'n'—" The rest was lost in the tent as she flung back to her work.

A rumble and a cloud of dust down the road grew into the creaking village barge, from which emerged with care fourteen assorted members of the Acme Cornet Band. With the sunlight sparkling on gold braid and instruments, they were the center of an admiring crowd.

A tall, awkward youth lowered his dented bass horn to the ground and produced a blackened corn-cob pipe.

"Got a match, Uncle Ozias?" he said, addressing a bent old fellow with a faded cotton umbrella under his arm.

The old man produced a match, and peered uncertainly at the bandman.

"Wa'al, wa'al!" he piped. "Gid Thatcher's boy, ain't ye? Haow'd your pa come aout with thet mess o' airy pertaters he planted? Bugs git 'em? Sho, naow, thet's tew bad! Nary bug on mine. Wa'al, the's two, three reasons. Cal'late t' keep the vines growin' so fast bugs can't ketch 'em! He, he!"

"'Pears to me you're growin' younger ev'ry day, Uncle," said Gid Thatcher's boy, with a wink at the cornet-player.

"Wa'al, I *be* feelin' purty spry. Ain't missed a Cattle Show fer more'n twenty-five year. Little play spall don't hurt nobody," and he moved off, nodding and mumbling to himself, toward the Midway, whence came raucous voices of the side-show "barkers."

The grounds were rapidly filling with a holiday crowd. Rows of ancient turnouts lined the stone walls. Serious groups of farmers gathered about the stock pens. Inside the big tent their busy wives with "a lick and a promise" were bringing order out of confusion, and great pyramids of gorgeous fruit and vegetables rose high upon the tables. Beribboned committeemen, with conscious importance, were distributing blue and red premium cards upon the various exhibits, while the boys played tag about their legs. The Midway was in full blast, and the "spiels" of the "barkers," the bellowing and squealing and crowing of live stock, the shrieks of the children, and the blare of the band made a joyful pandemonium of sound.

Over by the cattle pens Asahel had found some cronies.

"Hay's goin' t' be high," he was saying. "Better sell stock; 'twon't pay to winter—"

"Green corn fodder's good's hay," broke in a tall, lanky man in cowhide boots, "but feedin' turnips makes the milk taste. I hed a caow 't broke intew a onion patch, 'n' when I killed her we hed steak 'n' onions all winter 'thout no extry charge."

"Them Ayrshires give a good mess o' milk," put in a little fat man with side whiskers. "But I never see a caow yit, even ef she was hardy, 't didn't need good feed—"

"'Cattle well wintered is half summered,' 's the sayin' is," observed a listener.

"I hed one Holsteen caow," said Asahel, "'t give thutty quarts a day, an' Laviny made five hunderd pounds o' butter frum it 'n a year!"

"Lucky people's dish is allers right side up when 't rains bean porridge," grinned the man who favored Ayrshires.

"'Tain't luck," returned Asahel. "Cattlemen want t' be smart. Warn't it Pharaoh said t' Joseph: 'Ef thou knowest any men of activity among thy brethren, make 'em rulers over thy cattle'?"

In the big tent Laviny and the rest were putting the finishing touches to the Grange exhibit. The stout chairman re-

treated a few steps, put her hands on her hips, and surveyed the result approvingly.

"Ef our Grange don't take fust premium," she declared, "'twon't be because we hain't worked! 'Small pains, no gains,' 's my grandmother used to say. Them vinegar pies o' your'n, Sophrony, dew look jest elegant!"

"They ain't a mite hard to make. All I do is t' roll out the crust—"

"Why, ef here ain't Aunt Meribah Titcomb!" interrupted the chairman, as a little alert old lady approached the exhibit. "I ain't seen you in a month o' Sundays! Not sence th' meetin' o' th' Sewin' Circle when we raised three dollars 'n' a quarter t' give the minister thet silver pickle-dish."

"I bin a mite ailin'," said the old lady, briskly, "tho', ef I dew say it's shouldn't, my folks ain't an ailin' sort o' people. What a sight o' folks! Thick es blackbirds 'n a pie. The things *dew* look real purty, I declar'! I wanted t' come jes' t' see them patchwork quilts."

"Why didn't you bake one o' your scalded ginger cakes, Aunt Meribah?" put in Lavinia, as the old lady stopped for breath.

"Wa'al, my hand's a mite aout at cookin'," she answered. "You know, the sayin' is, 'A grain o' prudence 's worth a pound o' craft.' What a mess o' fancy articles! Hoss-shoes tew plum cake! I cal'late folks must rake their houses with a fine-tooth comb t' find suthin' tew send so's t' git a free ticket!"

"See them *men* over thar judgin' bunnits!



AUNT MERIBAH SURVEYED IT CRITICALLY

Ef thet ain't flyin' in the face o' natur'!" interrupted the storekeeper's wife.

"What's the Deacon know about bunnits!" put in the stout chairman. "Holdin' 't 's though 'twas goin' to bite him! 'Bout time they put women on judgin' committees!"

"Did you see this quilt, Aunt Meribah?" put in the minister's wife in the interests of peace. "Aunt Abigail Rollins made it. She's over eighty-three, 'n' she did it all herself, every mite! It's got sixty-nine hunderd 'n'

twenty-four pieces, all feather-stitched between, 'n' there's one piece frum a dress belongin' t' Marthy Washin'ton."

Aunt Meribah surveyed it critically.

"Yes," she said, "'tis nice. 'Job's Patience' they called it when I was a girl. My gre't-aunt Loisy hed one thet she put over a million stitches intew, 'n' mother allers sot great store by it."

"Dretful humbly some o' them braided mats be," remarked Sophrony. "Once I see one with peonies growin' ontew a punkin vine!"

Aunt Meribah delivered the last word on art.

"Natur's flowers 's good enough tew make picters of," she observed, decidedly, "'thout makin' of 'em up. Gran'mother used t' say, 'Flowers was the smiles o' God through his veg'table works.' I don't want no picters o' fightin' dogs 'n' cats, nor no tearin' race-hosses, in my house. I like suthin' quiet, in bright, cheerful colors. I got a picter home thet I like t' set 'n' look at. It's a little lamb an' a lion layin' down together side of a brook, an' unde'neath the's a pink worsted motto 't says,

"'Peace, Harmony, and Love.'"

Asahel and his friends had drifted into the big tent and were examining the piles of fruit and vegetables with keen interest.

"Wa'al, naow, yeou!" said the little man with the side whiskers, holding aloft a rosy "Hubbardson Nonesuch," and addressing whom it may concern, "them *is* apples!"

Asahel produced a pair of steel-bowed spectacles, and, bending stiffly over, scrutinized the blue premium card.

"'Tristram Barker,'" he read, "'Sunny Slope Farm.' Tristram allers was forehanded."

"I cal'lated to hev some A1 greenin's this year," observed the lanky, sandy-bearded man, gloomily; "but them the cankerworms left the durn caterpillars et."

"By mighty, Deacon!" exclaimed Asahel to a solemn-faced man in a beaver hat who joined the group; "are them prolific marrer squashes yourn?"

"They be," replied the Deacon. "Purty tol'able good pie squashes, tew."

"I hed some o' the whackinest punkins you ever see," put in the tall farmer, "an' I hid 'em under a tree, 'n' one night the boys stole 'em. Ef they hedn't, I s'pose they'd got ketched by frost. 'Times is tur'ble hard, an' banks ain't safe."

"Wa'al, I dunno," said the fat man. "Best bank I know on is a good manure-pile under the barn. When ye want a discount, ye kin back up a cart, put in a shovel, an' take one."

"Pertaters fetch a dollar a bushel 'n' hay sells fer twenty-four dollar a ton," remarked a ruddy-faced man with a wisp of gray beard under his chin. "I git thutty-four cents fer butter, 'n' 'tain't the best o' butter 't thet."

"You can't c'lect no money, though," objected the pessimist. "S'pose prices *is* good naow. When ye git suthin' to sell, most likely they'll be lower."

"I wouldn't be sech a growler 's you be, Abiel, not fer no money," said Asahel, winking at the group. "Ef we git a good spall o' rain, you're a-feared the seed'll rot in the graound; 'n' when the sun comes aout, no two ways abaout it but what it'll sartinly burn up all the gardin truck!"

"Seem's to me I kin smell coffee," observed the Deacon. "Guess we'd better git a place fer the Grange dinner. I'm feelin' kind o' holler inside."

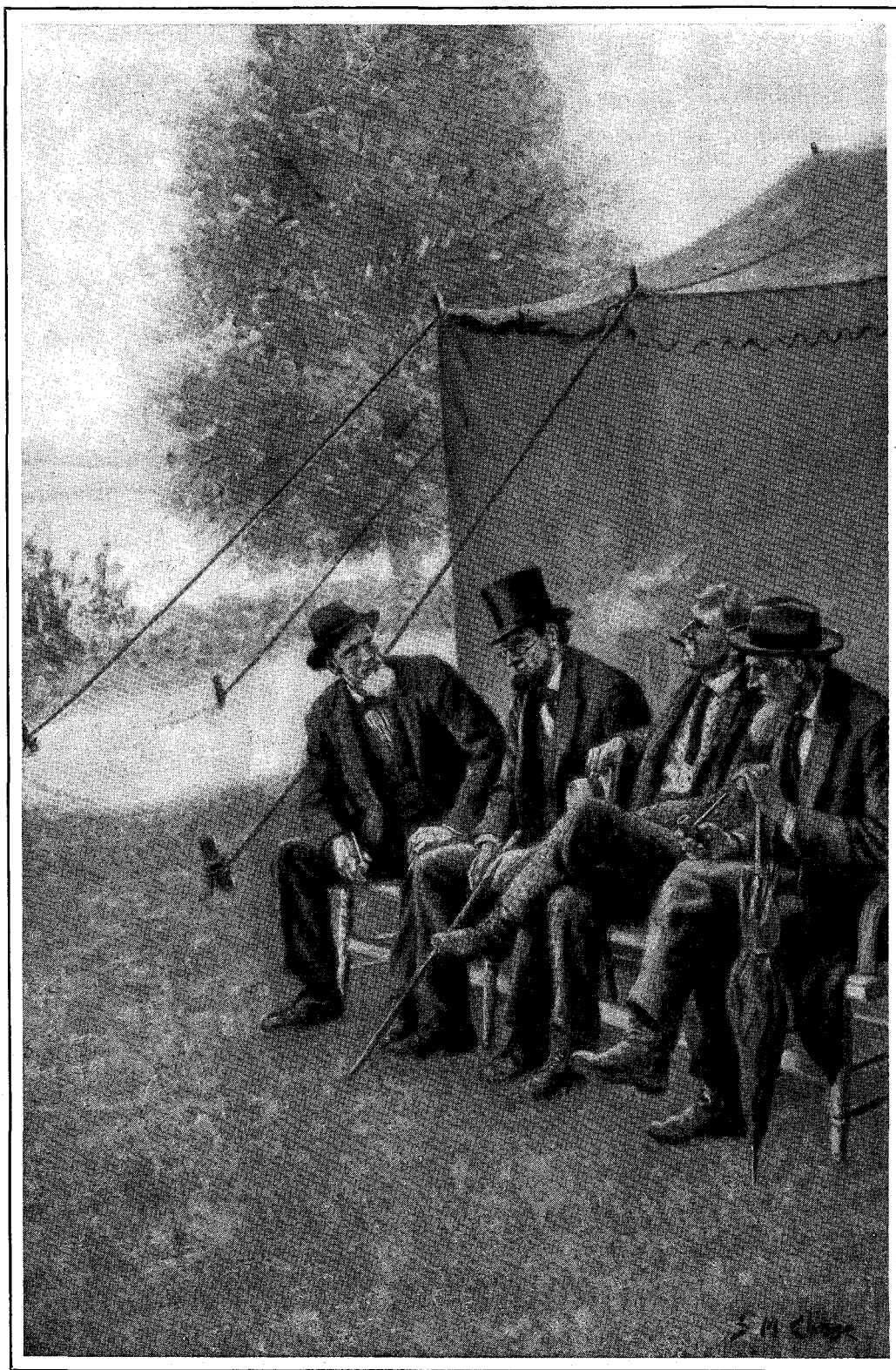
It was a popular suggestion. At one end of the big tent the "women folks" were assembling great platters of cold chicken and ham on long cloth-covered tables, while their rosy-cheeked daughters dodged between them carrying great white pitchers of fragrant coffee.

In short space the tables were loaded with good things and every seat taken. Then the hum of voices hushed, and long rows of gray and dark heads bent above the tables, as the old gray-haired minister gave thanks that so many old friends were gathered together to rejoice in the manifold mercies of a gracious Providence.

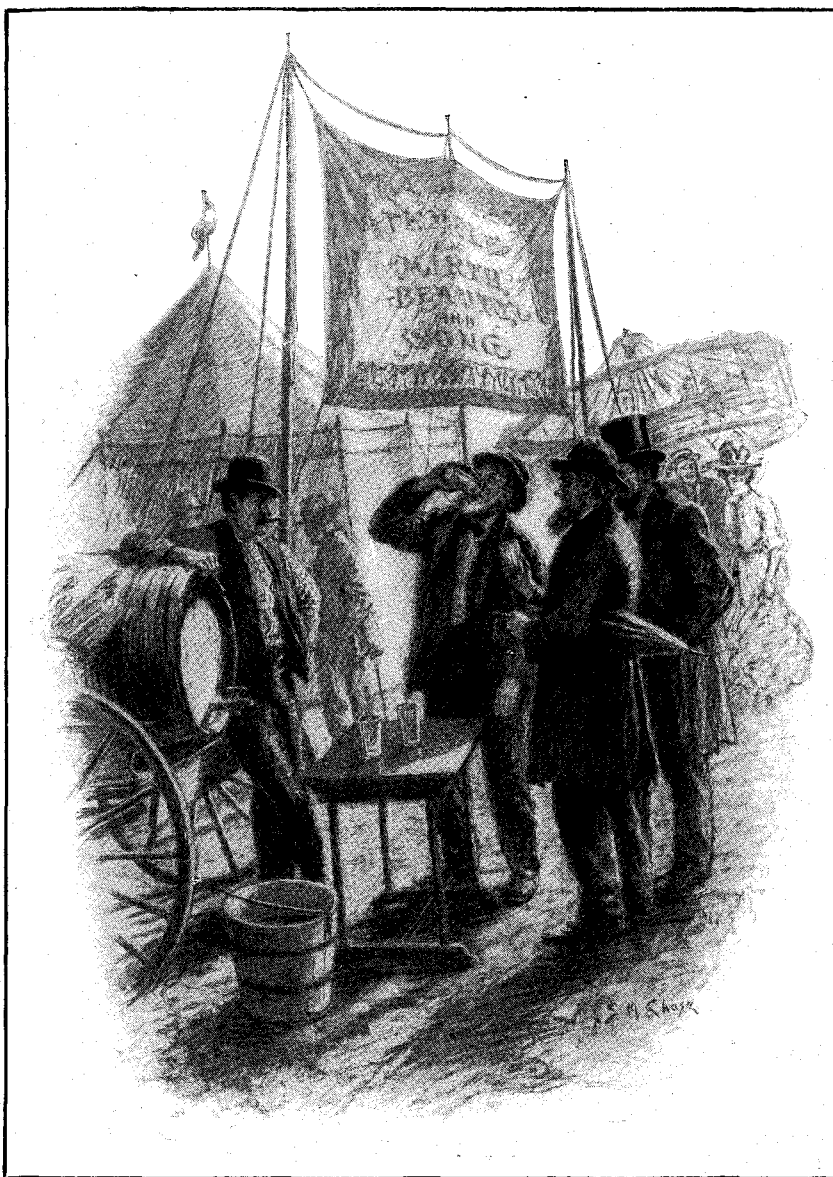
Then once more the clamor broke out, with the cheerful accompaniment of knives and forks. With the last spoonful of ice-cream and the final swallow of coffee chairs were pushed back, spectacles readjusted, and a well-fed expectancy settled upon the assemblage.

After the Acme Cornet Band had done its best the President of the local Grange, as host of the occasion, arose. A broad-shouldered, hard-handed, clear-eyed farmer, a hero of town meeting, he brushed a few crumbs from his vest, cleared his throat solemnly, and began:

"Fellow-Grangers, ladies, an' friends: I cal'late we are all gathered together for our annual 'feast of reason an' flow of soul.'



COMFORTABLY SETTLED, WITH PIPES ALIGHT, THEY LET THE HUMAN
TIDE SURGE ABOUT THEM AND FELL TO TALKING OF OLD TIMES



THE THREE DRAINED THEIR GLASSES TO THE LAST DROP

I am proud to see this great concourse of neighbors all gathered together amidst the perfume of flowers and the odor of luscious fruit. An' speakin' o' fruit reminds me my gran'father used t' say, 'Love thy neighbor but pull not down thy hedge,' 's the say-in' goes."

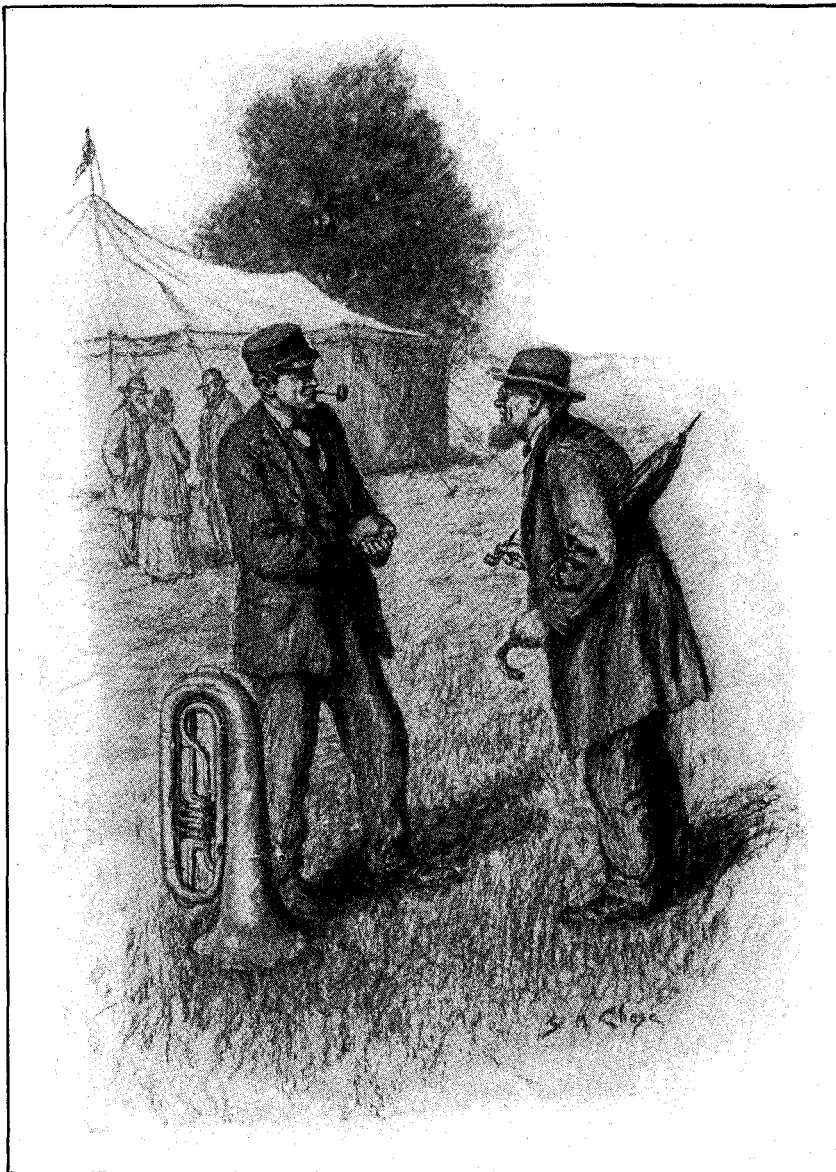
He drew a long breath for a fresh start.

"Accordin' tew the Good Book, the cultivation o' the earth was the fust business o' man. When Adam come from the formin' hand of his Maker, he was put intew the Gardin of Eden tew dress an' keep it. Cain

an' Abel was farmers, also. Cain was a tiller o' the graound, 'n' Abel kep' sheep. Elisha, Scriptur' says, plowed with twelve yoke of oxen, 'n' I'm free tew say I'd like t' seen 'em done it.

"But farmin' warn't all in Bible times. The great Roman orator Cincinnatus, George Washin'ton, Thomas Jefferson, an' Daniel Webster was all called from the plow tew rule the State, 's you might say.

"So I say, when aour boys view these lustrous lights o' history, a noble ambition ought tew fire the breasts o' youth t' make



"WA'AL, WA'AL!" HE PIPED. "GID THATCHER'S BOY, AIN'T YE?"

two blades o' grass grow whar only one grew before.

"In closin' my remarks, I want to call on aour honored pastor to address you, before we all go out 'n' enjoy ourselves at the plow-in' match."

Amid cordial applause the aged minister gained his feet. As he arose, the little murmur that followed the preceding speech grew quiet. Gazing affectionately around upon the assemblage, he began:

"My beloved brethren, the revolving seasons having brought us to another anniver-

sary of the ingathering of the fruits of the earth, it is altogether fitting and proper that we should bow in thanks before the Giver of all good works."

As the scholarly address proceeded the country-folk followed it with rapt attention, and as the old pastor reached his eloquent peroration his sincerity of feeling shone through his old-fashioned phraseology and was reflected sympathetically in every listener's face.

"We must open the year," he said, "with the iron keys of Industry and Self-Reliance,

in order to close it on the golden hinges of Prosperity; and we must keep those hinges well oiled with the oil of Cheerfulness, Prudence, and Frugality. And when," he added, solemnly, "'the heavens become as brass and the earth as iron,' we must turn our eyes toward the horizon, that we may see, even as did the servant of the Prophet, 'a cloud rising, though not larger than a man's hand,' giving promise of the needful blessing of rain."

"So, in good and ill, we must learn as little children to trust to the merciful providence of an all-wise Father who giveth all good gifts; and who will surely fulfill his promise that 'as long as man shall dwell upon the earth, seed-time and harvest shall not fail.'"

A reverential silence held the gathering as the minister ceased speaking, and it was as if a kindly benediction had followed his words.

In the hush the President of the Grange arose to suggest that every one rise and sing, "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," and, with the band leading, gray-haired men and women joined in with the fullness of feeling that springs only from deep friendship.

With the last words of the chorus the assembly overflowed from the big tent to every corner of the show grounds—again a holiday throng. Asahel came upon the Deacon speculatively eying a side-show poster of the "World-renowned Two-headed Calf."

"Ten minits to two, Deacon. 'Most time fer the plowin' match."

The Deacon turned reluctantly away from the hypnotizing poster, and the two followed the crowd toward a near-by field.

Already several superb yoke of oxen hitched to keen-pointed plows were standing stolidly in place, awaiting the word to start. The drivers adjusted the mechanism of their plows, their keen eyes studying the lay of the land. Admiring groups surrounded the oxen, appraising their powers and chances in the contest. Committee members, badges fluttering, dodged hurriedly through the growing crowd, and presently a hush fell.

"'Baout ready tew commence," observed the Deacon.

The chairman gave the signal, and the great teams of oxen hunched forward, the polished steel of the plows cutting the earth like butter, while long, grassy strips of sod, the black loam clinging to the roots, turned cleanly off the mold-boards. Down the

long, straight, earthy-smelling furrows dodged the plowmen, one foot in the furrow and one on the turned-up sod, hands clinging to the handles of the plunging plows, the tugging oxen swinging to right or left at strident orders of "Gee, Bright!" and "Whoa-hush, Buck!" At the far end of the furrow the panting teams of oxen, one after another, paused for breath, and stood a moment, sides heaving, while the plowman wiped the sweat from his eyes before swinging back for the return trip.

The Deacon squinted reminiscently down a furrow.

"Beats all," he observed, "haow a boy hates plowin'. I mind, well's can be, one spring day father 'n' me was plowin' aour south medder lot. 'Twas sort of overcast, 'n' jest breeze enough to ruffle the surface o' the water o' the pond. Dead sot on goin' fishin', I was. At the end o' the furrer I says tew father, s's I:

"'Father,' s's I, 'haow them fish would bite!'

"'Bite, is it?' s's he, lookin' at me with a kind o' twinkle 'n his eye. 'Wa'al, Dan'l,' s's he, 'I calc'late they won't bite yeou, ef yeou stick tew plowin'."

The Deacon chuckled grimly.

Both men watched the struggling ox teams for some time, until the foremost started his last furrow. Interest and speculation were running high.

"I mind your father consid'able well," Asahel said, thoughtfully. "He used to say, ef I rec'lect right, 'Fer workin', one boy's a boy, two boys is only half a boy.' A mite sot in his ways, warn't he, Dan'l?"

"Mebbe so, mebbe so," the Deacon said at length. "I cal'late I'm some like him."

When the last team had finished its allotted strip of land, the crowd pressed about the deep-breathing oxen and their sweating drivers. The judges stumbled across the plowed land measuring furrows and consulting wisely. At length, decision made, they approached the crowd, and the chairman, in a little speech about "each stalwart competitor as with vigilant eye he guides his well-trained team," presented the blue first premium card to a blushing, freckle-faced young fellow, who received it, grinning bashfully, amid a chorus of congratulations.

"Come along, As'hel," proposed the Deacon. "I guess I won't wait fer thet trial o' harrers. I kind o' hed an idee I'd like t' see thet two-headed calf—"

"Jest so," returned Asahel. "What do you say to a leetle drop o' sweet cider, Deacon? Watchin' all this hard work hes made me tur'ble dry."

From force of habit he reached for his pipe, and then, remembering that it was a special occasion, he hailed a passing boy who was selling cigars.

"Hey, bub!" he called. "Gimme one o' your best Havany five-cent seegars."

Placing it firmly in the corner of his mouth, he lit it and blew out great clouds of blue smoke.

"Come ahead, Deacon," he said, jauntily; "le's see all the sights the' is!"

Down the noisy, crowded lane, flanked by gaudy side-shows, gambling wheels, pink lemonade stands, and patent medicine fakers, the two friends wandered, keen with interest.

For a while they stood watching some boys hurling baseballs at the grinning "African Dodger," his head stuck through a hole in a great sheet of canvas.

"Hi, yi!" yelled the Negro, white teeth gleaming; "come on, boys, now's yo' time—three shots fo' a nickel! Hit the nigger 'n' git ah good fi'-cen' see-gar!"

The baseballs thudded close about his dodging black face, but none ever reached the mark.

Then Asahel succeeded in making the bell ring by a tremendous blow of the great wooden mallet upon the peg, the Deacon holding his coat encouragingly. The latter, in his turn, thoughtfully fingered a dime in his vest pocket in response to the alluring invitation of a gayly painted poster, announcing,

TEMPLE OF MIRTH, BEAUTY, AND SONG

and then quickly turned his back to get away from temptation.

Asahel's gaze wandered speculatively toward a man with a black curled mustache, in a rainbow-colored waistcoat, with a derby hat tilted over one eye, who was deftly juggling on a small table three little cups and a dried pea.

"I don't s'pose, Deacon—" he began tentatively, casting a furtive glance about for signs of Lavinia.

"Yeou know, As'hel," replied the Deacon, firmly, following his glance, "Scriptur' warns us ag'in' gamblin', with her siren smile. 'Touch not, taste not, handle not,' as Paul said tew the old Collosians. An' yit," he finished pensively, "it's dretful cur'ous haow he

works them shells. I never *could* tell why thet cussed pea warn't whar I thought it was!"

Recollecting himself suddenly, the Deacon changed the subject.

"I was kind o' cal'latin' I'd hev a look 't thet two-headed—"

"Tain't wuth it, Dan'l," said Asahel. "It's another one o' them durn fakes. I was to the State Fair last year, 'n' the' was a feller thar advertisin' 't he hed a hoss with his tail whar his head ought to be. I gin him a dime, an' when I got inside, by cricky, 't warn't nothin' but a common hoss tied in a stall with his tail in the manger!"

"Haw, haw!" roared the Deacon. "Don't see haow the feller kep' it up."

"Wa'al, I never told on't," admitted Asahel, shamefacedly; "everybody hated to admit they was sech consarned fools."

"S'pose we go see them women acrobats," proposed the Deacon. "I heered Abiel say they was suthin' great. One on 'em doos—"

"I see a man 't the State Fair," broke in Asahel, "thet done a great tight-rope act. When he clim' up onto the wire, he was a ragged-lookin' sight. Then he begun t' strip off his coat 'n' pants, 'n' heave 'em daown, 'n' fust thing you know he was es purty a figger of a man in tight clo'es 's you ever see."

The Deacon slackened his pace.

"Wa'al, I dunno," he began, doubtfully, "ef them women—"

"Hello, Uncle Ozias!" interrupted Asahel, "yeou bin raound here all day?"

The bent old man nodded.

"Purty nigh, Asy," he said. "I was jus' plannin' t' hev a swaller o' sweet cider. Sightseein' is tur'ble thirsty work."

Together the three men headed toward the cider barrel, which reposed in the back of a farm wagon. A rickety table and several tall glasses completed the outfit.

"Haow'd your cider come out this year, Jethro?" asked the Deacon, as a small, wiry man drew three big glasses of amber-colored liquid.

"Purty consid'able good," answered the cider merchant. "Try it an' see."

Solemnly and appreciatively the three drained their glasses to the last drop. Asahel smacked his lips, and Uncle Ozias polished his mouth with a red bandanna.

"What's all thet to-do yonder?" queried the Deacon, indicating a surging, excited crowd.

"Tug o' war," laconically returned the cider merchant.

As the three started toward the excitement, the combatants took firm hold of the rope, and a late comer tossed his hat into the crowd, spit on his hands, and grabbed the only remaining place in the line.

"Thar's Abiel!" exclaimed Asahel. "See the durned ol' fool. He'll git his neck broke some day!"

The line surged, swayed back and forth, and, amid encouraging yells, swung slowly over until Abiel's side tumbled heavily in the dust, a tangle of arms and legs. Out from the bottom of the mass crawled Abiel, face red and clothes awry. He came toward the three men, brushing off the dirt and beaming proudly.

"We done 'em up good thet time," he announced.

Together the four friends made their way over to a settee beside the tent. Comfortably settled, with pipes alight, they let the human tide surge about them and fell to talking of old times.

"Times is changin' dretful fast," complained Ozias. "An' land's all petered aout."

"The boys is all leavin' the farms," added Abiel, "an' diggin' aout Greek roots t' the Academy, 'n' lettin' the cankerworms eat all the apple trees 'n their own yards."

"Wa'al, I dunno," said the Deacon; "my nephew Jedediah is studyin' tew the State Farmin' College, 'n' I wouldn't like tew say they ain't got *some* good idees."

"Them fancy farmers!" sniffed Abiel, scornfully. "S'pose they feed their hogs plum cake an' wash 'em in rose-water!"

"'Plow deep an' drink shaller,' 's the sayin' is," said Ozias, "is all the book-larnin' a boy needs fer farmin'."

"You an' me is kind of old fogies, Ozias," said Asahel, tactfully. "Who was it said,

"Be not the fust by whom the new is tried,
Nor yit the last to lay the old aside'?"

I rec'lect when Laviny 'n' me was fust married we used to fix up to go a-cousinin' up to her relatives t' North Waybrook, an' it took us two days t' go by stage. Naow we kin go in the cars 'n less 'n three haours."

"Times *is* changin'," said the Deacon. "Brother Thomas an' me used to take the old gray mare t' go to taown. One on us 'd ride a spall, an' hitch her side o' the road, an' t'other one would come along an' take his turn. 'Ride an' tie' they used to call it. 'Taint so tur'ble long ago, neither."

Ozias and Abiel nodded.

Asahel leaned forward a little and took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Farmers don't make much money," he said, slowly. "But it's kind o' good to stan' an' watch the gardin truck a-growin'; an' the' ain't nothin' nowhere purtier than a field of ripe wheat with the breeze blowin' over it."

The Deacon was staring across the field toward the hills where the purple haze of waning afternoon mellowed the crimson and russet foliage. The lengthening shadow of the big tent fell across the settee where the four old friends sat silently. It was a moment before the Deacon spoke.

"Yes," he said, quietly, "folks calls us farmers hard-headed an' practical, an' I guess we be. Sometimes I dunno but we take a mite too much pride in't. Mebbe 'twouldn't hurt none ef we was a mite more cheerful 'n we be."

"There's an old saw," said Asahel, with a little twinkle in his eye, "thet says suthin about 'Beauty won't make the pot boil,' but it allers seemed to me 'twould make a tur'ble good sass fer the puddin'."

Twilight was settling upon the fair grounds. Along the cattle pens herders were milking steadily into frothing tin pails. Farm-hands were driving their stock up the road toward home. The Midway was almost deserted. From the big tent tired women carrying fancy-work and jars of preserves made a steady procession toward the gate.

Ozias and Abiel hobbled stiffly toward the entrance. Asahel went to hitch up his horse, the Deacon lending a hand. As the two men drove up to the tent, Lavinia emerged with her arms full. The men helped her load the vegetables and fruit, and the Deacon assisted her into the back seat, while the children scrambled after.

Then he stood back, smiling a little.

"Good-night tew ye all," he said.

"Good-night!" they chorused, and Asahel added.

"Next year we'll see thet two-headed calf!"

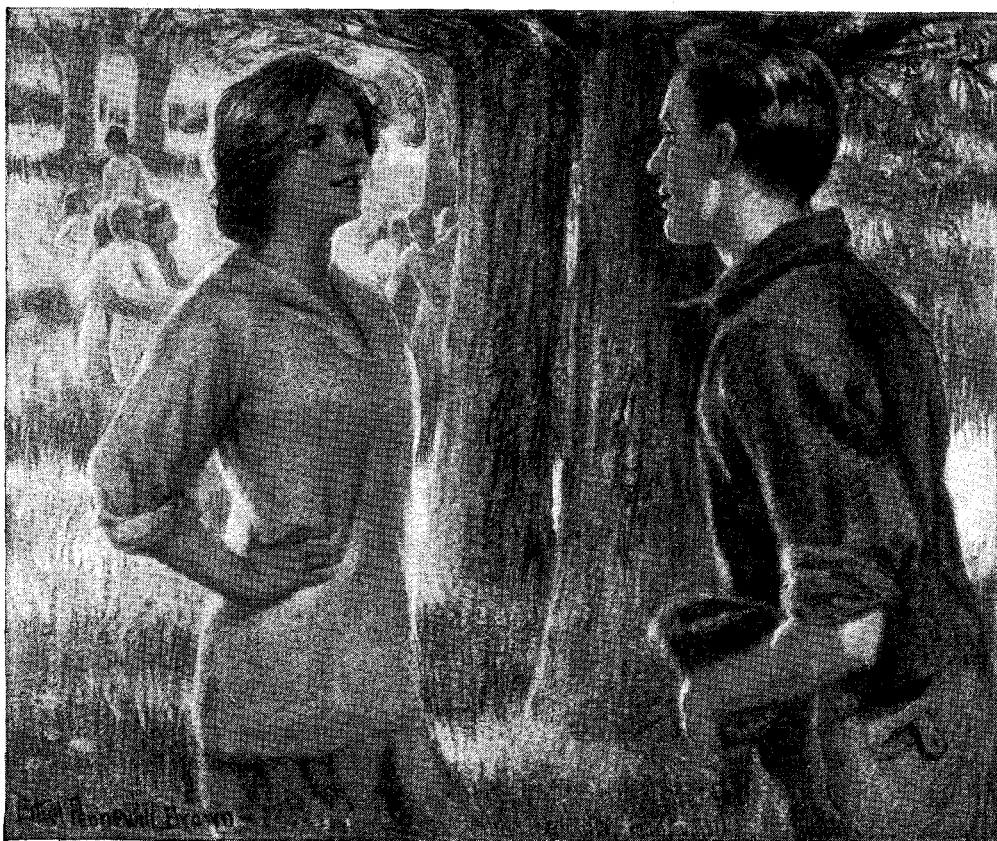
"I snum!" exclaimed the Deacon; "I clean fergot about it!"

As Asahel with his tired but happy wagon-load drove out the entrance gate, Lavinia turned for a last look at the fair grounds.

"As'hel," she said, "I'm clean beat out. Hurry up an' git home so's I can git supper."

She drew a long, restful breath.

"My sakes alive!" she finished; "ain't the' a *sight* tew a fair!"



WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

TILL TO-MORROW

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

WITH DRAWINGS BY ETHEL PENNEWILL BROWN

ONCE I found heaven, and now I must tell of it. It lay at the end of a row of ancient willow stumps out of which thin new willows had grown, like youth springing from old age, and the time was early morning. The heavens were still and blue, the air cool, and the light lay delicately clear on the green world. I swung lustily along the hard road, as if the Power that was working out in waving wheat, and flowing river, and romping dog, and all the sun and air and earth, was flashed exultantly one with me—yes, as if I could create a world myself, and light it up with a splendid sun. It was just a human being who was open to the life about him, bathing his senses and his soul in the breathless morning, drinking the vivid landscape through his eyes, and through his ears bobolink song and the silence, and

through his nostrils the smell of dewy meadows.

That was heaven enough, but I knew that more was possible—two suns might have risen in the skies, or a new race of superb men and women come singing over the hill. Then along that row of willows I swung, saw what I saw.

First, a spacious century-old barn, whose open doors, front and back, gave a framed picture of blue river in the green distance; yet no barn at all—seemingly a dining-room, with shed of kitchen from whose stovepipe curled a blue smoke, and with canvas extension with baby table and baby chairs; second, an orchard behind a little corn-field, and in the orchard little wood-and-canvas one-room structures, and here and there an army tent; and, finally, acres of meadow, bounded by

river and woods, and all dotted with other little dwellings.

That was but the setting. In the barn young girls were laying the tables, passing back and forth and singing together; out in the sun near the orchard some ten rompered children were wandering and babbling a sweet discord of natural human music; before a little dwelling a bearded Pan stood and played a haunting melody on a flute; out in the meadow a man was raking hay; a woman before a tent was dressing a baby; and from up the open road came youth, ten years to twenty, girls and boys, carrying tubs of fresh-picked corn between them. And the girls wore rubber boots, and bloomers, and white loose blouses, and they were tanned, and sparkling and supple, and the boys had on overalls and strode with the grace of young panthers.

Last, I noticed a woman lugging a heavy water-pail over the road toward the kitchen. She was dressed in khaki, bloomers and blouse, her neck was bare, and her face had the glory of blooming womanhood—a joyful strength. Her hair was almost khaki-color itself, but rifts of gold ran shining through it. She set down the pail to rest, and noticed me.

“Good-morning!” she cried.

I lounged up, nodding.

“What *is* this place?” I laughed. “Is it just human, or am I dead?”

“That’s what they all ask,” she said.

“But it’s only a summer camp.”

“For what? Everybody’s working.”

“Oh, a sort of open-air learn-to-work school for boys and girls—a sort of learn-to-live-together place for older folks.”

“They’re both hard things to learn,” I murmured.

“Not in the open air,” she said. “Besides, some of us pay our way by work. We’ve no servants here except”—she laughed—“the cook. We didn’t dare trust that to amateurs.”

I looked at her; I heard in the cool, caressing silence the song of the girls in the barn, the babble of children, the tramp and laughter of approaching youth, and bobolinks lispings sweet and a flute piping melodiously. Enchantment conquered me.

“Do you suppose I could pay my way?”

“Doing what?”

“Anything—I’ll cook, wash dishes, kill flies, make beds, plow, pick, dig, or sing bass in yonder chorus.”

Her laughter was as cool as the air.

“Come and see Mrs. Cotter,” she said.

With what followed, my head swam. A little straight girl, a miniature Valkyr, came before the barn and blew thrice on a hunting-horn, and amazingly then a swarm of sparkling humanity (seventy people seem a lot in a country place) filled that barn, with the tiny children in the canvas extension. Then a thin, tall, overalled man gave thanks for the beauty and grace and health of the world and the open heart that was drenched with the divine morning, and my bearded flute-player sat down at a little portable organ, and spontaneously those men and women, that youth, and even the tiny ones, sang Emerson’s

“How tenderly the haughty day
Fills her blue urn with fire.”

I sang myself—for it was the glory of the morning flowing through us, a brotherhood of song.

Then joyously boys and girls waited on the table, fetching and carrying and clearing; and, gazing in the canvas extension, I saw those tots sitting like a Supreme Court with all the grave earnestness of babyhood, and sunlight splashed the oilcloth cover, the cutlery, and their little curly heads.

Mrs. Cotter was late, but gave me a few moments before the barn. She was a tiny slip of a woman with a face like Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and she sized me up in a flash.

“We have only five men here—too few. We ought to have a dozen. If you’ll do *everything*, we need you. Come in and have some breakfast.”

Hers was the center table, and she sat at the head, opposite the tall man who had rendered thanks, and graciously she made a place for me beside her, and at once I heard such talk flow as flows all too rarely in the America I know. It was astounding in that simplicity of life. Perhaps when in Boston Longfellow and Lowell and Holmes gathered about the wine, the talk had this ripe quality—life and art and children and outdoors, glancing, flashing, delightful.

Right after breakfast the day’s work started heartily. Girls and boys washed dishes, singing together while the organ played, “to give the work harmony and rhythm;” a circle of us husked corn before the barn; two young mothers prepared bottle-milk for their babies; a kindergartner led the little children off for some apple-gathering; three of the men



A SWARM OF SPARKLING HUMANITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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got out the hay-wagon from another barn up the road and hitched the horse; people scattered to their "camps" to fix beds and sweep; and a group pumped the well opposite to get their water supply.

Soon these activities were replaced by a dozen others. Girls went into the practice kitchen to bake bread; the hay-wagon down the meadow stood in the shining sun, circled by men and boys and strong girls, all digging the pitchforks into the light green mounds, swinging them over shoulder with shower of straw, and landing them lightly on the rising hay. Women washed clothes in flashing suds before the camps, and one young mother had her naked babe rolling in the sunlight while she filled a tub for the bath. Later an absorbed group of girls and women sat and lay under a big apple tree while Mrs. Cotter taught "expression;" and I, helping the husky, beautiful Swedish cook in the kitchen, came out and saw Miriam Bursley, the khaki woman, standing on a barrel-supported board and nailing up the side of a camp. She stood firm on unheeled shoes and drove the nails home unerringly, "worked like a man—only better," as Martha, the cook, told me. I beheld afterwards how she sawed a board, planed it with long strokes, used gimlet and screw-driver—a carpenter, if ever there was one. I could have watched her all morning, all the beauty of woman raised to new powers of skill and strength and suppleness. It seemed to me that here was a mate for a hardy man, here was one who would meet all life with joyful heroism—free as a man, yet woman of woman.

But that dazing glorious day swept me to other thoughts and activities—the speed was electric. A sound of hunting-horn, a trooping to lunch, a wash-up of the dishes, a silent siesta save for sleepless youth that played tennis and other sleepless youth that went berrying along unexplored roads; then a swift trooping in strange costume through a cool strip of woods and down to a little sandy beach, and the tumble and swim and laughter in the river, waters exhilaratingly icy and tide running fast. After which the day calmed into serene, clean-shadowed evening, with majestic skies pricked by sunset star, and a splendor on the glassy rippling river and a crimson light in the orchard. Human beings, softened in the silence, the light, and the unspeakable peace, drew wistfully together, tired with toil, and we had our tinkling supper, speaking and laughing tenderly.

Then in the gathering dusk, with Chinese tapers burning like fireflies in their hair, the young girls and the boys wove a folk-dance before the barn, and we others sat about and watched. And the haunting beauty of softened dancing girls and the haunting folk-sadness of the music brought the glad tears. Some of us went up in the barn-loft then—a living-room with old chairs and center-table and lamp and a piano—and Miriam Bursley played and sang old songs, with the light on her face, and we lost in soothing dark under the shadow-sketched rafters. And, watching her, I began to feel my whole existence flowing toward her.

Under the stars we emerged—and such stars! untold millions of them sowing the deep with lambent sparkles—and in the vastness and the sleep of earth swinging our lanterns farther and farther apart as each sought his rest, we called "Good-night," and brushed the dew, and went our lonesome way to tent and camp. My cot I placed at my open tent-flaps, and lay, resting in every muscle, close to the cricket-humming grass, and a moon rose, and I saw the meadow sloping in moonlight to the silvered river, and I beheld the stars. And I lay awake for sheer amazement. Cities and many countryside had I known, the joy of loving families and the joy of comrades, the comradeship of the saloon and the lodging-house, the light laughter of city streets, but never had I met anything like this—seventy people living harmoniously together in the open air. What did it mean? What was it for? Were these a picked lot of human beings? Could it last? Were we to have a new heaven, a new earth—the millennium long yearned for? And then I forgot all else, and thought of Miriam Bursley until deep sleep made me forget even her.

The absorbing days flew—rainy days, when we worked indoors, in barn and kitchen and camp; gray or sunny days, when we were out in garden, potato-field, and meadow—and soon I was a natural member of the Camp, as was every new stranger admitted.

Then I began to get my bearings. I saw that the genius of the place was the Cotters—Paul Cotter, with his mystic simplicity, his warm and fervent kinship with all things living, and Mrs. Cotter, with her gift of organization and her power to make people express themselves. She "found" people, probed

to their secret and unused aptitude, and set them to work. Several times I saw congealed city persons come up, aloof, shut-in, and quite dazed; whereupon she thawed them out, and soon they were romping, singing, toiling, with the rest of us, each with some special gift. And there were all sorts of people—the Harvard professor, the business man, college students, teachers, writers, the children of the well-to-do learning to use their hands, the society woman learning the joy of the garden and the kitchen—truly a school in democracy, with simple food, simple clothing, shared work and play, and an open-air life on the very soil of earth. And, unbelievable as it seems, yet it is a fact that I heard not once a voice raised in anger or bitterness—a blithe joy bathed all.

If ever there was a happy youngster, it was just I. Once when the garden work slid backward I seized a tub and a club, Henley his flute, Paul Cotter an American flag, and we beat the camp up and led a motley, yelling mob up the road, each armed with a noise-maker, our staid professor and old, white-haired Mrs. Warren dancing and leaping and howling with the rest. We did mighty work that day.

I became almost too healthy—my vitality craved new outlets. I would romp with tots, lead Indians on perilous trails, play baseball, teach lads wrestling, and at night, in the lonesome strip of woods, build a bonfire before a wigwam, gather boys and girls about me, and, with the wind in the shadow-lost tree-tops and the firelight on tree-bark and shining faces, I told tales of far cities and strange roads, and we nestled close to the good earth and smelled the delicious wood smoke, like memories of our ancestors a million years ago.

A youngster I, yes, and falling in love like a youngster; she was drawn, too, my woman-carpenter. We contrived to work side by side when we could, and our comradeship was natural and free, a quick understanding, a sensitiveness to each other's thought and need. Sometimes by night we launched a canoe on the moon-dappled waters, and our paddles dipped together, and the tiny ripple echoed about the bow. I told her of myself, my easy, wandering life; how I worked my way from road to street, on sea and peak; and the notion seemed to enchant her, as if she too had the wild gypsy in her and heard the call of the Unexplored. She had grown up on a Canadian farm, had then gone to

Quebec to teach school, and then had come to Boston, where Mrs. Cotter "found" her.

Her approach under the apple trees at rosy dawn threw a lasso of magic about me. She would laugh her good-morning and pace on, all grace and motion and blooming womanhood; and soon we were at the well together, she holding the pail, I turning the crank. We laughed at each other across three tables at meals, and more and more my spirit quickened with the thought that all her strong womanhood was becoming radiant with love—the bloom tinted with the flush of deepest heart-power.

One sunset-flaming evening we wandered together along the road beside the willows and I began speaking of marriage.

"That's one thing I thought of when I was little more than a boy, but not since."

Her voice throbbed in the silence.

"Why not? You'd have to give up your freedom?"

"Yes," I murmured; "I'd have to take root—vegetate."

There was a pause while we watched a chipmunk scurry along the gray stone wall.

"It would depend on the woman," she said.

"No, not that alone. It's the children; they tie a man down."

We went on, and, glancing sideways, I saw her face troubled—troubled beyond any trouble I have known.

"Yes," I went on softly, and most naturally I spoke her name; "but, Miriam, all that a man has will he give for his love!"

"She couldn't accept that much," whispered Miriam.

My heart throbbed, cutting off speech, and in a thrilling, understanding silence we went back. Every time that next day that we glanced at each other we flashed together in a glory that made us shun each other.

Then that night came the beach supper. The camp carried baskets and cans and hampers, and we built five little fires on the sand; the air was keen, a light wind blew, and in the deepening evening the little fires loosed little fragrant smokes. Then the sun went down on the right hand while the moon rose on the left, and between them the river ran glassy ripples of crimson and black and gold, and before those splendid waters dark shapes bent with spitted potatoes and ears of corn and pans of bacon over the crackling fires, and we seventy sat about hungrily busy with sandwiches and hot coffee. Then, as darkness came with a haunting reddish



MIRIAM

moonlight through the stirring trees, we drew closer, sticks were heaped on a fire till it flamed big, and four of the men stood and sang gloriously together. Miriam sat beside me; the hour was poignant and deep; my eyes blurred with tears. Was not all this too beautiful—we human beings gathered together in loving comradeship and simple joy, the days we spent working together, the bread we broke at common table, the happy play and festival together? Would all life were so! I thought. And it seemed to me that, if heaven existed, I had found it; that these people had disclosed the secret of human livableness—a life close to the earth, with tasks lightened by many hands, and serene joy enfolding all.

And I saw those health-brimming young girls, so graceful and free and laughter-smitten, and those frolicking boys, and those happy, clustering families, and the Cotters moving among all, like spirits that swept the heart. And beside me sat Miriam with liquid-shining eyes and pensive lip and droop of head, and all my soul seemed to cleave to hers, and I saw our married life going on and on with this simplicity and joy and freedom. Surely no brighter dream has been dreamed among men.

I leaned and whispered:

"Miriam."

"Yes," she murmured.

"I want to walk."

She said nothing, and rose. And we climbed the embankment and went together knee-deep through the long, cricket-singing meadow, and the ruddy moon stood at the right, sending on earth a strange light. We walked in silence. A child whimpered in some obscure camp.

"That's little Albert," whispered Miriam.

I turned.

"Miriam!" I cried.

"Oh, Thad! Thad!"

Her arms were up, and they fell about me as I drew her near; and while we kissed, the earth seemed to sway with love, and we heard the far-off singing of "Auld Lang Syne" on the shore.

"But it's too much to ask of you," she said.

"No," I whispered; "I'm merely giving up earth—I've found heaven!"

"I must go back," she said, and with a kiss, and tears, and a "Till to-morrow," she went gliding down the meadow in the moonlight, one of the loveliest visions I have seen.

"Till to-morrow!" All life lay in my

heart that moment, as light lies daily on the earth, or as the skies hold stars. But I could not sleep. I had to go out in the field and lie down, with face toward the stars and the climbing moon. And I began going back over my life, wondering how it had all led to this; remembering city streets and early first love, remembering the dear faces of other women, and as the past unrolled I was back in many scenes, now at sea, now in warm, winter-snug houses, now deep in the roaring city.

I sat up and looked about me. The river slid noiselessly, the moon was dusky, and earth dead about me; not a voice, not a light, not a creature moving. And all at once I wondered how Broadway looked at that moment. Swiftly then I saw the wild advertisements blazing on housetops, the shop-lit pavements, the dainty women, the well-dressed men stepping into motors, and I heard shout of news-boy and clang of trolley and the fierce life of the metropolis beating upon me. The slums were a riot of people, children sleeping on pavement and fire-escape and roof, the worn and wasted toilers among the stifling stones gazing vacantly on this very moon. And I thought of music-halls and young girls dancing their lives away under blazing gas while the tin piano clattered.

Restless human that I was! A fierce thirst for the terrible city came to me, and, glancing about the dead night, I knew that this Eden was but an Eden, after all. It had its fangs! It was the cloister, the retreat from the fighting common life—it gave great gifts of faith and love and health; it was worth a summer; it made human beings over. But it was not *life*! Out there was the rough world, suffering, struggling, toiling, with all its imperfections, and we, we were miles inland from that free ocean, a pool apart. And I, poor human that I was, longed for my human world again; lusted for fierce wrongs, struggle, the tumult and pangs and battles of the street; a soldier on leave smelling the battle afar off. How could I linger in this side-show while all the world went roaring by, suffering in every agony the glory of the generations?

It was not for me—no, nor marriage either. I should have known that. I should never have made Miriam feel otherwise. It was the enchantment of the place that had bewitched me. What life could I give her? What could I do? What steady labor? Thus once again I paid—paid in pangs, paid

in another's sorrow as well as my own, for my light freedom.

I rose as in a dream. I went to my tent. I gathered my clothes in a bundle, and picked up my stick. Even at its touch a strange exultation went through my remorse.

It was yet before dawn. I went out in the orchard and lay under a gnarled old tree, through whose slowly waving branches, as the wind sighed, I saw the stars go in and out, and the moon looked down like an old face.

Then a mist walked down the dim meadows, and waves of light rolled from the east, and the sudden sun rushed a rosy flush under the bending trees. And in that rosy light she came—a woman wound with dawn—summing the glory of morning; and as I rose awkwardly, stabbed through with love and grief, she saw my bundle and stick, and understood, stopping and paling. She touched a tree-trunk a moment for support, and that trouble returned to her face.

"You were waiting," she said in a low voice.

"Yes," I murmured; "walk a bit with me, Miriam."

We passed on together—our last walk—passed the barn and down the road beside the willows.

"Oh, I knew," she said.

"Miriam—I mustn't—I can't waste your life. We're old enough to understand that."

"You must be right," she whispered; "but don't pity me—at least, don't pity me! I've my work, too; and now I'd better go no farther."

I turned. We were all alone in the magical world; light falling snowy brilliant on blade and leaf, breathless with ecstasy.

"Miriam!"

"Thad! Thad!"

Her arms drew my head down; she clutched me close, whispering, "You haven't slept all night;" and we kissed long and long. For one awful moment I decided to stay as she held me.

"Good-by, good luck!" she whispered.

"Heaven bless you, and forgive me!" I said, chokingly.

I strode on; then I turned after a while. She stood upright, bravely waving to me, her eyes shining, her lips smiling. I went on and on till I came to the turn. Once again I looked. She was still waving, but I could not see her face. And I passed on, leaving heaven and returning to my human world.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

A CORRECTION

In my correspondence on the Lawrence strike which appears in your issue of February 10 there is a French sentence about intimidation, to which some one has added a translation which is erroneous. The idea meant to be conveyed was not that intimidation had been used, but that intimidation was illegal and that pickets employing intimidation could be prosecuted criminally.

New York City.

WALTER E. WEYL.

LAW—OR JUSTICE?

What is it that takes you by the throat when you fall under suspicion, shakes the last dollar out of you, and then says, placidly, "Not guilty. Get out of here!"?

Law.

Who gets the money?

Law's high priests and servitors, whose life business it is to thrive on the troubles of others. Without such troubles they would have to go to work in other business. Do they give back the money when thus extorted? Not they!

Toth lost liberty as well as money, so you have taken up his case for discussion; but you cannot settle it by keeping to the liberty phase alone.

But why isn't law justice? Because it is bought. It is a matter of merchandise. A and B have trouble. A is worth \$10; B, \$10,000. A can buy but \$10 worth of law, and gets railroaded, or—as in poker—a freeze-out. B can stand in at the game to the limit if need be, but he doesn't have to, as a half of his \$10,000 will buy him either better law or appeals, technicalities, exceptions, delay.

In our crowded courts it is easy to get at least two years' delay before the case is called at all; and meanwhile there are fees for this and that, to say naught of "retainers." Your Oriental is in the right of it, after all, when, in his simplicity, he just bribes the *cadî*, and the biggest bribe gets the case. The result is pecuniarily the same, and he wins outright on the point of neatness and despatch.

Now let us here consider as omitted some pages of rhetoric, exposition, destructive theology. Assume that you can read a working drawing without foot-notes, and that for even constructive theology space admits only the simplest skeleton of a work plan on which to build details. Said plan is submitted accordingly.

1. Set a time limit for taking up cases—say three months. If you need a larger plant of courts and judges, provide it. Don't expect to do 1912 business with a 1612 outfit. Provide the plant and hold it sharply to account, with the recall.

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2. Abolish *all* litigants' court fees, including all fees for recording documents.

3. Forbid court-pleading by private-paid attorney, whether paid by retaining fee, salary, holding of stock, or equivalent subterfuge. Said forbidding not to apply to a bona fide owner's pleading his own case—or a friend's, if without compensation.

4. Refuse all appeals based on mere technicalities where obviously no injustice has been or is likely to be done. Make the spirit of the indictment rule, not the mere letter; and if the indictment is faulty, fine the clerk who made it out and then go on with the case.

5. Discredit a mistrial as a blot on the record of all that brought it about.

6. Fine substantially the defeated litigant, "to encourage the others;" the amount of the fine to be fixed by the Court in deterrent figures as suited to his income. If five dollars is the day's wage of the chauffeur, don't regard that as the equivalent fine for the owner.

7. Give State damages in substantial form for judicial mistakes. Who breaks, pays; and if a community breaks, in mistakenly defending itself, there is no ethical reason why it shouldn't pay in some fair proportion for damage done, loss of salary, position, life.

8. When you elect your District Attorney, elect a corresponding District Defender at the same salary, chosen from a list of candidates selected by the State Judges from the entire bar of this or any other State, including said District Attorney's official assistants.

9. Allow him a graduated staff of assistants, subject to promotion under strict civil service rules, at adequate living salaries based on cost of living and business done in that locality.

10. Make it his work, or by deputy, to handle all cases handled as antagonist by the District Attorney's office—absolutely unfeud. And to encourage private settlement in all cases where it appears to be a matter of hasty passion or distorted view, and not one of principle or direct wrong.

11. Give a single, comprehensive, definite legal definition which shall include all subdivisions of kindred ideas, and cut out verbiage.

Examples: To Give—shall mean exactly that; viz., voluntarily to relinquish to another all proprietary right over a thing possessed, whether "bequeathed," "handed over," or in any other human way.

To Steal—shall mean to take property from any one without due process of law or personal permission; whether this be larceny, embezzlement, bucket-shopping, freeze-out, failure of contract (subject to mitigation), or simple gambling; personal permission not to apply to things illegal. In other words, it shall be the

taking away of property with no equivalent *quid pro quo*.

12. It shall be the cardinal rule in all cases before the Court that A shall have exactly the same chance as B—and no more.

Boston, Massachusetts. JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

A SUGGESTION

In his paper entitled "Judges and Progress" in The Outlook of January 6, Colonel Roosevelt points out that the New York Court of Appeals has frequently nullified as unconstitutional statutes calculated to improve social and economic conditions; and, to cure this evil, he proposes that the people be empowered, in the next Constitution, to overrule such decisions by referendum.

While this plan would undoubtedly prove effective in time, the situation seems to require the more prompt and certain cure to be found in a Constitutional amendment providing that no court shall declare invalid any statute designed to promote the moral or physical welfare of the people, nor any statute altering the common law doctrine in actions for injuries to the person, or prohibiting waivers of or establishing new remedies for such injuries.

Under such a provision the people would be at liberty to address themselves to the correction of many social and economic wrongs, unhampered by judicial anachronism and usurpation.

PATRICK H. LOFTUS.

New Brighton, New York.

LYNCHING AND LAWLESSNESS

The recent editorial by ex-President Roosevelt on "Lynching and Lawlessness" should center public attention upon a growing evil which is gnawing at the vitals of the Nation. As Mr. Roosevelt says, "when men grow accustomed to lynching men for one crime they speedily begin to lynch them for other crimes." "The usual crime," once alleged as the sole justifiable excuse for lynching, has now become the most unusual cause. Just as lynching and lawlessness cannot be confined to one cause, so it cannot be confined to one race or to one section of the country. Lawlessness is a swift and sure contagion which respects neither lines of latitude nor geographical demarcation. If slavery could have been confined to the South, there would have been no Republican party and no forcible emancipation. As the Nation could not live half slave and half free fifty years ago, so it cannot endure half lawless and half law-abiding to-day. The calling of a slave roll under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument then was no more improbable than the burning alive of human beings on Boston Common is unlikely now.

Negroes by the thousands have been murdered, lynched, tortured, and burned alive with

indescribable horrors, while the unabashed perpetrators laugh with ghoulish glee at the nullity of the law. Immunity from punishment is high license for lawlessness. Gruesome funeral pyres light the midnight sky with their dismal glare from Texas to Coatesville. The American people look impotently on with a momentary shudder, only to lapse into their accustomed mood, in sure expectancy of another shock. At each horrid happening the press indulges in a heated spasm of righteous indignation, but soon grows cold again. The outlaws are rarely brought to trial, never to justice. The National conscience is becoming sere. Is this the final expression of our boasted American Christian civilization? Are the energies of the American people so focalized upon material values that the moral sense has become atrophied? The righteous enforcement of righteous law is the greatest practical issue before the Nation to-day. For in this is involved not only its justification for existence, but also the perpetuity of its life.

Washington, D. C.

KELLY MILLER.

A BOY WONDER

The unusually interesting article in The Outlook of January 27 on Karl Witte, and also a notice in the "Public" of February 9 of Arnold Bennett's "Human Machine," have brought to mind a human wonder of the seventeenth century.

Perhaps, if you have not already done so, it might be interesting to give in The Outlook all of the text of that unforgettable entry in Evelyn's "Diary" on January 27, 1657-58, in which he so tenderly enumerates the truly marvelous attainments of his little son, whose death had just occurred. Evelyn begins:

After six fits of a quartan ague with which it pleased God to visit him, died my deare son Richard, to our inexpressible griefe and affliction, 5 yeares and 3 days old only, but at that tender age a prodigy for witt and understanding; for *beauty of body a very angel*: for endowment of mind of incredible and rare hopes.

To give only a little taste of them and thereby glory to God, sense of God, he had learned all his Catechisme who out of the mouths of babes and infants does sometimes perfect his praises: at 2 yeares and a half old he could perfectly reade any of ye English, Latine, French or Gottic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly.

He had *before the 5th year, or in that year* not only skill to read most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of ye irregular: learned out "Puerilis," got by heart almost ye entire vocabularie of Latin and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turne English into Latine and vise versa, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, elipses and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's "Janua"; began himself to write legibly and *had a strange passion for Greeke*. . . .

He was all life, all prettiness, far from morose, sullen or childish in anything he said or did. . . . He had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers propositions of Euclid that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them.

M. L. Dock.

Fayetteville, Pennsylvania.

BY THE WAY

The Amana Society of Iowa is one of the few communistic societies founded in this country that have successfully resisted the inroads of individualism. The society, which is German in its origin, is said to have 1,800 members, who work a tract of land comprising 26,000 acres. They have mills, shops, and factories as well as farms, and the motto of their mills is, "Only honest goods of the highest grade made here."

In an address by Mr. Joseph H. Choate on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, February 9, Mr. Choate spoke thus of Mr. Lincoln's celebrated speech in Cooper Union in 1860: "With an awkward form and most ungainly address, he stood there with a little trepidation, not very prepossessing; but when he came to speak it was as a flashlight. Not only his whole personality and his face lighted up, but he seemed to lighten up the audience, and for one hour or an hour and a quarter he discussed the great questions of the day and held the audience in the hollow of his hand."

Mr. Choate also told of a characteristically witty remark by his former law partner, William M. Evarts. Mr. Evarts, while Secretary of State in Washington, received a visit from Mr. Choate. They went up to Mr. Evarts's office in an elevator which was packed with young men who wanted to get jobs in the diplomatic service, and Mr. Evarts, turning to Mr. Choate, observed: "Choate, this is the biggest collection for foreign missions I have ever seen taken up."

Occasional accidents to "children skating on the ice" are, unfortunately, to be expected, but foolhardy ventures by grown people, leading to similar tragic results, are hard to account for. Three reckless persons recently lost their lives at Niagara Falls while attempting to cross the river below the cataract on an ice bridge. The jam broke suddenly, and they were carried down to the whirlpool rapids and drowned, despite attempts to rescue them by lowering ropes from the suspension bridge.

While the United States has had a winter memorable for its severity, Paris has enjoyed exceptionally mild weather this season, the thermometer having gone below the freezing point but once. Turn about would seem to be fair play on the part of the weather clerk, and certainly Americans will not object to an "open winter" next year.

Spain, having waited till "mañana" and the day after, has begun to replace the navy destroyed at Santiago and Manila fourteen years ago. Amid great rejoicing and in the presence of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria, the first vessel of the new navy, the battle-ship *España*, was launched at Ferrol on February 5.

The city of Seville, Spain, which is on the "banks of the sweet Guadalquivir," has been almost completely beleaguered recently by reason of the phenomenal rise of that river, which has abandoned its rôle of a meandering, sentimental stream and become a raging torrent bearing death and destruction in its course. Several thousand people are said to be homeless as a result of the floods.

Collectors of etchings and engravings must occasionally pay high prices for their treasures. A Rembrandt print, "Jan Sylvius," signed by the artist and dated 1646, brought at auction recently \$1,625.

To the list of divorces for seemingly trivial causes—such as "cruelty in not taking me out riding," "cruelty in requiring me to sew on buttons," etc., has now been added a divorce granted to a man who charged his wife with "cruelty in keeping cats in the house," thereby preventing him from occupying his favorite chair. On the judge's inquiring, "Why didn't you put the cats out of the house?" the man answered, "My wife is a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I was afraid she would have me arrested."

The National Association of Retail Milliners, in its recent convention in Chicago, decided, so it is reported,

that women's hats this spring are to be small or medium in size—"anything rather than large hats for fashionable women." This will bring a sense of relief to all except the ladies who feel that they are expressly designed for wearing picture hats—and probably they will find something else equally effective for calling attention to their merits.

The subway habit has spread to Italy. Rome and Venice are both to have these modern conveniences. The one in Rome will start from the Forum and end at St. Paul's Gate. The subway in Venice will connect the city with its seaside resort, the Lido. The necessary excavations may bring to light some interesting archaeological material.

Wisconsin is to spend \$1,250,000 on highway improvements in 1912. More than five hundred towns are to be benefited by the expenditure, and 645 miles of stone, gravel, shale, and dirt roads will be constructed, and 140 bridges built.

Ernest Terah Hooley, who for several years was known as one of England's prominent promoters and financiers, but whose bankruptcy in 1898 was followed by his connection with many notorious "get-rich-quick" schemes, was recently convicted of swindling and sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters, of New York City, has followed the example of Mayor Shank, of Indianapolis, in selling groceries at cost. Three stores have been opened in the congested districts by Mr. Peters for this purpose.

"Frozen gas" seems at first thought only a metaphor, like "frozen music," but many householders have learned this winter to their sorrow that it stands for a most inconvenient reality. Extreme cold causes the vapor in the pipes to freeze, thus impeding the flow of gas. In Chicago during one week the gas companies received nearly 50,000 calls to thaw out frozen pipes, necessitating the employment of 600 men. Users of electricity, on the other hand, are said actually to have better service in cold weather, owing to the superior insulation then afforded.

Year by year the old landmarks in New York City go and the sky-scrapers come. One change of this kind during 1912 will see the demolition of Aaron Burr's law office, which was at 75 Nassau Street—not a particularly interesting link with the past, but then there are so few of them left!

Mr. Farrell, President of the United States Steel Corporation, in testifying as to steel rails as made at present, has incidentally thrown some light on railway accidents caused by rail breakages. "The liability of breakage," he says, "is much greater than in the old-time softer rails. In many respects the steel is more dangerous and more treacherous. It is unquestionably, in my judgment, an unsafe grade of steel in view of the severe conditions of service." This kind of rail, he states, has been made because of the demand for hard rails in order to get greater wear.

The present season has been a disastrous one for many theatrical companies. A theatrical journal attributes the cause, in part, to the higher standards to which the cinematograph plays have educated the public. "These films," it says, "have shown patrons what they want to see on the stage, and have done much to annihilate cheap road companies, which have hitherto represented the acme of dramatic art in small communities."

A device intended to check joy-riding in another man's automobile consists of an arrangement by which two bright red disks automatically appear on the borrowed car. These are intended to notify the police that something is wrong. When the owner or his representative is using the car, the red disks do not show, another color being substituted by a simple contrivance controlled by a Yale lock.

Why Should We Change Our Form of Government?

Studies in Practical Politics

By **NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER**

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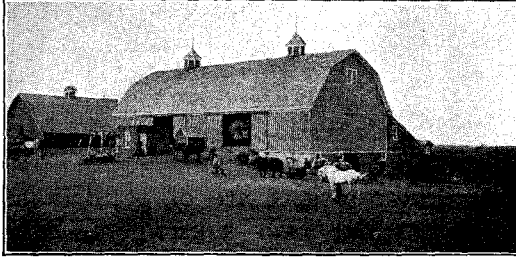
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